

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1917

AT VON BISSING'S HEADQUARTERS

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

TWENTY years ago the Samoan Islands belonged to England, Germany, and the United States. The Gordian knot of trouble inevitably tied by such a handling of Samoan affairs had its cutting hastened by the famous hurricane of 1895, which piled up some men-of-war of the ruling nations on the vicious coral reefs of Apia harbor, and drove others in safety out to sea.

This terrible common experience made temporary friends of the struggling English, German, and American sailors and Samoan boatmen, who had all been mutual enemies, and helped to hasten the arrangement by which England exchanged her interests in Samoa for another South Sea *quid pro quo*, and the four principal islands were divided between Germany and America, two to each. The Germans got Savaii with its volcano and Upolu with its cocoanut groves, while we got beautiful Tutuila with its harbor and little Manua without much of anything.

The money in use in Upolu, and in its chief town, Apia, had been, for years, English money, its lesser pieces known to the natives as 'shillins' (accent on the second syllable), 'seese-a-pennies,' and 'kolu-pennies,' *kolu* being the native word for three. When

the Germans took full possession of Upolu, they, of course, introduced their own currency. But the natives persisted in calling a silver mark a 'shillin,' and a fifty-pfennig piece a 'seese-a-penny.' A mark looked like a shilling and it bought no more or less of anything than a shilling; the same with fifty-pfennigs and six pence. Why new names, then?

But though the natives persisted, the Germans insisted. The Governor of German Samoa — now head of a great department of the Imperial German Government at Berlin — gave much time and energy to trying to change 'shillin' to mark. But he never succeeded. So with a host of other trivial things. He could tell a German to say this for that, or do that for this, and it was said and done; why not a Samoan? He could not understand it. Apparently no German can understand it.

So it has been in all the other one-time German colonies. And so it has been in Belgium.

Governor-General von Bissing died from too much telling the Belgians to do things, — some important, many trivial, — and too much trying to make them do them. He fumed and worried and suffered because they would not behave properly. Why would they not? Why should not Belgians be managed

as Germans are managed? Why would they not? He died unenlightened. He had a large staff of subordinates; department heads, provincial governors, and what not. None of them enlightened him. None of them could enlighten him. I almost believe that no German could.

Von Bissing is dead and von Falkenhausen has stepped into his shoes, and is going on trying to rule Belgium in the same way. But he will succeed no better. He will never know the Belgians, as Solf did not know the Samoans, and the statesmen and rulers of Germany do not know the English, or the French, or the Americans. How often have I been asked, angrily, pathetically, always insistently, 'Why do you Americans do as you do? Germans would not.'

At first I tried to explain. But they could not understand. Some few understood that they did not understand, but even they could not understand why they did not, why they could not. I say some few; really I remember only one. He was a business man of proved capacity. For the moment, he was in an officer's uniform and head of an important department of von Bissing's government; a man of good mind, and university-trained. Most of the German officers and officials are men of good mind and university-trained.

He said, 'You say we can't understand other people, their minds, their points of view, their feelings. Look at us in South America. Our traders were getting the best of the English traders and your own keen Yankee traders. We understood better than you the wants and business methods of the South Americans. We made the goods the way they wanted them made; we packed them the way they wanted them packed; we gave them the credit in the way they preferred to have it. We were more adaptable than either you or

the British. But — yes, it is true, our statesmen do not understand your statesmen or your people; our diplomats do not understand the people to whom we send them. Everything you do surprises them, disappoints them, dismays them. And we lose by it. We suffer by it. What is the reason?'

But he was the only one I remember out of the many I talked with who understood that they did not understand. And he himself did not really understand that he did not understand the Belgians whom he was helping to govern! He thought they were just insolent and liars and rebels! Yes, because they did not do, if they could help it at all, whatever and everything the Germans ordered them to do, they were 'rebels.'

Had not the German army beaten their army and occupied their land? Well, then, were they not rebels and traitors if they did not do things that the Germans told them to do, and did things that they were told not to do? Could they not learn to behave properly after having to have thousands of their civilian citizens and their women and children shot in groups at the beginning, and hundreds shot scattering along through the wearying months, and other hundreds sent to prison in Germany?

'Idiots and ingrates, these Belgians.' I use the word actually as used to me: ingrates. For had not His Excellency, Governor-General von Bissing, expressed in a score or more of proclamations his own interest and the interest of the Imperial German Government in the welfare of the people? Had His Excellency not actively displayed this interest by tangible things done for their advantage?

I studied earnestly for a moment, but I had to ask for help. 'What things, for example?' I asked.

'Well' — he studied too for a mo-

ment; then triumphantly, 'Well, for example, the reestablishment of the Flemish university at Ghent. You ought to remember that, for I heard His Excellency tell you that you could lecture there.'

I remembered that saturnine jest. General von Bissing had reestablished the old Flemish university at Ghent just as General von Beseler reestablished the old Polish university at Warsaw — recently closed, by the way. In Poland this was a slap at Russophil Poles; in Belgium, a slap at the ruling Walloons. Von Bissing had arranged for fifty professors, some German, some Dutch, and a few renegade and bribable Flemish, to accept chairs at Ghent. The bribe for these men was a good immediate salary and a pension for life after cessation — for cause — of teaching. That cessation will come the minute that Belgium is free again, and the cause will be a swift flight from the country. For not one of these renegade Flemish professors can live in Belgium after the Germans go out, nor even anywhere within reach of Belgian vengeance. They will urgently need their pensions.

With a grand flourish — but an all-German flourish — the reestablished Flemish university at Ghent opened with fifty professors — and forty students! These students will need pensions, too.

My companion's remark about the Governor-General's offer to let me lecture at Ghent had reference to a grim jest on the part of His Excellency. I had acted for a few months in 1915 as the Relief Commission's director in Brussels, on leave from my university in California, but had had to return for the second half of the college year. This finished, I went back, at Mr. Hoover's request, to take up the directorship again. Soon after my arrival in Brussels, I made my call of formality on von

Bissing, in company with the German head of the department having chief cognizance of our relief work. The Governor-General received me not unkindly, in his stiffly pleasant manner, and said he hoped I would not have to leave again while the relief work went on, adding that, if I felt once more the need of giving some university lectures, I might give a course in the new university at Ghent!

It was meant as a jest, but, as he knew as well as I did what fate was in reserve for the lecturers in his new university, it had a grimness that made his smile, under the stiff clipped mustache, no less awry than mine. I had a horrible temptation, fortunately resisted, to return jest for jest by asking the figure of my pension.

All this great and affectionate interest in matters and people Flemish, exhibited by General von Bissing and his staff, and by the German Chancellor and his Berlin associates, and now by von Schaibele, the new special sub-governor for Flemish Belgium, is so simple and obvious in its reason and intent that it is nothing short of astounding that any Germans, 'of good mind and university-trained,' can, for a moment, believe that it could fool any one, least of all the people most immediately concerned. The naïveté of the whole performance is simply pathetic. To hire a few cheap Flemings to come to Berlin and do a stage chat with the Chancellor, and have their pictures taken in a top-hatted group with him, and then expect to palm off this infantile performance as evidence of German and Flemish-Belgian *rapprochement*, is to betray a simplicity that is past conception. Copies of that group photograph, as published in *Die Woche*, are being religiously kept by hundreds of Belgians as evidence, when the time comes, on which to hang these paid Flemish renegades. I hope

that they, like the professors, have been pensioned, and have reserved future lodgings in the heart of Germany. They will be safe nowhere else — perhaps not there.

That is the simple naïve side of German rule: there is another and fearfully contrasting side. It is the side of blood and iron. And Belgium has had full measure of laughable and tragic experience of both sides. Her keen wits have often bested the rule of naïveté — by paying a fine: her bravest hearts have often bested the rule of brutality — by paying their lives. No week has passed in all the many since Germany violated her own honor, and that of Belgium, three years ago, without a new *Verordnung* placarded on the hoardings, prescribing some trivial doing or not doing, — which meant smiles and shrugs and quick little schemes of avoidance to the reading Belgians; nor has a week passed without some grim court-martial running its fated course of judicial travesty, which meant imprisonment or death to some devoted woman or brave man of Belgium.

Some woman or some man, do I say? Some tens or twenties of women and men, I ought to say. The trials and condemnations at Hasselt alone are of scores at a time.

II

The German government of Belgium is three fourths strictly military and one fourth quasi-civil. There is a *Civil-Verwaltung*, or department of civil government; a *politische Abteilung*, or 'political' department, having to do with the diplomatic and general political relation of the government to the Belgian people generally, and the Belgian and American relief organizations specially; a *Bank-Abteilung* whose most conspicuous activities have had relation to the forced removal of 450,000,000

marks from the vaults of two great Belgian banks to those of the Reichsbank in Berlin, and the putting of proper pressure on all the Belgian banks to produce the huge monthly indemnity, first of forty million francs, then fifty, and now sixty, that is collected from Belgium by Germany; a *Press-Abteilung*, presided over by a capable sculptor, which looks after the editing of all the Belgian newspapers — except *La Libre Belgique*! a *Vermittlungsstelle*, or special bureau of the political department, through which all negotiations of the Belgian Comité National and the American Commission with the German government, either in Brussels or Berlin, are taken up; a Central Harvest Commission (*Central Ernte Kommission*) with special charge of the native food-crops and live stock (horses excepted); and last, but very far from least, the Military 'Intendance' which represents the army's interests and control.

In addition to these various chief departments — and I may have overlooked one or two; it does not matter — there is a series of bureaux or organizations of lesser rank, called *Centrale*, which take special cognizance and charge of different kinds of local food-stuffs and related commodities.

The Central Harvest Commission ought, perhaps, more properly to be listed as the first and most important of this group, rather than among the chief departments as noted above. It is composed of five German officials representing, respectively, the Governor-General himself, the civil department, the bank department, the political department, and the military department, and a Belgian representing the Comité National, and an American representing the Relief Commission. The Belgian and American members were tolerated rather than welcomed, and their voices, although heard, rarely carried

conviction to the already unanimously convinced German members. They had, however, full voting privilege, but the minutes of the bi-monthly meetings — solemn, formal affairs with an occasional relieving glimpse of uncovered feeling and humanness — record a monotonous list of motions carried by five voices to two, and other motions lost by two to five!

There are, in addition to the principal Harvest Commission, a barley central; an oats central, wholly in military hands; a sugar central; a general fats and oils central, with a special butter central; a vegetables central, with special potato and chicory centrals; a brandy central, for the controlling and taxing of all alcoholic production, this alcohol coming chiefly from the yeast factories; and, finally, a coal central, which, oddly enough, controls the fertilizers as well as the coal.

I may also have overlooked a central or two; but, again, it does n't matter. There were enough, if not too many; enough, that is, to give a very plausible seeming of what one expects from German organization, namely, careful and meticulous specialization and subdivision of labor, responsibility and authority, but all tied together and subject to the superior understanding and direction.

At a distance, the German government of Belgium seems admirably organized and even well managed. At close range, especially at the close range of personal contact and experience, it reveals itself as absurdly over-organized and inefficiently managed. The German government of Belgium has proved itself incapable, except in those matters where results were got by sheer brutal force alone, and in these the force has been too often used blindly as well as brutally, and has never satisfied the Germans themselves, either in Belgium or in Berlin. This is a statement

that I can make with confidence and without breach of confidence. For it is well known in Holland, which sees and knows by one means or another practically all that goes on in Belgium and Germany.

Governor-General von Bissing wished to gain a certain measure of Belgian approval of his administration of the country. His first approval, naturally, should come from Berlin; his second, from Germany; his third, if there could be anything for Belgians to approve of what must first be commended by Berlin and Germany, was to come from Belgium. And he really wanted this approval.

Hopeless cynics might explain his desires simply as dictated by pure personal selfishness and ambition. A successful civil administration should receive some measure of approval from the administered. Von Bissing's government was always a quasi-civil government. He would commend himself and his administration to his over-lords if things went fairly quietly in Belgium. But he would not if Berlin's already fatigued ears had to be assaulted by the disquieting rattle of machine-guns in the streets of Brussels and Antwerp, and the screams, groans, and last sobbing coughs of the dying Bruxellois and Anversois. The world seemed inclined to give a too attentive ear to noises from Belgium, and Berlin's own ears, usually only too deaf to the cries of the tortured, had become, by virtue of this fact, a little sensitive also to sounds from Brussels. It is a popular belief that Berlin cares not a rap for the world outside. But this is not true. She does care, and does not at all relish being so continually and distressfully 'misunderstood.' What is true is that it is only with the utmost difficulty and only rarely that Berlin can understand what the reaction of the world outside is going to be to German behavior. I believe that it is chiefly this

limitation that is leading Germany to defeat and near-destruction.

But I am not a hopeless cynic — to get back to the matter of General von Bissing's rather pathetic desire for Belgian approval. And I think that the past governor's wish was based partly on less questionable grounds than pure selfishness. He had in some degree a feeling of personal responsibility for the five million or more human bodies and souls, nameless and hardly distinguishable to him, with social traditions and natural inheritance utterly uncomprehended by him, which had, by the inexplicable hazards of human fate, been thrust, willy-nilly, into his hands. It would be a bit too supermannish not to feel a little anxious, for the people's own sake, about the fate of individuals in such a mass of people hanging ever on the verge of starvation and kept from literal destruction only by the interference of an incomprehensible foreign neutral organization.

But, some way, for whatever Governor von Bissing was able to do, there was not approval enough to go around. After Berlin and Germany had approved, there was never any to come from Belgium. In the face of what he did, or allowed to be done, how in the name of humanity, of honor, and of what there is of God in man, could there be?

And so the Germans in Belgium have been an ostracized people. The Belgians on the streets look another way as they pass the spurred, field-gray officers. The German soldiers have learned to ride on the platforms of the tram-cars; it is less chilling there than inside. The few open hotels and shops have become differentiated into places for Germans and places for Belgians. It is an odd victory that these conquered people win over their conquerors every day.

For the Germans feel it. They have

wanted friendly civil treatment from the Belgians; they have tried in their uncomprehending, unsympathetic, stiffly patronizing, semi-contemptuous way to get it, and they have expected it. Indeed, it was more than civility, it was deference that they first expected, — in parts of occupied France the people have to salute the German officers, or get shot, — but when the deference was seen to be hopeless, they expected civility.

Well, they have not got it; they have not had it. And this complete withholding of Belgian approval of the German administration and the complete lack of any personal *rapprochement* between German officers and officials and Belgians during the long period of enforced relationship and companionship is, to me, vivid evidence of two things: Belgian spirit, and German mal-administration and utter lack of human consideration of the people and persons they are ruling and professing to be trying to placate, befriend, and elevate. For the Belgians are no more than human, and human consideration would inevitably have had its usual effect in some visible measure.

This condition is also a sufficient proof, if the world needs further proof, of the utter inability of the Germans to help the world in its efforts to humanize and socialize and lift up its peoples. Even were German *Kultur* that most desirable thing that the German intellectuals have said it is, — and that most of us are convinced it is not, — the Germans are utterly unable to make it over to any other people. The Ninety-Three Intellectuals were quite sure that Germany could spread and bestow its *Kultur* on the backward nations of the earth by conquering them by arms. But *Kultur* cannot be imposed on a people, even though its rule can. The Belgians are ruled by German *Kultur*, but they are not penetrated by it.

From the depths of their bleeding hearts they execrate it. They have seen what it does to a people, — to two peoples, the Germans and themselves. It makes brutes and martyrs: brutes of its possessors, martyrs of those who come in contact with its possessors. German *Kultur* stifles the good in man for the good of a man-made Juggernaut called the State.

Whatever headway any German singly might have been able to make in gaining the tolerance or friendship of the Belgians, — and there have been and are to-day individual Germans in Belgium of a certain warmth of heart and human sympathy, — this man, as member of the German administrative organization in Belgium, was no longer 'any German singly,' but a nameless, individual-less, rigid little cog on one of the myriad wheels of the Great German Machine. He could move only as his wheel moved, which in turn moved — or should move — only in perfect relation to the moving of the other wheels.

This 'any German singly' gave up, in all matters in which he acted as a part of the German administration, all of the thinking, all of the feeling, all of the conscience which might be characteristic of him as an individual, a free man, a separate soul made sacred by the touch of the Creator. And he did this to accept the control and standards of an impersonal, intangible, inhuman, great cold fabric made of logic and casuistry and utter, utter cruelty, called the State — or often, for purposes of deception, the Fatherland. There is fatherland in Germany, but it is not the German State. It is German soil and German ancestry, but not the horrible, depersonalized, super-organic state machine, built and managed by a few ego-maniacs of incredible selfishness and of utter callousness to the sufferings, bodily and mental, of their own

as well as any other people in their range of contact.

But this machine is a Frankenstein that will turn on its own creators and work their destruction together with its own. Such sacrifice and stultification of human personality as national control by such a machine requires, can have no permanence in a world moving certainly, even if hesitatingly and devoutly, toward individualism and the recognition of personal values.

III

The experience of our Relief Commission with this machine has been wearing. It has also been illuminating. For it has resulted in the conversion of an idealistic group of young Americans of open mind, and fairly neutral original attitude, into a band of convinced men, most of whom since their forced retirement from Belgium have ranged themselves among four armies devoted to the annihilation of that machine and to the rescue and restoration of that one of its victims, the sight of whose mangling and suffering brought unshed tears to the eyes and silent curses to the lips of these Americans so often during the long two and a half years of the relief work.

We were not haters of Germany when we went to Belgium. We have simply, by inescapable sights and sounds and knowledge forced on us, been made into what we have become. If we hate Prussians and Prussianism now, it is because Prussia and Prussianism have taught us to hate them. Whom have they ever taught to love them?

The work of the Relief Commission was carried on under a series of guaranties given by the succeeding German governors-general,¹ the Berlin Foreign Office, and the Great General Staff of the German armies. These guaranties committed the German authorities,

from the beginning of the work, to the non-requisition of the food-supplies imported into Belgium and to non-interference with our distribution of these supplies. Later they included the non-requisition of the food-stuffs produced within the country, and the non-purchase of these native crops for the use of the German army. Also they contained the positive promise that the Commission should enjoy all reasonable facilities to do its beneficent work and to be able to satisfy itself that the guaranties as to non-requisition and purchase were strictly lived up to.

In general these guaranties have been maintained; the one respecting the non-requisition of the imported supplies in particular has been scrupulously regarded. Of course, if it had not been, the work would have stopped abruptly at the moment of its disregard. But in detail, in the relationship with German officialdom and German soldiery, made necessary in the carrying on of the work, difficult in itself under the most favorable circumstances, we were harassed and delayed and tricked and bullied in a thousand ways, but almost always under cover of a sophisticated and specious reasoning. A German official is no less plausible than brutal. There was always a protracted debate, a delaying argument, an exasperating show of consideration and conference, whenever we protested and pleaded and demanded that our work be not interfered with.

The dying of children, the weakening of women and men, the advance of disease, were not arguments that we could push forward to our advantage; there was always a convenient 'military exigency' to put these summarily out of court. The argument had to turn on the form of words in the guaranties; this was susceptible of debate, this was a matter to consider. The machine seemed to have a curious regard for our

'scraps of paper' except when it was more convenient to disregard them entirely, which was not often, although always possible. In this respect we were constantly surprised, having always in mind the original notorious scrap-of-paper incident. Perhaps the machine has become a little sensitive to paper troubles.

A prolific source of difficulty for us was the lack of clear demarcation among the many wheels and parts of the machine, and a lack of coördination among these bits of mechanism. But sharp specialization and thorough coördination are generally supposed to be exactly the basis of the reputed high organization and efficiency of the German government. Be that true of all the rest of German administration or not, I do not know; I only know it is not true of German administration in Belgium. A difficulty over the movement of canal boats; over the censoring and transmission of our necessary mails between the Brussels central offices and the provinces; over the circulation of our workers and their motor-cars; over the printing and posting of our protecting placards on warehouses and railway wagons; or over what not else — it made no difference. Never was there a well-defined course of procedure for us; never could we quickly find the proper department of the government to which to apply and from which to obtain decision in any of these and the many other cases of trouble.

It was indeed precisely because of this constant uncertainty, and a final recognition of the difficulty by Governor-General von Bissing, that there was finally established — just a year after the relief work was begun — the *Vermittlungsstelle*, to which all our troubles were first to be referred, to be in turn passed on by it into the whirring interior of the creaking machine, there to be whirled around until

some kind of final or provisional decision was ejected.

But these interior processes of digestion and resynthesis—for what went in always came out in a different form—took time, and time too often freighted with awful significance to the helpless, waiting, hungering Belgians. But the machine took little account of human suffering, or human lives, even. It took the time that its incapacity made necessary, and turned out its work in the incomplete or distorted form that its clumsiness assured. This must seem, in the face of the popular conception of German administrative organization, like unconsidered and exaggerated writing. But it is not. It is the revelation of simple truth.

Under whatever detailed guaranties, or on the basis of no matter how elaborate regulations, an inevitable requirement for the carrying on of our work was a certain element of trust by the German authorities in the correct behavior of our American workers. The struggle between German officialdom's need for an absolute control of us, because any or all of us were potential spies,—we were, of course,—and the impossibility, under existing circumstances, of establishing any such effective control, resulted in a state of affairs that was ludicrous when it was not too irritating to be anything else.

The control was attempted by a rigorous set of restrictive rules concerning the movements of the Americans and their cars, prohibitions against carrying any letters, except certain censored official ones, and a careful reissuing of passes each month for all of the men connected with the relief work. Our compliance with these regulations was checked on all motor trips by a regular inspection of passes, including the special ones of chauffeur and motor, a recording of the movement of the car, and sometimes an examination of the

contents of bag and pockets, at all the sentry posts scattered along the roads. These posts were so abundant in the early days—when there were soldiers to spare—that we would be stopped a dozen times between Brussels and Antwerp, less than a two-hour trip. In addition to the regular inspection, there was another irregular one, which consisted of the sudden halting of the car any day anywhere along the road by a group of military-secret-service men, who made a close examination, not only of passes and papers, but of cars and persons. The cars would be fairly taken to pieces, tires deflated and searched, and gasoline tanks fished in. The examination of the clothing and bodies of our men was no less thorough—and more disgusting.

Now all this was good control to prevent—what? It prevented our carrying any persons unauthorized to travel by motor, or any dangerous information in letters, from one part of Belgium to another—from Brussels to Antwerp, say. But these possible would-be travelers could go without hindrance or examination from Brussels to Antwerp by any one of several trains a day or by a combination of tram-lines and buses, or on foot. What they might not do was to joy-ride! And if we wished to carry any dangerous information we certainly should not have confided it to letters, but should simply have taken it as told us or discovered by us, and made it over to whomever we cared to, provided he could understand our kind of French. We were allowed—the circumstances of the work made it absolutely necessary, as the German authorities recognized—to talk when and where and to whom we pleased.

More than this and much more important than this, we sent out—with the consent, of course, of the Germans—three times a week a mail courier

from Brussels through the electrified wire fence and across the Belgian frontier into Holland. The mails he carried had been censored and sealed, — the seals to be examined at the frontier, — and he was subject to search, regular and irregular, at any time before reaching the wire. But he was a very intelligent young man, who spoke French, German, Flemish, Dutch, and English, and when in Holland was free to tell to any one there, — and Holland's population is, at present, most interestingly cosmopolitan, — or write to any one anywhere — to a man in England, say, with an interest in matters in Belgium — anything he pleased. In Holland he had but one control — his honor. And there was an alternate courier with this same privilege, and several others of us had to go out often to Holland. Mr. Hoover and myself went back and forth often — Mr. Hoover very often and more or less regularly — between London and Belgium. In other words, if we could not be trusted, there was absolutely no hindrance in the German scheme of control to our conveying information at any time to the enemy. And yet the exercise of the absurd control attempted was evidence that we were not trusted. The repeated personal examinations, carefully planned to catch any guilty one off his guard, outraged our sense of honor — and decency. The whole situation might well have stimulated a man to accept the implication of dishonesty which it placed on him as a recognition that he might spy, if he could get away with it! All this absurd pseudo-control was stupid in the psychology that dictated it, and stupid in the method of its carrying out. It was inexpedient and inefficient.

And it was unnecessary. We were not spies, and the German officials knew it. If we were, or if they really thought we were, their only sensible and safe action

would have been to remove us. But knowing that we were not spying, — in a few cases in which some over-eager 'flat-foot' thought he had found proof that we were, we were able brilliantly to prove the contrary, — they nevertheless treated us in a way to make us feel and seem suspect, but not in a way which would have prevented us from spying and informing had we really been inclined to. That is machinery, but not brains. And wheels can never really replace brain-cells in human functioning.

IV

However, a pacifist, or a neutral, is hardly to be made into an adherent of a war against any people on the basis of being ever so convinced of the stupidity of that people's form of government, or because of an ego-maniacal overestimate, on the part of this people, of its form of *Kultur*. And it was something more than any conviction of this kind that turned our group of American neutrals in German-occupied Belgium and North France into a shocked, then bitter, and finally blazing band of men wishing to slay or be slain, if necessary, to prevent the repetition anywhere of the things they had to see done in these tortured lands.

The Germans entered Belgium in August and September, 1914; we began to come in November. Hence we saw none of the 'atrocities' of the invasion — we saw only results of them. Among these results, as seen by us, were, I hasten to say, no women without breasts or children without hands. But there were women without husbands and sons and daughters, and children without mothers and fathers. There were families without homes, farms without cattle or horses or houses, towns without town halls and churches and most of the other buildings, and

even some without any buildings at all, and a few without many citizens. But there were cemeteries with scores and hundreds of new graves — not of soldiers; and little toddling children who came up eagerly to you, saying, 'Mon père est mort; ma mère est mort.' They were distinguished from some of their playmates by this, you see!

And we had to hear — and endure — the stories, the myriad stories, of the relicts of Dinant, Visé, Tamines, Andennes, and all the rest. Of course, there were stories exaggerated wilfully, and others exaggerated unintentionally, simply by the inevitable inaccuracies that come from excitement and mental stress. But there were stories that were true, all true.

If we had had but to make acquaintance this way with happenings of the days before we came! But there was no escape for us; the civilizing of Belgium did not cease with the terrible rush over the land to the final trench-lines in the West. It kept, and is keeping, everlastingly on. And we had to see it, and hear it, and feel it. We had to see the citizens of a proud and beautiful capital barred from walking in certain of its streets and parks, that elderly Landsturmers and *schneidige* boy officers might stroll and smoke there; and to be sent indoors to bed every night for a fortnight at eight o'clock to learn to be deferential and friendly to soldiers who had slain their relatives and friends, not in the heat of battle, but at cool dawn in front of stone-walls.

And we had to be there the fateful night of Nurse Cavell's death; and the days and nights of many other like deaths and travestied trials that preceded them. And we had to make the acquaintanceship of noble men and women, giving all the hours of all their days to the relief and encouragement of their people, only to have them disappear, carried off without an oppor-

tunity for a good-bye, for imprisonment in Germany, because of some trivial word or act of indignation at the sufferings of their people. Which carrying off brings us to the final word: *Deportations.*

There have been deportations of one kind or another from Belgium ever since the war began. Removal to Germany has been a punishment much favored by the German authorities for indiscreet or too uncomfortable Belgians. But most of these removals have been made of citizens singly or in small groups, usually after a military trial; and the official morning placards on the street walls have announced the alleged special reason for each removal and the particular period of years to be suffered by the victim in Germany. Or, rather, did until it seemed better — or worse for the friends — not to make any announcements at all.

But these removals are not what the world understands by deportations. The world knows hazily of the rapid gathering together and sending in large gangs to Germany — or to regions in occupied France near the west front — of thousands, tens of thousands, altogether a total of something more than one hundred thousand able-bodied Belgian men. With the exception of a few flax-workers from West Flanders, no women were sent away, as some sensational newspaper accounts have declared.

The world knows too, hazily, that these deportations were made in many, perhaps most, instances in a peculiarly brutal and revolting manner, with a treatment of human beings comparable only with that which might have been given to an equal number of cattle, sheep, or swine driven to the railways, held in yards in the rain or sun for a cursory examination for possible infectious disease and physical condition generally, — for the importers

wanted only sound animals, — and then packed tightly into box-cars with enough feed and water for the trip to the distant abattoirs — enough feed, that is, if the trains got through on schedule, which they never did.

The world knows this hazily, I say. Much has been written about this deporting; about its causes, the conditions that incited German authority to do it, — it was the highest military authority that decreed it, not von Bissing's Belgian government, — the manner of its doing, its results. But the world needs the whole story. Unfortunately it cannot yet be written. Among other things lacking is the knowledge of just how many of the hundred thousand Belgian slaves have died and are to die in Germany. Some have been sent back hastily, so that they would not die in Germany; they die on the returning trains, or soon after they get back. Or, what is worse, some do not die, but continue to live, helpless physical wrecks.

The deportations were not hazy to us. They were the most vivid, shocking, convincing, single happening in all our enforced observation and experience of German disregard of human suffering and human rights in Belgium. We did not see the things that happened to the deported men in Germany.

But we could not help knowing some of them. When the wrecks began to be brought back, — the starved and beaten men who would not sign the statements that they had voluntarily gone to Germany to work! and the starved and beaten ones who would not work at all; and the ones who could not work even when, driven by fear of punishment, they tried to, on the acorn soup and sawdust bread of the torture camps, — when these poor wrecks came back, they brought their experiences with them, and revealed them by a few words and the simple exhibition of their scarred and emaciated bodies.

The deportations occurred near the end of the period of our stay in Belgium. They were the final and the fully sufficient exhibit, prepared by the great German Machine, to convince absolutely any one of us who might still have been clinging to his original desperately maintained attitude of neutrality that it was high time that we were somewhere else — on the other side of the trench-line, by preference. There could be no neutrality in the face of the deportations; you are *for* that kind of thing, or you are *against* it.

We are against it; America is against it; most of the civilized nations are against it. That is the hope of the world.

THE MAGICAL CHANCE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

'LIFE offered him the magical human chance and he took it. There was something in him for which the decorous and conventional life of Boston allowed no place in its scheme. *Two Years Before the Mast* belongs to the Literature of Escape.'

Is there any such literature nowadays? any escape? The magical chance was offered Dana far back in 1834, when escape was possible, and when, besides, he was a boy. This is the year 1917, and I would know if there are still such chances in Life's hand?

It was a young world a hundred years ago, and full of adventure. One could escape then because there was some place to escape into, but to round the Horn from Boston now is to land at San Francisco, a much more conventional city. East and West have kissed each other and exchanged cards. There are chances, of course, both there and here — decorous, censored chances to bathe in the surf and motor and sail through the Panama Canal; but where does Life offer us a magical chance?

About the time that Dana was escaping from Boston, Thoreau tried to escape from Concord. Instead of a brig around the Horn, he took a rowboat up the Merrimac River, and after a whole week of rowing, complains of finding no frontiers that way any longer. 'This generation,' he cries, 'has come into the world fatally late for some enterprises. Go where we will on the *surface* of things, men have been there before us.' (He had reached Concord, N.H.) 'We cannot have the

pleasure of erecting the *last* house; that was long ago set up in the suburbs of Astoria City, and our boundaries have literally been run to the South Sea, according to the old patents.'

Born in 1817, a hundred years ago, and still fatally late. What of my own coming into the world? and yours, my son?

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,—

but you and I have missed an early glory that hath passed forever from the earth. Out of my window I can see a low-lying meadow, a grove of pines, and a winding gleaming stream, but only common June sunlight over them, the celestial light that of yore was their apparel having faded back in Wordsworth's day, as the frontier disappeared in Thoreau's. Instead of frontiers we come to barbed-wire fences; and if we row out of Concord, Massachusetts, we row into Concord, New Hampshire — between such tame 'villantic' places have our lines fallen!

It was about ten years after Thoreau's too tame row up the Merrimac, however, that gold was discovered in California. Here was a magical chance as late as '49. But there are no more Outcasts in Poker Flat. Yet was it not about fifty years after this that they struck gold again on the Yukon, and another magical chance? True, but all of that is past and gone. Nothing of real chance and adventure has happened since — at least, not since Peary reached the North Pole, except, indeed, the finding of the South Pole, one

of the greatest adventures of the world. There are only two poles, however, and flags now fly from both, and from every terrestrial spot between — over Mount McKinley, over the River of Doubt, so that we are stopped from singing, —

There's one more river,
There's one more river to cross.

There is nothing now to cross. The frontiers are neither this way nor that. We have been born fatally late.

The earth's crust is cooling and thickening steadily, and so is the crust of circumstance and convention that has hardened about us. City and suburb spread over the early frontiers, and adventure finds no place in the valleys that are exalted, on the mountains that are brought low, in the crooked places that are straightened, and the rough places being made smooth with macadam. A magical human chance used to mean doing something, going somewhere, escaping. It has come to be something of an adventure to stay at home.

Why is there less magic in a high-powered automobile on the Lincoln Highway than there was in Dana's little brig, the *Pilgrim*, close-hauled on the wind? Why should this new motor-story, *Two Million Miles Behind the Steering Wheel*, strike one as dull compared with *Two Years Before the Mast*? I have never read an interesting automobile story. They all emphasize the miles, mere miles, — miles per hour, miles per gallon, miles per tire, — a stupid and unconvincing theme. I doubt if there ever can be so good a motor story as Dana's sea story; perhaps never another sea story so good either. For Mr. John Masefield, poet and sailor, says that romance has now been driven from the sea; that the *Ship of Dreams* is gone; that you may haunt the wharves in these piping times of steam, —

Yet never see those proud ones swaying home,
With mainyards backed and bows acream with foam.

As once long since, when all the docks were filled

With that sea beauty man has ceased to build.

They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships again, —

which makes me thank heaven for my farm, where the same old romantic hoe remains about what it ever was.

Mr. Masefield is our contemporary, and his observations are dated 1912. Prior to that year real clipper-ships rode the deep, and real romance. There is no romance in a tramp steamer, in a whaleback oiler, or in a submarine. It was prior to 1839 that there were real frontiers and romance in the land, and a last house (a government lighthouse) still to be set up in the suburbs of Astoria City. Going a little further back, we find that prior to 1491 (B.C.), about the year 4000 according to the margin of the King James Version, there were giants in the earth, and the stories in the Book of Genesis show that there were romances as well as giants in those days. But, like Thoreau and Masefield, the author had been born fatally late. A goat-herd to his father-in-law, on the back side of the desert (a sterile locality for romance), he was slow of speech, without prospects or imagination, and quite out of humor with a call to go to Egypt. He would stay on the back side of the desert and dream of the good old days of the giants, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth; when the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair. There was something doing in those days.

From Moses to Masefield the times have been fatally late. Mine must be, too, with the clipper-ships, frontiers, giants, and daughters of men that are fair all gone. Yet I seem to see them

fair, but ought not, I suppose, my times being so late. Are there no more giants then, no more magical chances? Am I never to escape — from Hingham?

Lumber is still brought in boats to one of Hingham's old wharves, but the rest of her wharves are deserted, and her citizens, who used to do business in great waters, stop now in Hingham Harbor to catch smelts. Change and some decay one can see all about Hingham, but little chance of escape; for, coming or going, where is the frontier from Mullein Hill? Down at the foot of the hill runs a long, long road. I have traveled it as far as Philadelphia, going south, and could have gone farther, for there was no frontier out of Philadelphia: the next stop was Chester. I have traveled it as far as Skowhegan, going east, without finding, except where the steam-roller was at work, that there was any end, any chance to get off; you can keep on going after you leave Skowhegan. It runs on; it runs back as well, and off to the side, everywhere, every way, clear down the Cape to Provincetown, for this road was the ancient trail between Plymouth Plantation and Massachusetts Bay Colony, which now reaches to Aroostook and beyond; and over to the Imperial Valley and beyond; and circling the Everglades, climbs up Pike's Peak and down, and on and on — never finding the frontier.

This is an age of roads, and the day of good roads. Whoever is not building a road is building or buying a machine to travel over a road, or is already traveling. The mechanics for going have been refined far beyond those for staying; but going, even 'good going,' is not escaping, our National Good Roads Congresses notwithstanding. We already have more good roads to travel than good places to travel to, or good reasons for traveling. Good roads are needed to cart potatoes over. Who

buys a super-six automobile to haul potatoes in? Macadam is for commerce. Romance must needs get stuck in a rut.

New ones, not good ones, are the roads of adventure and the magical chance of escape. Pathfinding, however, came to an end with the last frontier, and now we know by finger-board and odometer, to the tenth of the mile, just where we are: how far from Rome, or Butte, or the next Socony station. If there is any pathfinding left for us it is to find a road that has no Socony station; and if there is left us a single magical chance of escape it will be the chance, I think, of running out of 'gas.'

The frontier is gone, and the scalping Indian, the buffalo herd, the overland stage. 'Hank' Monks is gone. This most famous of stage drivers on the Great Divide sleeps in Carson City, his Concord coach of split hickory sleeping with him, for Concord town has ceased to make such coaches. From Hell Gate to Golden Gate overland there are only miles now, and so few of them that any three-hundred-and-sixty-dollar automobile makes a holiday of the trip. A young acquaintance of mine, driving her own car, has just made the coast-to-coast run, and had only three punctures to break the cushioned tenor of the way. It was pretty monotonous, she said, though there was much to see — one of Mr. Luther Burbank's 'spineless cacti creations' for instance; and another thing that interested and somewhat puzzled her: a petition, circulated by the native Arizonians, asking Congress to preserve for them and posterity a portion of their original desert.

Moses saw the giants pass away, Thoreau, the frontier; Masfield the clipper-ship; but it remained for us to see the irrigation ditch wipe out the Great American Desert — and with it

the gila monster and the need of a shovel on the trip across the sands.

Is it that we have eaten of the Casaba and gone melon-mad? To make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, and bring forth Casaba melons and alligator pears and spineless cacti, is to breed the prick from life, is to rob it of its adventure, and to exchange a fierce wild beauty in the mesa for a conventional beauty from the greenhouse. Ploughing the desert, turning the giant cacti into ensilage, as if to live were a silo — for fear of this the Arizonians are asking that a portion of the native desert and of life's romance be saved to them. And well they may; for who would take the oiled road across the desert if he could have the sand? Is it all of life to get through to San Diego on time? I had rather leave my bones to bleach beneath a mesquite bush than travel on and on by schedule, always making life's connections, and so missing always life's magical chances.

I am not going to miss many such chances. My very watches — I have three of them — know the adventure in being ahead or behind time; and the three clocks that I wind usually on Sunday run like lovers, too, or laggards, interesting individuals, eccentric, sentient things, that keep their own time, as we all should.

A dillar a dollar,
A ten-o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

And he was the only scholar in the school who inspired a poem. Failing to connect would make a bad philosophy; yet I know by all experience that there is no escape, in the larger sense, for him who is on time.

The desert is doomed, no doubt, but we shall always have détours; and if 'on the surface of things men have

been there before us,' we must go beneath. There are giants still in these days; the daughters of men are still fair; there are frontiers for those who will find them; and clipper-ships or no, I believe in the everlasting adventure of rounding the Horn. I believe in magical chances of escape, born though I was after my parents, which might have been fatally late had I not happily come before my children, each of whom is an adventure and an escape. Wherever I turn I see a chance to sidestep the decorous, the conventional, the scheduled, to dodge into the bushes and escape. Every day is an adventure if you will take it; as there is humor in most things if you can see it. Humor is a matter of point of view. Lincoln saw humor everywhere, — in a man spading his garden, in a clothes-line full of clothes, — in everything and anything. 'A point of view' — that is all. No one ever washed and hung comedy on one's own clothes-line. One's own wash out is tragedy. Now romance is not, like humor, an angle of vision, so much as the *color* of things; not their shape but their complexion; not a matter of position but of participation. You *have* your adventure, as Thoreau had in building his house on Walden Pond; but when some one else set up the last house beyond Astoria City it became, for Thoreau, a prison-house to Romance.

What Thoreau should have done was to take a wife out to that last house in Astoria City; for when there are no more houses to be set up, there will be plenty of wives to be had, and the romance of housebuilding is tame compared with the adventure of house-keeping. This last house was set up more than seventy-five years ago on the Oregon coast, but in Boston last year were filed 10,033 marriage intentions, notwithstanding the 9942 of the year before. What is adventure — to

make the crane or hang it? Suburban house-lots are scarce in Massachusetts, even in the country parts, like *Pride's Crossing* and *Manchester-by-the-Sea*; yet here are 20,066 adventurers seizing upon Life's magical human chance in the Old Bay State for 1916 — an actual increase of 182 over the record of the previous banner year.

There are magical human chances to go round, there is adventure and escape for everybody who will seize it. Youth is as young, the world as round, the earth as wild as ever it was, in spite of all our inbreedings; and, in spite of all those who have grown old, it is still appareled in celestial light, — sunlight, starlight, moonlight, — or else wrapped in ancient and adventurous dark. Life with the earth goes round, not forward, except to complete a circuit established when the stars were fixed, an orbit that all the forces of Heaven and human intelligence have been unable to warp. The only variation or shadow of new turning Earth herself can look forward to is from collision with some mad comet, which, if she lasts long enough, may happen possibly within 15,000,000 years, — a square head-on smash it may be, or only a side-swipe with a severe shaking up, — and then 15,000,000 years more of steady turning. Things outside are rather hard and fast despite appearances, and we who are parts of this even scheme, we find that our uprisings and downittings have never varied much from rule, nor are liable to.

I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the stream and shall forever glide.

We are what we always were, and so are things what they always were, though they look different. We have changed the spots of a few leopards, the skins of a few Ethiopians, and shifted the frontier from the dark wild heart of the forest to the wild dark

heart of the city; but we have not changed the darkness, or the wildness, or the Ethiopian, or the leopard.

If you do not find your fill of adventure with Davy Balfour in Appin, come down with him to Dean — to Edinburgh, and you shall see the face of such danger 'in the midst of what they call the safety of a town' as may shake you too 'beyond experience.'

If you don't find the frontier in the daylight, wait for the dark. Every night is a fresh frontier. There are no landmarks of the day but are blotted out by the dark as the lines are sponged in the wake of a steamer's keel. On the shortest night of this year wild rabbits were in my garden, fox-hounds were baying beyond the quarries, and through the thin early mist of the dawn we were all at the window watching a wild doe behind the barn. She nipped the clover nervously, twitched her tail, pricked her ears (for the day was approaching), and took the high wire fence at a bound. She was as wild and free as the wind.

The sun still knoweth his going down; and the wild heart of things still watches and waits. The circus lion obeys the whip, chokes back the roar in his throat and the savage rage in his heart, for fear — and waits. What else is civilization but putting the caged lion through his tricks?

'Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

'The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

'The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.'

Until the evening? and then what? The magic, the chance of escape in the end of the day, the end of the cage with its open door into the dark.

VOL. 120 - NO. 4

I have seen the evening come over the city, a night deep with darkness and wild with a great storm blowing salty from the sea. I have watched the streets grow empty till the shadow feet of Midnight echoed as they passed, and all the doors were shut. Then I have crept down along the dark wet ways that were bleak and steep-cut as cliffs, where I have heard the beating of great wings above the roofs, the call of wild shrill voices along the craggy covings, and the wash and splash of driving rains aslant the walls; I have tasted brine, spume, and spindrift on the level winds, flying through a city's streets from far at sea, — 'one-way' streets by day, and so crowded that traffic could barely move in the one direction; but here — in the hushed tumult of the storm and night — I could hear the stones crying out of their walls, and the beams out of the timbers answering them; the very cobbles of the pavement having souls that could not be squared by the chisel, and tongues that would speak when the din of the pounding hoofs was past.

The wild frontier, like the hunted fox, has doubled on its trail. Romance has slipped out of the woods into the deeper places of the city; Adventure has turned commuter; and here are the three to companion life, as they ever have — the Athos, Porthos, and Aramis to a bebundled D'Artagnan. And already it is more than 'Twenty Years Since.'

Twenty years, or a hundred years, —

The year's at the spring.

Some one complained to Browning that Italy is the only land of romance now left to us. The poet answered promptly, 'I should like to include dear old Camberwell.' And I should like to include dear old Haleyville and dear old Hingham. And you would like to include dear old Wig Lane, if you were born

there, and Jersey City, if that happens to be your living place. Life for the patriarch Abraham, from the time he left Ur of the Chaldees to the City-with-Foundations, which he died seeking, was one long adventure. He was a hundred years old when Isaac was born, and a hundred and forty when he married Keturah! I left Haleyville at the age of eight and have only lately come to Hingham, but all the way from Haleyville to Hingham, as all the way from Hingham to Heaven, — let me hope, — there has been and shall be, held out in both of Life's hands, the magical chance of escape.

The beasts of the forest creep from their dens at night and seek their meat from God; and so do the souls of men seek theirs of God — in love, and war, and Wall Street; in books, in art, and in the hoeing of their garden corn.

Those preachers imagine a vain thing who think we ever cease to sow wild oats (at least there is many a late crop, as Thackeray says). The truth is there are no oats but wild ones. The seed-catalogues for 1917 are advertising a 'Regenerated Swedish Select Oat,' but to read a seed-catalogue you would think that every seed and tuber, from artichoke to zinnia, had been to a revival since last summer and 'hit the trail.' Great revivalists are the seedsmen. Their work, however, is not permanent. For they know, and we know, that every regenerated Swedish select oat in their bins is a backslider at heart, as wild as the wild ass of the wilderness that scorneth the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pastime — and yours and mine and every 'improved' regenerated seed's of the gardener's catalogue.

This spring I brought in from the garden a frozen lump of earth, a bit of some regenerated improved soil that I had been subduing for years: that I had sweetened with lime, had fed with

nitrogen and potash, and planted with nothing but improved, regenerated, select seeds from catalogues. I put this lump of soil in a pot by a south window and tenderly planted more regenerated select seeds within its breast — tomato seeds, the Jewel, Earliana, and Bonny Best. Then I looked that it should bring forth tomato plants, and it brought forth within the pot, at the end of two weeks, pig-weed, chick-weed, smart-weed, white-weed, rag-weed, knot-weed, tumble-weed, crab-grass, old witch-grass, foxtail grass, sheep sorrel, and purslane, besides some other unfamiliar things whose infant cotyledons seemed innocent enough, but whose roots I knew were evil.

Life offered that lump of mother earth its magical chance and the lump took it. The innate badness of it, this cared-for, chemically pure, subdued piece of garden soil! Its frozen heart was a very furnace of smouldering fires; its breast, that suckled the nursing salsify in the summer, a bed of such wild spores as would sow a world to weeds! If this is the fatty clod of the garden, what must be the spirit in the flaming care of creation? And in your care? and mine?

Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Spring from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all, —

sings Watts with Augustine, with gusto too, and with great truth; though doctrinally on this head I hold with Socinus. But our question is not of original sin, it is rather of the original Adam, an ancients question, with Adam *in puris naturalibus*, and with the ancestral *domum superadditum* which he passed down to us; and on this head I am a Darwinian, holding that our inheritance is from below, showing simian, and even remoter, lower leanings, that we were and are, of the earth, and full of weeds.

The heart of man is not less constant than a lump of earth. What it was, it is, and will be — wild, and ever seeking to escape the routine, the decorous and conventional of our subdued and ordered life. How constant the heart of nature is to itself one may see at Walden Pond. I was out at the pond recently and recalled that Thoreau wrote, 'But since I left those shores the woodchoppers have still further laid them waste, and now for many a year there will be no more rambling through the aisles of the wood, with occasional vistas through which you see the water.'

But the many years have now passed, and had Thoreau been with me he would have found a cairn of stones for his cabin, and for bean-vines and the stumps of the woodchoppers, tall stranger trees, under which we had rambled down to catch a sight of the beloved face of Walden, calm and pure as when he last looked upon it.

'Why, here is Walden!' to quote what he once actually exclaimed; 'the same woodland lake that I discovered so many years ago; where a forest was cut down last winter another is springing up by its shore as lusty as ever; the same thought is welling up to its surface as was then; it is the same liquid joy and happiness to itself and its maker, aye'—And snatching his words away, I cry, 'Aye, and it may be to me!'

Change is constant, but it is the change of the ever-returning wheel. Thoreau's little cabin is gone, and the great trees have come back as he said they would. Any day a new house may be built by the pond, and that too in time will crumble away, with not so much as a cairn of stones to mark where it stood. It will pass, and tall stranger trees will spread their roots within its cellar and cover the grave with shade.

So will the frontier come back. Pushed past the suburbs of Astoria City into the Pacific, it is seen crawling out on the sandy shores of Cape Cod with the next great storm. The single line of human footsteps across the polar snows has not left too packed and plain a trail. New snows have covered it, as new trees have shadowed the shores of Walden.

Peary's footprints, and Dr. Cook's, too, would be very hard to follow.

Von Baer's Law is as true backward as forward. We not only develop, but revert, and we remain all that we ever were. We are not different from the rest of nature.

It was more than twenty-five years ago that I started from Savannah over the old stage road to Augusta, finding my way by faint uncertain blazings on the tree-trunks through a hundred and thirty-odd miles of swamp. They were solemn miles. Trees thicker than my body grew in the ruts where wheels had run; more than once the great diamond rattle-snake coiled in my path, chilling the silence of the river bottoms with his shivering whirr. Once I heard the gobble of the wild turkey and the scream of the bob-cat; and at night, while sleeping in an old abandoned church on the river bluff, I was awakened by the snuffling of a bear which had thrust its muzzle underneath the church door in the foot-worn hollow of the sill.

It was a lonesome place. A faint road led away from it off through the swamp; but aside from the gravestones near-by, there were no other human signs around. How long since human feet had crossed the threshold, I do not know.

The chintz altar-cloth that I tried to draw over me (the night was chill) crumbled at my touch. I had meant no desecration. I was very weary and had crept in through a window

from the night and cold. A slow rain had settled down with the dusk, attended by darkness indescribably profound. And beneath the long-draped pines outside slept those whose feet had worn the threshold — slept undisturbed by the souging of the wind, wrapped in the unutterable loneliness of the coiling river and the silent sombre swamp.

Yet here had passed a highway between two great cities just a few years earlier, before the railroad was built farther out through the state. Already the swamp and the river had taken the highway for their own, and from human foot given it again to adventure, to the gliding form, the swift wing, and the soft padded foot.

The giants of old, the frontiers and clipper-ships of old, are gone. Still, what is this news of fleets of wooden ships abuilding, with sails of canvas to speed them? They went out with the ebb tide, and here already they come back with the flood! Lay aside the rifle and you pick up the camera — to creep with it into the lion's den; or to climb with it into the top of a towering oak, on some sheer mountain wall; and, pushing it before you along a horizontal limb, feet dangling in space, a stiff wind blowing, eagles screaming overhead, canyon wall below you, and far, far down the narrow canyon bottom, you hold on, body balancing camera, but nothing over against the swaying brain, and grind out a hundred feet of movie film. This is to shoot a good many lions.

The magical human chance? Life offers it us with both hands, and millions of men in the trenches are seizing it as a way of escape. There is plenty of old primordial war left yet. Its appearance is changed, that is all. Its pomp and circumstance have been reduced to shovel and overalls. Even the shouting and tumult is done as the sappers

burrow into enemy trenches to fight with poison gas and club. But the story of it all reads more like Hell than ever, and must prove to be the substance of another Iliad, —

The vengeance deep and deadly; whence to the world
Unmeasured ills arose;

but what of blessings, I wonder, when

another and a greater Homer shall seize the magical chance to sing it?

Life offers us all the chance of escape. Go where we will on the surface of things, men have been there before us; but beneath the surface we need go no deeper than our own hearts to find a frontier, and that adventurous something for which the decorous and conventional allows no place in its scheme.

CARNOT'S STORY

REPORTED BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

A FRENCH barrack-room, in these days of January, 1917, is as full of heroes — in the strict, military sense of the word — as it is of beds. This is particularly true of a barrack-room at the École d'Aviation Militaire, whither many Frenchmen are sent for training as *pilotes*, as a reward for distinguished service at the front in other branches of army service.

There is Lagnoir, for example, whose cot is next to mine. I have not been able to learn how he won his *médaille militaire*, but this much information I have secured from his comrades. In August, 1914, he took an important part in one of the few cavalry charges of the war, and in one day of glorious adventure he was wounded, taken prisoner, and recaptured by his squadron. All of this was so long ago, and Lagnoir has had such a variety of war-experiences since, that the story is lost, in so far as his recollection of it is concerned.

Cardonal, next bed but one, was an observer and *mitrailleur* during 1914,

1915, and 1916, and has to his credit more than a thousand hours of flight over the German lines. His experiences cry aloud to be related under some such title as 'Tales of a Thousand Hours,' and Cardonal has n't an inkling that they are unusual or particularly interesting.

Bordonaue is across the aisle. I had known him for more than two months before he told me of his most thrilling contact with the horrors of modern warfare. He was reminded of it one night when the gloom of the barrack-room after 'lights-out,' recalled an hour when he was 'very sad to be buried alive' by a mine-explosion, as he expressed it in his quaint English. His life was saved by a piece of corrugated iron which gave him 'breathe time to be rescued.'

But it is impossible to go down the room bed by bed. There are forty Frenchmen to be counted, all of whom have seen from six months to more than two years of service at the front. Less than three years ago they were

following commonplace civilian occupations — none, surely, more commonplace than that of Carnot. He is the only man in barracks who has the distinction of having escaped from a German prison-camp. It was not until his third attempt that he finally succeeded in reaching the frontier of Holland. I should never have had the story, had it not been for his eagerness to learn English, and for the frequent urgings of Poulain, who is very proud of his accomplishments as a linguist and wished to help him in writing the narrative. It leaves, perhaps, much to be desired in the matter of explanatory detail, but, for this very reason, abundant room for the exercise of the imagination. What is omitted, or, at most, barely hinted at, is often more important than what is told. As for altering the often quaint and picturesque phrasing, the matter was not to be thought of for a moment. And so the story stands just as it was written during the long evenings of January, 1917, when Carnot held the pen and Poulain the French-English dictionary, the two of them puzzling out the meanings, and working by candle-light long after the rest of us were asleep.

J. N. H.

As soon as I have been transported from the hospital infirmary to F—, and when my shoulder do not hurt me too much, I have only one idea in the head: the escape. Prisoner always dream of the liberty. They are all candidate of this title, less or more distant, to resolve this great problem, arrange everything, and make departure.

The experience proved me that generally they are always the same ones who escape or attempt to do it. It has been from the 25th to 26th of November, 1914, that I try first venture to F—, which is 28 kilometre near Holland. The camp is 5 kilometre from

the city of W—. The Rhine is to the ouest of the camp; the river L— which throw itself in the Rhine was at 1 kilometre at north. It should be necessary to pass the river L— to rejoin Holland, then direct each self by the *boussole* (instrument to inquire which way is Nord) in the middle of the woods till the frontier.

I had decided with two of my friends, Pitau of Tours and Réjane of Lillers, to try everything which is possible to creep under the three belts of 200 kilometres of wire thread (*barbelé*, means with sharpened little pieces of iron on it) which is surround the camp, and under the electric current (or stream) which flows through this, to 6 or 8 thousand volts. Then it is necessary to pass without wake up our guardian's attention. Every sixty steps around the camp is one guardian who has the order to kill everyone who will be able to pass this closing, which, at first appearance however, appears like it is impossible to get over.

This is very exactly how the closing are made: some posts are deeply sink in the ground, and exceed from the ground top, over two metres. They follow themselves every two metres of distance, and on them is the *barbelé* (wire thread) running from one post to the other, and superposed to ten centimetres of height since the level of the soil till the picket top. At three metres of distance, and parallelment to this first closing exist a second one, exactly the same. Between these two is the famous electrocuting current, dispose in this way: some pickets, every six metres, are fix in the ground. They are running between the closings of iron. On the pickets, one iron hand on the top and one down support some chinaware insulators, very strong. On this chinaware an electric cable is adapted. Another cable touch the soil. Between this two cables is fix a simple wire work

like the one they use to surround the poultry. If some one is throwing the electric current upon it, the first human being who will touch it is destroy immediately. In the night lamps light very well this place. For this reason how it was necessary to not wake up our guardians!

I had thought that if we were leaving the camp at six o'clock of the evening, we would go the 28 kilometres which separate us from the frontier during the night, and we will arrive in Holland before to be mark out. The rain and storms which had fall down on the camp during the 22 and 23 of November had cause some *affaissements* (means the soil moved on by going down), and it was by one of these little *affaissements* that we decide to risk everything for liberty.

It was decide that I will slide the first, then Pitau, then Réjane. Everything was moving like we want it. The guardians were talking together and at distance. Pitau and I escape outside without to touch the electric death wire thread, but how we must be careful! Then a shout resound in the dark. Bullets whistle in the air. Jump out from the lighted part of the camp has been done in a minute. The guardians are excite. They miss us at only a few metres of distance, but we are mark out.

No news at all about Réjane. We think he is dead and so direct ourselves on swiftly by the river. But unlucky at this time (it was not to late) there was Germans all around us. The man pursuit is begin. Shouts ring and we observe many small lights dance around. It was some small pocket lamps which everybody adapt to his vest to find us. But they do not see us. We were hoping arrive till the river by a turning. It was only far of 100 metres when some police dogs trow themselves over us. Pitau had been bite to the leg and to

the arm. I try to help him and have been bite very badly to the hand. Our presence is thus discover by the dogs and we are captive immediately.

Some of them try to rifle on us but they were frightened to kill the dogs, and so they do not touch us except a bullet which hurt me a little in the left hand. Then one guardian give the order to bring us living to know how we have been doing to escape from a so strong camp. When he said this the gun blows and the foot blows had been dancing on us, but they stop. They take us to the guard corps. I do not know how they bring us there. I find myself, when I wake up, with foot and hands binded. I have aches all over and my face is fool of blood. My comrade Pitau was like me on the other side of the office, and he is looking dead. On meantime, the lieutenant attach to the camp commandant send orders to take my ties away, and he compliment me on my hard skull. I observe and feel with pleasure that I have nothing broke in me, and I remark too, with great pleasure, that Pitau is not dead, only faint. The major arrive and see with stupefaction that we have not been hurt by the bullets. Unfortunately, it have not been the same thing for some of our comrades in the camp who are wounded by bullets not destinated for them. One have been killed.

Pitau and me, we assure the commandant that we are only two. After we are questioned, they give us back easily our trousers. The lieutenant say, 'You will be shoot to-morrow in front of all the camp, for an example. A German soldier have been wounded and it is because of you.' They ask us if we want a priest. They inspect our chains to see if they are well closed with keys. They leave a guardian in the office we are, and another before the door. The night pass like this.

Hundred and hundred people are

walking pass the little window to try see us. I was like a stupid fellow and all my members are violent. My head was like a boiled stuff and my feet were bloating [or *clating*] more and more. Pitau was like dead. He was more worn out than me. I find out later that he do not suffer at all. He do not know what happen because his senses are stifled.

The same night about eleven o'clock, a great noise. I hear shouts and guns. It is the end! They are going to *fusiller* [kill] us! No. There are five fellows who try the escape by an underground passage, the first one which has been make here. The initiative of this passage has been give by Signac, a French adjutant. It commence in a cave use for necessary physical purposes, and the end was outside the camp in a building which was not quite finish. It take a very long time to finish this passage and I never thought they would do it. One day the German officers inspect the cave and I am sure they will make a discovery. But as they have all the place surround with the electric death thread, perhaps they do not admit that it is possible for Frenchmen to escape under the mor through them. However, the luck was not for these men who make the attempt after so long labor. They are stopped except one or two who reach the frontier. One or two also have been killed, and the other ones are, like us, put in heavy chains. This night have been terrible one for many of us.

The day who follow, an order come to suspend our execution, for many Boche officer are coming to inspect the underground passage. We prisoner are all chained, but they unlock our hands to eat.

The 27 of November is well remembered day, for then the execution parade take place. But we are delighted, truly, when we find we are not to be shooted. Why this we do not know.

Time pass to the first of December, when we are unchain and go to the central prison at B——, where we are given 14 days strict decrees. It consist to be lock in cell without any light. We have 200 grammes of bread to eat, and to drink, a water's jar. After this, we go to the great fortress of W—— where we have been judge.

Now this is a strange thing. A sentinel was wounded the night we have escape, but he can never say whose of us two have wounded him. And there is cause, for we have not touch him at all. His report is read to us. Here it say that a man appear hastily, throw himself at him and rain down blows with a hammer. First he denounce Pitau as the author of this, but at the confrontation he call me the culprit. His deposition of the 25 of November do not agree with this later one he make before the *conseil de guerre*, and so we are given a lawyer for our defense. After listening to this sentinel and to us, the instruction judge say that we may be right, for no hammer is found at all, and it appear strange that we could attack a soldier armed with loaded rifle and bayonet, with empty hands. By consequence, the general, who understand French very well, acquitted us as not guilty of this attack on the sentinel, but with this mention: 'Dangerous. Keep in cell.' He say too, that they are not savages and if the proves are not sufficient we could be thankful, for we may have been *fusillé*. We do not think this is unfair judgement.

Pitau and I are in a mystery about this sentinel. I believe he has been so much surprise to see us next of him, leaving the prison surround by the electric wire thread, that he do not know what he has been doing. In his violent emotion he hurt himself on the face, and is shy to say how. So, to not be punish, he invent this story.

In the end of February, Pitau and me rejoin our cells in the central prison at B—. In the interval, come about 200 French and British prisoners who are sent there to be punish for some small mistakes. They work in the day to the Maison Krupp's branch establishment. The civil guards are replace by soldiers. One day the second lieutenant who look after us is a Pole. He talk to us and open our cells during the day. How he was good to us, and how we are happy!

Next day we try to pass with the ones who are going to work at their factory, but we are seen and they denounce us. Even with this, we find a wonderful trick for means to flee (escape). A Frenchman was working to the *chaufferie* (warming-place) of the prison. This communicate outside by means of a long tube where the charcoal was arriving. It is close by a grating with lock. The Frenchman take an imprint of this lock, and a key was made by an accomplice who is working by the Maison Krupp. Then another, of our cell, has not been too difficult for us.

One of us was to be lock up in the *chaufferie*, and he was to call us during the time when the guards are playing cards. We decide to make the new escape. The plan, so easy, was missed because of four fool French boys who make attempt without say anything to us. They wait all day in the *chaufferie*, and in the night, they pass away through the tube, and try to jump the wall. Their stupidity do not succeed to them. One of them, an Alsatian boy, has been killed when they bring them back to prison, and the others sent to the central prison to V—.

In April we are dispatch to the camp at S—. 'You will be too far here to try again the escape,' say to me some of the prisoners. But three of us are not willing to be overcome by the distance,

and we decide to escape by the Holland and England way. We have 300 kilometres to go, and there have never yet been any escape from here.

With the complicity of our baraque chief, we buy some clothing and a *boussole* (instrument to direct each self by looking North) and some preserve food. It is a real story, the way we could leave this immense camp. We are new arrival here, and our faces are not familiar. At five o'clock of the morning, we succeed to join with some religious people who are going to the church which is next the camp. Then we were watching 4 butchers, who go with a guard, every morning, to the slaughter-house at P—. We have plan for all this, and so arrange ourselves with the butchers after we are outside the camp. We have cape, with hood, like theirs, so we could hide our faces and all our provisions of escape.

We walk with the butchers till a little café which is on the road. Here there is a chance to disappear, for the guard must make viséed his passport. We go to the café which is kept by a Hollander fellow, but unfortunately we are discover by a second lieutenant who advance on us to make inquiries. We explain that we were thinking we could have a cup of café before to go to work. He say, 'You know very well this is not allowed. Come with me to the commandant to explain yourselves.'

We had, all three, civil trousers with red stripe like the Belgians have, a military jacket and a képi, all under our coats. In our *musettes* [knapsacks] we had our civil clothes. What shall we do with them is the serious problem, for if they are discover by the lieutenant, he will know we are trying to escape. We seem to follow him with docility and make signs together that the first troop of French working prisoners we will see (it was just departure time for the obligatory work), we will let our *mu-*

settes slide to the floor. We are lucky to pass a troop from camp No. 2. We let slide secretly our provisions of escape, and these fellows of the camp are thinking we smuggle them tobacco, like that often happen.

We arrive to the commandant and tell our story. They look all over us to try find something on our bodies, and we bless the French working prisoners we meet on the road who receive our *musettes*. Then we are bring to the work station where we tell them we belong. The *Feldwebel* call a guard, and tell him we are to be punish severely. We are all three conduct by this guard and we explain to him that we only try to buy the cup of café, and he must not say anything to the work chief like the *Feldwebel* tell him to do. I give him three bank-notes of five marks and he is very very pleased, and he tell us that he is going to said we are three prisoners who work only in the morning, as this is a good excuse, for this work was done by the prisoners of camp No. 3, who are unloading and bringing the grain-sacks in an old theatre.

Our next idea is, go back with the work people at noon, stop before we will arrive at camp No. 3, stay in camp No. 2, take back our *musettes* which should come when the prisoners we meet in the morning will return, then leave camp No. 2, and mixt ourself in the theatre equip. Everything succeed, but now we are only two. Boudoin say he is ill. All the emotions of the morning take his strength away and we must not wait for him. He is giving us his food, and know we are desperate and will try everything to escape.

When we arrive to the old theatre we hide ourself in an old closet. Boudoin help us, and come to us to say that everything goes right. No one knows we are there. We decide, Lefèvre and I, to wait for the night. Eight o'clock

strike, then nine, and we make the beginning. On the station way, we see the docks which are lighted by arc lamps, and a guard walking slowly back and forth. We creep through the garden which enclose the theatre, and step on a board which crack with a loud sound. Immediately dogs barked terribly. How we despise these dogs! We did not know that there were some detached at night in the theatre, for we did not see them in the day. It was impossible to go away. Lefèvre wish to take the chance, but I, who have attempt the escape before and have been found by dogs, refuse. We discuss this matter and nearly fight together, but my opinion prevail at last. It was to wait for twenty-four hours in this old closet, then steal out, but with no sound at all, and walk between the night and day as we have proposed. If we are signalated at the camp [missed] everyone will think we must be far by this time, and no one will try to find us at the town of S—. If we are not mark out, it will be only a few hours to wait, and of endurance.

Next evening at seven o'clock, we risked what we said. Lefèvre acts as a hunchback and me as a lame old fellow. We were looking like two poor workmen, very miserable and tired. In this way we pass behind the theatre, take the little lane which leads on the road, and going very slowly we pass through the whole town of S—. We pass Boche soldiers, singing and a little bit gay, because they were going to the front. (It is to remember that this is at the beginning of 1915.) We see the music halls full of lights and the cafés, and though we are very thirsty, for nothing in the world would we ask for a drink. We hear pianos going and music, but at last the sounds die away, and we are in the country. Our joy is a big one to have come through the entire city and to have not been stopped.

The night was clear with stars. We walked 35 kilometres, and hide ourselves, before daylight, in the fields about 5 kilometres from B—. In this way we pass the week, walking at night and hiding ourselves in the day in the fir wood which are numerous till the city R—. It must be peculiar to see us, sliding as shadows, along the shores of the roads, looking sometimes our *boussole* to direct ourself and consulting our *carte géographique* at the doubtful places. Everything being right till R—, we had encamp the last day at 3 kilometres from the river, and decide to cross the city at nine o'clock of the evening. In this way it would be easy to pass the bridges and take the large road to S—. All goes well. We are out of the city, when at the railway there was a train arriving and we have to wait before to cross. Three young boys look at us very ostensibly. They pass next of us and say, 'Gut abend.' We answer the same thing, but they are not satisfied and go to talk with a soldier who was taking a walk with a young woman. With him they come back to us by running. He look at us with curiosity and ask us who we are. We say that we are working Holland men. We let him open our capes and show him our boots, trousers and vests. While he is talking to the young boys who are not satisfied of our answers, we leave so quickly it is possible. The city is behind. Fortunately we see a little street not lighted at all. We run very far. We can say that we have been very lucky.

We decide to not walk any more on the road. The hardest part of our journey is done. It is only 20 kilometres till the frontier when we find a little wood where it seems propitious to wait see what is going to happen. We are very tired but do not notice it, for we think, to-morrow, to-morrow, the Holland!

We start again at $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of the night, and decide to direct ourselves with the *boussole* only. The night is very dark. We cannot see a tree to one metre of distance. It is very difficult to go across the fields. We fall down in a pool, but go on through it. Impossible. It does not have an end. We remember it on the *carte*. It is shallow and so we wade in it. We are just looking our *boussole* with a pocket lamp when we hearded in the night, 'Wer da?' (Who is there?) We don't answer it and try to go away in the other direction to the voice. It is useless. They are customs officers, and we hear very plainly the dogs barking. Always dogs! We have fall in an ambushade during the dark night. We are in mud till the knees and the dogs rejoin us very soon. Resist at this moment will be useless, so we decide to be sly, like with the soldier night before. This has been best, for when we are bringed to the guards we have not been hurted at all.

The story about being Holland men could be a possible one, if one of us was able to speak the Holland language. But the guards remark that it is peculiar two Hollander working man cannot speak the language of the country they come from. They accept the hypothesis that we are very particularly fraud men, and we could easily be the two Russian officers who have made escape from the fortress prison at O—.

'Have you some papers?' ask to us a soldier who was looking to be a kind of chief. It was the one who was speaking Holland.

We answered that we don't have some papers and that was the reason we try to join Holland without passing the guardhouse, because we lost them. They decide to keep us till the morning, and lead us till a little room behind where are the guns. Imagine what our emotions are, being so near to the

end of our weary walking, and to be stopped!

While we were seeming to sleep on the floor we remark that the dogs have been taken away to the embuscade post. Two men were talking about us, and two more were playing cards and smoking a long pipe. They were in the next room with the communication door half open to watch us. We decide when they think we are sleeping, to jump, both of us, over the fellow who were nearest the door, push him very hardly on the table which will also push over his partner who is opposite him, and to escape so quick it will be possible. It was about one o'clock of the morning. At half-past one we must be out. We succeed but the fate is not with us. Again we hear, 'Wer da?' We are taken and the order is given to chain up our hands and conduct us to S—— prison. One hour later we are there. We are feeling stupid, without courage. They dechain us in a room with only one window four metres from the soil. I am crying like a child and Lefèvre is sick. 'You see you bungle this!' he shout to me; and nearly we are going to fight again. We are both two misérables.

Two o'clock striking over us to the belfry, made us remember the reality of things. We undress ourself completely, hiding everything we have in the pocket. Nothing prove we are *militaires*, not a letter, not a paper, not a mark, nothing, nothing at all, not a label to our shoes, not a tailor man or hatter's address. We wash ourselves with the jar's water and decide to say always, always that we are Holland men, borned and educated in Belgium, who have worked in France and in Birmingham, England, and reduced to the distress (misery) we went to engage ourselves in Germania because we could not find any work in Holland since the war.

Next morning they conduct us to the little fortress at B——. We see the frontier of Holland. How it is hard for us to be so near, at the very approach of our freedom, and to be captured! The Boches question us. Nothing doing! We act like very stupid fellows, and are glad in ourselves to see that they are doing everything with no result. It is for our obstination, to not answered to them, that we could succeed an escape six months after this, for we were bring to the office of the *commissaire* where on the wall we see the staff map. We remark secretly all the place where there is a customs or a guard along the frontier. I think it will be possible for me all my life to remember these places.

For six days they keep us here and then decide to make us visit all the camp where French prisoners have attempt the escape. At S—— we have been formally recognize, and we pass before the war council at same time with two others escape men (who later escape definately with Lefèvre and me). Now we are dress in a peculiar custom. They cut us half of the moustache on one side, and half of the hairs on our head on the other side. We were like for a carnival, one blue sleeve and the other one red, different color strokes (lines) in the breadth of our trousers, and one large yellow stroke of ten centimetres in the middle of the back. We had to answered six roll-calls every day, and we were very severely punish if one of us was late for a minute. We were all together and it was interdict for any reason for us to leave the camp with the other prisoner work people.

It was very difficult to succeed an escape from this camp. On the contrary to the former one, it was divided into different sections and each section surround by a strong electric current. The whole camp, with all of these sections, was surround with the camp of the

Boche soldiers including their cantons, warehouses, etc. An immense wire thread net close up completely this immense place. The doors are kept by sentinels who are turning all the time around this mighty net. However, we did succeed in this way: we have excavate a long underground tunnel (passage) going from the cabinet, sliding under the *barbelé* wire thread, and under the electric current, under the other *barbelé* wire thread, under the sentinel's passage, and end in an artillery park.

On the night of the 25 and 26 of September, 1915, we decide it is now or not at all for us. We were four of us, Lefèvre, myself, and two others. One after one we creep through the tunnel and emerge at the artillery park. So far so good. Not a sound, not a shot, not a dog bark. This seem almost like Heaven to Lefèvre and me, who know what are the German camp dogs. We proceed in diagonal across the artillery park till we reach closing No. 2 and here we feverishly dig a hole under the lozenge wire net. We creep through swiftly and are then on the road to S—— and to the liberty!

With us we had our *musettes* full of food — chocolate, bread and preserved things. Besides this, we had, each one, a *boussole* and a pocket lamp. We decide to separate and to walk at 200 metres in intervals in the dangerous parts, and to go always under the woods, in the middle of the fields, but never on the roads. The first night, in spite of the hard kind of travel we go more than 20 kilometres. The second night we had to cross very important shod roads of B——, in shunning the prisoners' camps. We have to be very cautious, for we know very well, in what bad temper the Boches are, and that they will do the impossible to rejoin us. They have propose a much bigger premium than they generally give, to the

soldier who will detect us making the escape, for they are sure that we will not rest in prisoner camp if we can elude it. We heard fire strokes that same night, and were follow; but we were shy, and for once the moon has been our accomplice, by going under the clouds at the right times.

Without anything more very extraordinary, except that we have been follow by some guards who thought we were marauding, we have been walking nearly to the city of R——, where we arrive in 10 days, walking the nights, hiding the days, eating very little, and benefiting of everything we find, carrots, potatoes, beet-roots, cabbages. With our daggers [knives] we kill two dogs, one in a farm near L——, and one in a forest which was belonging probably to a customs officer. We were beginning to have a great habit of this kind of sport. It is peculiar how we were able to distinguish from very far all kind of different sounds at night, and the nature of every noise we hear. The ear becomes very exact when one is walking for his life. We cross fields, woods, lanes, rivers, and at last reach the Ems, which we cross by swimming, and not as before, on the bridges. It taked us four days to go the last 30 kilometres from R—— to the frontier, for we are very cautious, like salvages after our great difficulties. At last, on the 9 of October, 1915, at the dawn, we cross the Dunker without undress ourself and we are in Holland.

Our joy, our madness, were indescribable. In spite of the opposite temper between Lefèvre and me, we kiss each other like we were brothers. For the first time in all of our travels together, we agree completely to the same idea, and we decide to walk on the road. The first person we see in Holland was very young woman with rosy cheeks. We shaked hands with her with the greatest pleasure, and we

asked some bread, and some milk and butter which were things we had not seen for a year. This excellent woman brought us to her father, and he did not accept that we pay for what we eat and drink. Our clothes, which were very worn and wet, we dried out. Then we left this nice people and took the road in the direction of Ooldenzaahl. It was so nice to walk in the daytime and on a real road.

We have not been very far when a man on a bicycle, without uniform, showed to us his police card, and try to explain that we must return with him for we have not any papers. We understood that it was to the office to arrange our situation. It is just by the frontier. There we look across the bridge and see the Boches! They regard us in a very strange way, like they hungry for us. It was a great privilege and joy to be on this side of the bridge and not on the other. We feel like to sing in our happiness. Fifty metres away from us were the Boches and the servitude. We bless this little distance which separate us.

At the office they brought us tobacco and chocolate and clothes and linen and water to wash ourself. Everybody compliment us. Orders came from Ooldenzaahl to conduct us till that city. Something I remarked was that in the customs house we thought we were very strong, but when we wanted to walk again — impossible. Our nerv-

ous tension was gone and we were very weak. We had to have a car to go the nine kilometres to Ooldenzaahl. It was a delightful journey. Everybody was cheering us. They knew that we was two prisoners who escape away after a long captivity and two attempts escape. We were something very curious for the people, and we could remark that in this part of Holland they don't like the Boche.

From Ooldenzaahl, where we have a little rest, we are conduct till the French consulate where they receive us very gently. We had the order to go till the Holland Chief of Staff, where they explain that we may stay in Holland if we want to, and quite free, like civils, or we may join France. We request that we wish to go back to our native land to make our duty. The Holland man, a colonel I think, complimented us, and we were as free as the air. At the English consulate they give us a passport to embark on the Orange Nassau ship. We embark, but we had not yet seen the last of the Boches. They even pursue us in the sea, for we sight a German submarine which immerse almost immediately. But fortunately we are not sink.

So end our adventures. We arrive in France safely. Now my comrades are again on the front, and I am in the aviation. We promise ourselves that whatever happen we will never again be in a German prison.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS.¹ II

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

THE PROFESSOR was free, alone, and on the open road. Looking forward at breakfast to the first morning of his holiday in the open, he had thought of any number of problems to which he might now devote unlimited periods of consecutive speculation. Only, as he walked, he found that nature is not conducive to sustained thought. The stage-setting is too big, the lights are too strong, there are all sorts of distracting sounds and odors and colors. After several brave attempts to force his mind into action upon a set topic, he surrendered and let the road do with him as it pleased. The road thereupon proceeded to drug his soul into a peace such as it had not known for months.

He had set out at a good pace, unwisely. Within an hour he grew painfully aware of his legs. The road rose steadily in a succession of long, teasing loops, to the crest of the divide he had set out to cross. Some distance from the top he pulled up — not from fatigue, oh, no; but for the view, as we all do. The hills were lifting up in front of him and on either side, and the next turn in the road would throw a green barrier behind him. The hills were playing riot across country, chasing, outflanking, tumbling into each other. Or in the background a green promontory would thrust forward into the sunlight, like an enormous dog at rest with his head on his paws. The woods

¹ A synopsis of the earlier chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column.

ran up to the very ridge like the heavy nap of a carpet. Latimer felt very little and tired. He had breakfasted too heartily for a first day's journey. It was careless in Harriet.

He sighed, and went on, sparing himself. He reached the summit with a fair reserve of breath, but the steep descent to Elk Creek was a sore trial for his ankles. In his preliminary studies on the map he had fixed upon Westville as the first halting-place; that was four miles away. The road crossed Elk Creek on an ugly red iron bridge and swung south, parallel with the stream. He trudged along with much less vim on the level highway than he had put into climbing the hills. As an abstract proposition, he fell to wondering how long a mile would be in these parts.

He was tiring rapidly. The early morning breeze had died away, and the sun beat down on him. After all, why be a slave to schedules? Just off from the road a great willow stood deep in the grass. He would lie down for a few minutes and read. Before doing that, it would be good to cut across the field and bathe one's face and hands in the creek; but even that short *détour* was too much of a task. He unlimbered his knapsack, lowered himself painfully to the ground, pulled out *Quentin Durward* from the bag, and, turning to the fourteenth chapter, fell asleep.

He had scarcely closed his eyes when he was awake again. The earth was rocking under him in the most disturbing fashion. On further consideration, it was not the earth at all, but himself.

A young woman in an automobile duster was bending over him and shaking him vigorously by the shoulder. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

'Are you ill?' said the girl.

'Not at all,' said Latimer, half asleep; 'can I do anything for you?'

'You've been carrying on like anything — moaning and tossing about.'

'But that can scarcely be,' said Latimer. 'I have just lain down to rest after a fatiguing journey and was preparing to take a short nap.'

'You have another guess coming,' said the young woman. 'You were fast asleep when we came by in the machine an hour ago, and you were still going strong when I spied you on our way back. My arm's tired.'

In fact Latimer saw the sun high over his head. His limbs ached. His palate was dry.

'Do you want anything?' said the girl.

'I should greatly appreciate a drink of cold water.' He started to rise.

'Don't stir,' she said. 'Archibald, bring a cup of water.'

She turned to two men who stood close by, looking down upon Latimer with only the faintest curiosity. The elder of the two was a heavy-jowled figure in a dust-coat which was sufficiently open at the throat to show a fat diamond in a crimson scarf beneath the blue of a desperately shaven chin. Archibald was a very tall and sad-eyed young man, with a two days' beard and only on the most indifferent terms of friendship with his clothes. He had no motor-coat and his derby was tilted back at an angle so as to bring a tall forehead into the general scheme with a prominent Adam's apple. He strolled meditatively to the car, searched for the drinking-cup without haste, and in due course made his thoughtful way to the edge of the creek and back again to the little group under the tree.

'Thank you,' said Latimer; and Archibald nodded. Even without the sleepy friendliness in his eyes Latimer was prepared to like him much better than the heavy man with the blue-black jaw.

The latter pulled out his watch and growled.

'It's late, Gladys. Let's move on.'

Gladys did not bother to answer.

'Quite sure you're all right?' she said to Latimer.

'Beyond question,' he said.

But the effort with which he got to his feet did not please her.

'Which way are you going?'

'I am bound for Westville, where I purpose to take lunch,' said Latimer.

'We're going the other way,' said the man in the duster. Archibald had picked up *Quentin Durward*, and was reading with evident interest.

'But we could take him back, Baby,' said Gladys. 'It's only a minute in the machine, and I don't like the idea of letting him start off by himself.'

'I assure you, madam, there is no occasion for anxiety,' said Latimer. 'The fact is I very rarely dream.'

'The old man's all right,' said Baby. 'Come on.'

'Go ahead, if you like,' said Gladys, eliminating him from her consciousness.

'I will,' said Baby; and, stalking off to the car, he plunked down into the driver's seat with superfluous energy.

'Madam,' said Latimer, 'I really stand in no need of assistance, and I should greatly regret to make myself a source of contention between husband and wife. Permit me to thank you for your kindness and to go my way.'

Gladys laughed aloud, not unpleasantly, Latimer thought. Archibald looked up from the pages of *Quentin Durward*, and a grin spread over that Hamlet countenance which Latimer was getting to like more and more.

'No offense,' said Gladys.

'I suspect none,' said Latimer.

'Only I hate to let you go off by yourself,' she said.

Archibald closed the book and handed it back to Latimer with a nod of thanks.

'Suppose I walk back with the gentleman?' he said. 'It's all the same to me if I wait in Westville or at the hotel.'

'Good for you, Archibald,' she said; and to Latimer, 'You don't mind having him trot along? Archie is a nice child, and it would make me feel better.'

'Nothing would please me more.'

'Fine!' said Gladys. 'See you again.'

She tripped away to the car, where Baby was manipulating enough levers to start half a dozen automobiles, and took her place beside him. As the car shot away she turned and blew a kiss to Latimer.

II

Latimer silently acknowledged the thoughtfulness of his long-legged companion in accommodating himself to his own cautious pace.

'A woman of good heart,' said Latimer. 'Something in her, no doubt, of that modern touch which is apt to merge into frivolity, but essentially a womanly woman.'

'Recognize her?' said the sad-eyed one.

'How? From her picture, you mean? In the public press?'

'Everywhere,' said Archibald. 'Miss Gladys Winthrop, Intercontinental Film Corporation.'

'The lady is an actress for the —'

'Yes. She is the Intercontinental star. They know her all over the world. In the Fiji Islands people pass up a cannibal feast when they put on a Winthrop film.'

'Miss Winthrop,' said Latimer. 'So

the gentleman with the red cravat is not her husband?'

'Baby is chief stage-director for the Intercontinental. We are screening Mexican war-scenes a couple of miles down the river, and Miss Winthrop comes down every day from her hotel at Sumnerville.'

'And you —'

'I am deputy assistant scenario editor.'

'It is an art with which I regret to say I have only the most superficial acquaintance,' said Latimer. 'The strain on the eyes is trying.'

'It is a rotten business,' said the other, with a savage intensity Latimer did not think him capable of.

'And yet, my dear Mr. Archibald—'

'My name,' said the other, 'is Perkins; William Henry Perkins. Archibald is Miss Winthrop's pet name for me.'

'Like Baby?'

'Exactly. If you don't mind my saying it, I suspect she is now referring to you as Grandpa.'

'I am sure I bear her no ill-will,' said Latimer. 'But your opinion of your own profession puzzles me.'

'It is not my profession,' said Perkins. 'I write plays, real plays.'

'You have had them produced?'

'One. It's been tried out on the road and we are now licking it into shape for New York. In the meanwhile I do scripts for a living.'

'You are to be congratulated,' said Latimer. 'I have myself on occasion experienced a strong impulse toward the theatre. I went so far as to purchase a textbook on the technique of the drama. And to think that you have actually had a play produced!'

'I've been writing them ever since I can remember,' said Perkins. 'This one was finished five years ago. It was a melodrama; five acts and fourteen characters; pretty large order, I admit.'

'Many of Shakespeare's plays exhibit more than that number of personages,' said Latimer.

'That so?' said Perkins. 'It's some time since I have looked into Shakespeare. The manuscript was kicked about in the usual way till McClintock got hold of it. That was about a year ago in Chicago. McClintock was crazy about it. "It's the big idea," he said. "It's a wallop." Only he balked at the list of characters. A cast of fourteen means a pretty healthy salary list. So we cut out three of them, a boodle politician, a woman social worker, and a comic policeman. McClintock hated to lose some of the lines, so we gave them to the leading man, who is the candidate of the Reform League for district-attorney. We then went into rehearsal.'

'I envy you the experience of seeing for the first time the creatures of your imagination in the flesh,' said Latimer.

'Quite so,' said Perkins. 'Only McClintock's leading woman got an offer from the movies. The only available substitute was a much younger woman. This made it necessary to eliminate the heroine's children. It meant quite a bit of rewriting, but you must be prepared for that. Then we went on the road. McClintock believes in building up his shows before real audiences.'

'I am of the same opinion,' said Latimer. 'The audience is joint-author in every successful play.'

'That is what the textbook says.' Perkins spoke without the intention of satire, but Latimer blushed. 'The first night we put it on somewhere in Indiana. The third act is tensely dramatic, with a good bit of pathos. Only the crowd laughed. I was in the back of the balcony when that laugh came and you can imagine how I felt.'

Latimer stopped short and held out his hand. 'I am sorry,' he said.

'Oh, that's all right,' said the author.

'McClintock thought differently. He confessed that at first he felt it was all up with us; but as the crowd went on laughing he brightened, and when the show was over he ran up and slapped me on the back. "We've got them, Perkins," he said; "it don't make any difference whether they laugh or cry so long as they do it strong. Get busy and tickle them some more, old man." I set to work.'

'But the logical structure of the piece was bound to suffer.'

'It is n't so hard once you put your mind on it,' said Perkins. 'We took that court-room scene where the audience got away from us, and lightened it up considerably. Strange to say, in the next town they did n't laugh very much. McClintock thought it over and said a court-room with judges and lawyers and turnkeys was too sombre. So we changed it to a private dining-room in a Broadway restaurant. That forced us to cut out the first act.'

Latimer was confused but correspondingly sympathetic.

'At any rate the play has now assumed final shape.'

'Practically,' said Perkins. 'It comes to Broadway in September; a whimsical farce in three acts and nine characters.'

'The labor must have been great,' mused Latimer.

'Labor is no word for it. Lots of times I was ready to quit. But McClintock would n't hear of it. McClintock was splendid. "Perkins," he'd say, "I'll stake my head on that play. There's a big idea in it. All we have to do is make 'em see it." And McClintock usually knows what he is talking about.'

III

'We should be close to Westville,' said Latimer.

They stopped to inquire of a big man

in rusty city garb, with a fishing-rod, who, from a rock in the stream, was casting with a short line into the pools under the opposite bank. He threw his line with a lazy swing as if utterly indifferent to the destination of the fly; almost as if he were of half a mind to withdraw the bait while it was still in the air. When the fly lit and brought no response he withdrew the line and cast again, without interest and without disappointment. Latimer thought of a drowsy man going through his morning exercises in his bedroom.

'What luck?' said Latimer.

'They never bite much around here,' said the fisherman.

He had turned toward Latimer with the same graceful calm he gave to his fishing. If the stranger stopped, he was perfectly willing to give up fishing and talk. If the stranger went on, he would be just as glad to go back to his rod. He had a soft drawl that was more of the South than of the New York hills.

'Westville is far off?' said Latimer.

'I should n't call it very far,' said the fisherman. He pondered on the exact distance and his judicial manner aroused Latimer's fears.

'A couple of miles?'

'No, not that far,' said the other. 'When you make the turn yonder by that barn you are 'most there.'

'Why, then, it is only a matter of a few minutes,' said Latimer.

'Well, about that,' ruminated the fisherman.

'I am exceedingly obliged,' said Latimer, and started off briskly.

They were around the curve of the road in less than ten minutes and found themselves on the edge of the village. Straight ahead was the whitewashed steeple of the little wooden church. Facing it stood the smithy and wagon-shop, with the village hall above — the 'Assembly Room' during the summer-boarding season.

They stopped at the first house in the village. It stood back from the road, on a wide stretch of lawn checkered with sunlight through the maple trees. A garden on one side ran down to the brook, which here came within a hundred feet of the road. There was about the house an air of confirmed invalidity. The open veranda, which ran all the length of the broad front, sagged in places, and the trellis-work underneath showed gaps. A shutter on the upper floor hung slightly out of line. The paint had peeled in places and everywhere was toned to a yellow gray that was not altogether displeasing. About the lawn and garden there was the same suggestion of decay which had not progressed so far but that to the summer boarder it would all be quite romantic.

'I never eat in the middle of the day,' said Perkins. 'If you don't mind lending me your Scott, I will wait for you outside.'

Neither, it appeared, did he take coffee or resort to tobacco, and Latimer decided that a one-sided feast would, indeed, be rather disconcerting. He climbed the porch-steps and knocked.

Back in the house, in the region of the kitchen he surmised, some one was coughing violently. He knocked again and the sound of coughing came nearer. The door was opened by a tall, broad-boned woman in a checked apron, the corner of which she held to her mouth. From her flushed cheeks Latimer inferred that she had just come from the kitchen fire. In her eyes he thought he discerned a resemblance to the misty gaze of the fisherman by the creek, the same languid grace which might be the sign of a temperament or of low vitality. She was breathing rapidly, and he conjectured that it was the after effect of the prolonged coughing-spell.

Latimer doffed his hat.

'If it is not inconvenient, madam, I should appreciate a simple luncheon. Eggs and a glass of milk would be quite enough.'

'Come in,' she said. Her voice reminded him again of the soft drone of the man with the fishing-pole.

She opened a door on her right and showed him into a large dining-room with half a dozen tables. The place spoke of summer boarders and had been little used since the going of the last guest seven months ago. She made to throw open the windows, but it was an effort, and Latimer came to her aid. The inrush of sweet air was a delight. He sank into a chair and sighed happily.

'Will you have tea and muffins with your eggs?' she asked.

'Pray, don't put yourself out for me,' said Latimer.

'I am making some for dinner,' she said, and withdrew.

In the kitchen he heard that long, harassing cough. It troubled him, but in his pleasant state of lassitude, he hesitated to embark on disturbing conjectures. Then a rustle at the door made him turn in his chair. A little girl was peering at him from the hallway. As Latimer's eye fell upon her she whisked away, but he had seen a brown head with ringlets and blue eyes alight with curiosity. Her furtive coming and going were in consonance with the dreamy silence that hung over the house.

'I should not have consented to the muffins,' thought Latimer. 'Whether they are ready or not, it means additional work over the kitchen fire; if not now, then later.' He rose to countermand his order and stopped. 'The house within is spotless. The child is fresh from soap and water and the comb. The life of this home is functioning normally. Why be officious? She might resent it.'

He sat down. He was very fond of corn-muffins.

He ate with relish. The hostess moved about the business of the table efficiently but with the suggestion of a strong will driving a reluctant body. She was plainly not so hearty as her robust frame would lead one to suppose, and her face was hollow beneath the cheek-bones.

'I trust you are doing something for that troublesome cough,' said Latimer. 'How long have you had it?'

'It's been hanging on over the winter,' she said. 'The doctor has given me something for it.'

'And is it doing you good?'

She hesitated. 'Yes, I think I am better.' But in her eyes Latimer saw a fear which made him turn away and look out of the window. In a swing chair on the lawn the little girl was standing on tiptoe, spying on the stranger. He snapped his fingers at her and held up a stick of chocolate which he drew from his pocket. The child scurried round the corner of the kitchen but did not make her expected appearance.

When he had done eating, Latimer went in search of the little one. He found her in the shelter of her mother's apron in what had once been a barn, but was now empty of cattle or wagon-gear and given up to miscellaneous storage. The mother was splitting fagots with a hatchet the handle of which was always coming loose. She declined Latimer's offer to fetch in the wood for her, laughing meanwhile at his ardent courtship of the little one, who managed, all the way back to the house, to keep her mother's skirts as a bulwark against the predatory stranger. Ultimately she succumbed to the lure of the chocolate. Prolonged and shy negotiations led to a *modus vivendi*, with Latimer established on the kitchen steps leading down to the garden

and the child close to him with a hovering eye on mother.

'Pretty soon,' said Latimer, 'this will be a big girl and helping mother about the house.'

The child shook her head with quick decision.

'I won't. I'll go squirrel-shooting with daddy.'

In the great heat from the stove the woman's face was crimson. Latimer wondered how it would be with her in midsummer when she was cooking all day for a houseful of boarders.

'Won't you come with me to the city?' Latimer pleaded with the child. 'We will live in a big house and go to the circus every Saturday.'

'Babe was born in the city,' said the woman. 'We've been here only two years.'

'Do you like it?'

She stared down at the floor.

'It is better for me,' she said.

It probably would be, Latimer thought, if she were spared the rough man's work that had fallen to her. The head of the house must be exceedingly busy elsewhere to make it necessary for the woman to split her own kindling-wood and be continually running out of the kitchen on errands that should have been anticipated for her.

'In the city they don't grow cheeks like these,' said Latimer, pressing his finger into the firm, brown flesh of the little face beside him.

'It's been best for Babe and myself,' said the woman. 'But it's hard on my husband. He's city-bred and there's nothing in farming up here in the hills. It's mostly rock and scrub and he is n't very strong.'

'There should be some one to help you about the house,' said Latimer.

'The girls here are more a nuisance than a help,' she said. 'I can get on very well.'

'The proof is here,' said Latimer, tugging gently at the child's curls.

She threatened him with her clenched fist.

'You do think Babe looks well?' said the mother.

Her tone and the recurrent pain in her eyes told him of the dread that was gnawing at the woman's heart.

'I have n't the least doubt of it,' he declared with a confidence not at all justified by his knowledge of the subject. 'She'll soon be a big woman; as big as this,' addressing himself to the child and pointing to the roof of the kitchen-shed.

The little one, passing easily from shyness to intimacy, made a face at him. The next moment she was crying, 'Daddy!' and whirling down the path. It was the man with the fishing-rod. The child rushed at him, buried her face in his trouser-leg, caught his arm, and came dancing back with him, radiant.

Latimer rose. The husband greeted him with that now familiar smile of easy acceptance of things as they are. That the stranger of the road should be sitting there on his own kitchen steps was no more odd than if he had not been there.

'Dinner is 'most ready, Sam,' said his wife. 'I wish you'd fetch me a bucket of water.'

He brought the pail languidly in one hand, with Babe clinging to the other. Latimer settled his account while the husband turned decorously aside.

'It has been a great kindness,' said Latimer, holding out his hand.

She stared a little while before extending her own. He offered to shake hands with Babe, who immediately retired behind her father; but, with her father, she escorted the visitor down the path to the street.

'You have a charming place,' said Latimer. 'One might be happy here.'

For the first time the man's languor fell from him. His eyes were almost wolfish.

'I'd be glad to sell, for half what it cost me,' he said. 'You don't know of any one who'd want it?'

'Unfortunately, no,' said Latimer.

The big, placid face was now twisted with anger at fate and himself.

'It's a hole, a cursed, rocky hole,' he cried. 'It's no place for a man. In the city I had a large store and there were people you could live with.'

He stopped short, nodded farewell, and went back to the house with his grievance. He had been walking close to Latimer and left behind him the odor of cheap whiskey.

From the kitchen came the sound of coughing. Latimer's lips tightened and he found himself walking in the wrong direction, until hailed by Perkins, whom he had utterly forgotten. They walked on in silence.

'She has a great many more puzzles to work out than I have,' thought Latimer. 'Only she has the answers close at hand. That bright-eyed, cleanly child is one answer. The husband who must have his warm midday meal is another. — Yes,' he said aloud, 'undoubtedly she will get well.'

'Who will?' said Perkins.

Latimer stared at him a moment without understanding.

'Oh, the world will,' he said. And Perkins would not press him for details.

IV

Half a mile beyond the village they were overtaken by Miss Winthrop and Baby in the car. Gladys was on her way to the moving-picture camp for an afternoon's work before the camera.

'Now won't you let me give you a lift?' she demanded, registering childish imperiousness.

Latimer was tempted, but fell not.

'Thank you, no,' he said. 'The impulse to ride is always strong at the beginning of a pedestrian journey. For that very reason it should be resisted.'

'But it's nearly four miles,' she persisted. 'Mr. —'

'Professor Latimer,' Perkins told her.

'That means only an hour and a half at the most leisurely pace,' said Latimer. 'If you will lend me the company of Mr. Perkins for that additional length of time, it will be an easy walk.'

'Just as you say, professor,' registering queenly complaisance. 'Giddap, Baby.'

The car shot away.

'How long do you think the war will last, Professor Latimer?' said Perkins.

'It is not a question of men. Financial exhaustion perhaps —'

'Well, now, I wonder,' said Perkins. 'Money is n't everything.'

'No,' said Latimer. 'You have in mind, I suppose, the classic case of the Ottoman Empire which has always been bankrupt and always at war?'

Perkins said no; he was thinking of last winter in Chicago when both the children and Mrs. Perkins were ill and there were two trained nurses in the house. When the children took to bed, first the little one and then the boy, Perkins said, the strain was all the harder upon his wife because they were out in the suburbs and without a permanent cook. That is to say, a satisfactory servant can always be obtained for a price, but this price Mrs. Perkins was loath to pay, for obvious reasons. So they had seven kitchen-workers in eight weeks, and managed somehow before the doctor came into the house. Then it didn't matter how things went on downstairs. Mrs. Perkins gave herself entirely to the children, until she broke down completely, and for several weeks was ill enough to require a double shift of trained nurses.

Thereupon Perkins did the wise and inevitable thing. He went to the employment office and demanded the best cook obtainable. She was obtained. Her wages would have made poor Mrs. Perkins thoroughly unhappy if she had known, but he took good care not to let her know. Left entirely to her own devices, the new servant was reasonably content, and Perkins was at last free from the horror, under which they had lived for months, of a sudden demand for passports from the kitchen. The tradesmen's bills were enormous, but he gave them no thought. His mind, poor fellow, was with the very sick woman upstairs. The money for everything was forthcoming somehow — just how, he could not tell himself.

'Now, war,' said Perkins, 'is just like that. The world takes sick and goes to bed and there is plenty of money for everything.'

But more than that, said Perkins. He could understand, not only how bankrupt nations can somehow find the means for carrying on war, but how for the time being they actually enjoy it. He could understand crowded movie theatres and expensive automobiles in war-time. Never, he said, had he experienced so acute a sense of social well-being as during the weeks after his anxiety for his wife had been relieved, but when she was still too ill to dispense with her nurses. Perkins found himself at the head of an establishment. An efficient cook was functioning downstairs. Two handsome young women in uniform were continuously about the house; and as the pressure in the sick-room relaxed, the nurses were occasionally at his own service. Out of pity for the spiritual strain he had been under, these tall young women in uniform petted him. They prepared special desserts for him and went on errands to the tobacco-

shop. And when Mrs. Perkins was strong enough to sit up in bed and he might have sent away one of the nurses, he waited until the very last, his wife ultimately intervening. How pleasant it was to have a gracious young woman in white gown and cap alert to the least call with tray, pillow, book, an offer to open the window, or pull down the blind!

Perkins said he felt like the aristocracy in a fashionable London comedy, where you pull a bell-rope and tell Hobson to have the motor ready in ten minutes. For the next two years, Perkins said, he would be paying bills, but while it lasted it was exhilarating. And that was war finance.

But Latimer had not been listening.

'Mrs. Perkins and the children are quite well now?' he said, stopping short.

'Never better,' said Perkins.

'That's splendid,' cried Latimer and held out his hand. 'When you write you must tell them how glad I am.'

'I certainly will.'

'And they are coming down, of course, for that first night on Broadway?'

'I hope so,' said Perkins. His sallow face went pink. 'You know, Dr. Latimer, the reason we could not afford a good cook was —'

'Because it takes a lot of unremunerative labor to turn a five-act melodrama into a three-act farce,' cried Latimer.

They laughed like schoolgirls.

In a village of tents along the river-edge and up the slopes of the hill lay the army that was fighting the battles of Mexico for the Intercontinental Film Corporation. Smoke came from the field kitchens. A long row of stables, fresh from the carpenter's hand, sheltered the two hundred horses upon which the Intercontinental's

Mexican raiders carried havoc into American territory. Add a fleet of motor-trucks; mountain-heaps of provisions, of forage for the remounts, and of fuel for the motor-drays, all under canvas; cabins of pine and corrugated iron scattered over the hillside, which were studios, developing rooms, store-rooms for the raw and completed film; add a Red Cross tent, with two doctors and several nurses appropriately grouped; and then remember that all this represented only the operations of the left wing of the Mexican army. If you will recall that the Mexican right wing was at the same time operating in an open-air studio in Pennsylvania, and that Obregon's main forces were conducting a pitched battle with the Villistas around Los Angeles, you will realize the scale upon which the Inter-continental Film chronicled the agony and revival of the Mexican nation.

'There may be a chance to see Miss Winthrop in action,' said Perkins.

He hastened toward one of a group of raw wooden barracks in the centre of the camp. To Latimer the first glimpse of this mammoth factory of make-believe brought back in a burst of pungent, wistful memory, the sensations of a boy's visit to the circus half a century ago. Perkins, his play, his wife, his children, the woman coughing in the kitchen, were swept away in a rush of carnival spirit.

From the outside it was an ugly wooden barn they were entering. Within, it was the courtyard of a *hacienda*, complete with fountain, orange trees, and ancient Indian squaws in costume. There they found working itself out an episode in the tragic love of Juanita, daughter of the fiery Don Alvarez, for the handsome young American lieutenant. It is not necessary to enter into the details of the plot. It was a prize scenario selected from three thousand manuscripts. At

the precise moment, Juanita was striving to guard her fatal secret from the searching questions of the stern old hidalgo. Juanita was Miss Winthrop; but Latimer's attention went first, not to her, but to Baby.

That infant stood beside the camera operator, a florid, perspiring bulk in shirt-sleeves, and shouted orders — at whom? Yes, at the great Miss Winthrop, among others. It was a different Baby from the surly, half-tamed mastiff whom Gladys paraded in her auto and forced to eat out of her hand. This was his hour, his regular daily hour of mastery; in a professional way, to be sure, but still, mastery. To Latimer at that moment Baby was overwhelming, Napoleonic.

Juanita was registering indignant amazement at the drift of her stern parent's inquiries.

'Scorn! scorn!' shouted Baby. 'That's it! You're a daughter of the Tropics and you'd as soon as not slip a knife into the venerable greaser. Blaze at him! Shrive! him up! I know you are innocent, but you've got to convince Jones.'

('Jones,' whispered Perkins, 'is the father.')

It was evident to Latimer that a great deal of the Winthrop magic that had enthralled six continents and Polynesia, must be credited to this transformed, demiurgic Baby. In justice to Gladys it must be recorded, however, that she did not fall too often under the hot rain of Baby's reproof. For minutes at a stretch she went through her absurd mummery with a fluency of gesture, a lightning play of those world-famous eyes, that fascinated Latimer.

'Superb,' he said. 'But as for the other, impossible!'

He was referring to Jones, whom even Latimer's untrained judgment found a rather wooden Alvarez.

Baby raged at the *hidalgo*.

'Snarl, for God's sake, snarl, Jonesy! Look as if you'll eat her if she don't out with the truth. My God, no! You ain't making love to her! You ain't trying to sell her a bungalow on Flushing Bay. You are telling her that if she be false to her country and her faith, then, by the memory of her sainted mother, you'll show her! There's royal blood in your veins, Jonesy; you're a descendant of kings; bite her — that's better — oh, gosh!'

'A pitiful performance,' hissed Latimer. 'Not a trace of the fire and dignity of the Castilian strain. Why any one —'

This time Baby caught his words and turned. A flush of gratification colored that heavy countenance, and his greetings were cordial. Miss Winthrop broke out of the scene to seize Latimer's hands in her own and beam welcome. She was far less pleasing in her ghostly make-up of powder and pigment than in her normal self, and she knew it; but they were the trappings of her fame.

'Do you like me, Professor Latimer?' she demanded.

'You are wonderful, *mi Juanita*,' he said patting her hand. 'But your father, if I may venture to say so, fails to do you credit.'

'Then suppose you play Don Alvarez to me?'

He hesitated, looked about him, received an assenting smile from Perkins, and was lost.

'I dare say, with a knowledge of the Spanish character and the elements of Latin-American history, one might —'

'Fine!' said Baby, who was quite as eager as Gladys to exhibit himself in action. 'You'll find all the clothes you want in the next house. Archibald will show you.'

'But is it essential to array one's self in all this?' said Latimer.

Miss Winthrop insisted that the sense of being entirely in the picture would react favorably on his art. When Latimer emerged from the dressing-room in the habiliments of Alvarez, Baby's professional eye gave approval. Latimer was not of the Quixote build, but the vivid, massive face in its frame of white beard, the eyes alight with the zest of adventure, were eloquent of the noble blood of Spain. Jonesy, quite free from resentment, whispered to Perkins, —

'The old boy has my job whenever he wants it.'

Latimer took his stand near the fountain. Perkins, in his capacity as deputy assistant editor, read out the script for the scene. Baby gave him a few hints as to distance and attitude. Latimer strode forward, raised his arm in menace over his daughter, and balked.

'What do I say?' he asked.

'What do you want to say?' said Baby.

'I distinctly recall seeing Miss Winthrop and Mr. Jones address each other.'

Baby grinned.

'I am afraid the author forgot to put in the dialogue. It's up to you, professor.'

'Say anything that comes into your head, Dr. Latimer,' counseled Perkins.

Miss Winthrop showed him how. She swam forward, threw one arm around his neck, and said, —

'Good-morning, father. Do you think it will rain to-morrow, Professor Latimer? You sent for me?'

He was an apt pupil. Pulling the fatal letter from his pocket, he flourished it before her eyes, tapped it with a menacing finger, and said, 'Daughter, we the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, what is the meaning of this?'

In Juanita's wondrous eyes affection

gave way to the first premonitions of peril.

'I don't understand you, father. One times two is two, two times two is four, three times two is six, father, you do not mistrust me?'

'Punch, professor, more punch!' shouted Baby.

Latimer tore Juanita's hand from his neck, glared at her from beneath lowered eyelids, and thundered, —

'Juanita, last week the U-boats sank twenty-three ships of over 1600 tons and thirty-seven ships of less than 1600 tons. Will you answer?'

She clasped her hands in entreaty.

'Four times five is four times five is four times five. Won't you believe me?'

Latimer seized her by the shoulders. In his face paternal love and fanatic hatred of the Americanos contended for mastery.

'Daughter,' he cried passionately, 'if the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, by the memory of your sainted mother, it will be so.'

And then confusion overtook him. He stammered, laughed, went hot with shame, and ran for the dressing-room amid the plaudits of a hilarious audience.

V

Miss Winthrop in her boudoir tent gave them tea out of a silver urn presented to her by a prince of Siam.

'Now that you are one of us, Dr. Latimer, what do you really think of our work?' she asked.

Latimer was diplomatic.

'In respect to range of appeal, the history of art has seen nothing like it,' he said. 'Yet I must confess that to me the one thing in the theatre is the spoken word. Now a voice like yours,

Miss Winthrop — what might not one do with it?'

She beamed upon him.

'Some day, Dr. Latimer, perhaps—'

She was about to honor him with her confidence, but Latimer suddenly put down his tea-cup, jumped up and turned to the door.

'Your indulgence for a moment, Miss Winthrop, but I must see Jones.'

She wondered and gave regal consent.

He found the Mexican father drinking bottled beer in the shadow of the oleanders. At the sight of Latimer, the old *hidalgo*, with perfect muscular adjustment, cleared a space on the table with one hand, reached behind with the other for another bottle, and pushed forward a chair with his foot.

Latimer's face was red and he breathed rapidly.

'I am afraid I cannot stay, Mr. Jones, but I want to ask your pardon.'

'Sure,' said the noble Castilian. 'For what?'

'I came into the camp a guest,' said Latimer. 'I presumed to speak in criticism of your work without the justification of the most elementary acquaintance with your art. It was a procedure which I feel was neither intelligent nor decent.'

The *hidalgo* got to his feet.

'There's nothing to pardon, Dr. Latimer. In the first place I *am* a rotten actor. In the second place I had forgotten what you said.'

'It was wanton impertinence on my part,' declared Latimer. 'I insist that you recognize it as such and forgive me.'

Jones held out his hand.

'I trust we shall always be friends,' he said gravely.

Latimer took the hand in both his own.

(To be continued)

OXFORD IN WAR-TIME

BY LAURENCE BINYON

WHAT alters you, familiar lawn and tower,
Arched alley, and garden green to the gray wall
With crumbling crevice and the old wine-red flower
Solitary in summer sun? For all

Is like a dream; I tread on dreams. No stir
Of footsteps, voices, laughter! Even the chime
Of many memored bells is lonelier
In this neglected ghostliness of Time.

What separation, what remoteness numb,
Absents you? Yet my heart springs up to adore
The shrinking of your soul, that is become
Nearer and oh, far dearer than before.

It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place;
She is gone out into far lands unknown.

Because that filled horizon occupies
Her heart with mute hope and divining fear,
Therefore her hands so calm lie, and her eyes
See nothing; and men wonder at her here;

But far in France, on the torn Flanders plain,
By Sinai, in the Macedonian snows,
The fly-plagued heat of Tigris, heat and rain,
On wandering water where the black squall blows,

Less danger than the bright wave ambushes,
She bears it out. All the long day she shares
And sudden hour's imperious challenges
To act, that searches all men, no man spares.

She is with her sons, leaving a virtue gone
Out of her peaceful places. What she bred
Lives other life than this, that sits alone,
Though still in dream starrily visited.

For oh, in youth she lives, not in her age!
Her soul is with the springtime and the young;
And she absents her from the learned page,
Studious of high stories yet unsung,

More precious to her now than wisdom's book
Because her own. Her faith is in those eyes
That clear into the gape of hell can look,
Putting to proof ancient philosophies,

Such as the virgin Muses would rehearse
Beside the silvery, swallow-haunted stream
In their gray cloister. But immortal verse
Is now exchanged for its immortal theme,

Victory, proud loss, and the enduring mind;
Youth that has passed all praises and has won
More than renown, being that which faith divined,
Reality more radiant than the sun, —

She gave; she gives. A gift more than all days
Of dedicated lore, of storied art!
And she resigns her beauty to men's gaze
To hide the riches of her bleeding heart.

FINANCIAL IMPERIALISM

BY FREDERICK C. HOWE

DOLLAR diplomacy is the American equivalent of financial imperialism. It is a phrase which came first into use in this country during the administration of President Taft, in connection with the activity of the State Department in the promotion of loans, contracts, privileges, and concessions in Central and South America, and especially in relation to the Chinese six-power loan negotiated by the bankers of Europe in 1912. The propriety of the enlistment of the State Department and our diplomatic service in the promotion of overseas interests, and especially the policy that our government should pursue in the protection of investors and concession-seekers in weaker countries, was much discussed prior to the entry of the United States into the war, owing to the rapid shifting of the centre of the world's finance from London to New York.

Dollar diplomacy, or financial imperialism, should not be confused with international trade or international banking. International trade is a function of the commercial classes. It differs from domestic trade only in that it is carried on across national boundaries. And international banking is but an agency of international trade. Trade and commerce, the exchange of goods and merchandise, are to be encouraged. They promote better relations. When free from favoritism, the 'closed door,' and other privileges, they advance the cause of peace.

Dollar diplomacy is an activity of finance rather than of trade. It is car-

ried on in all the creditor countries by a few great banking houses having close connections with the government. It consists of a variety of related activities, among which are (1) the lending of money, often to weak or dependent countries or to rulers of doubtful legitimacy; (2) the building of railroads, canals, and public utility enterprises; and (3) the development of mines, plantations, and other resources. Closely allied with the lending of money and the securing of concessions is the sale of munitions, which in all the European powers is carried on with the coöperation of the great banking and exploiting houses which are identified with the making of munitions.

Stated briefly, dollar diplomacy is a merger of finance, economic development or exploitation, and the foreign office. In all the greater powers of Europe it has been an agency for the promotion of imperialistic ambitions and conquest. Almost all the territory annexed by Great Britain, France, and Germany in the last fifty years has been taken over in connection with the activities of the exploiting classes. For it is the financier rather than the trader who demands the flag for protection.

Financial imperialism had its origin in surplus wealth seeking investment. As the rates of interest fell in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, accumulated capital sought investment in countries needing development, where higher returns were to be

secured. It flowed first into the United States, Canada, Australia, and India. Here it was peaceful and the returns were reasonable. Later, surplus wealth began to venture into the undeveloped places of the earth; into Turkey, the Balkans, North and South Africa, Persia, South and Central America, and China; where local banking was generally under the control of the great financial houses of Europe.

For many years England, France, and Holland were the only lending and developing countries, and they for the most part kept in separate spheres of influence. England and France were primarily interested in lending money to other governments, building railroads, opening mines and plantations. English capital has financed her colonies and dependencies. Vast sums have been placed in South Africa in connection with gold and diamond mining; in Egypt, India, and Mexico. The total over-seas investments of Great Britain amounted to \$20,000,000,000 in 1913, a sum equal to the foreign investments of France, Germany, the United States, Holland, and Belgium combined.

France, like Great Britain, is primarily a money-lending country, and the great banks at Paris are largely devoted to foreign investments. Her surplus wealth has gone to Russia, the Balkans, Turkey, Tunis, Morocco, and Mexico. French imperialism, unlike that of Great Britain, is participated in by all classes; for the loans of France, amounting to about \$9,000,000,000, are made up from the savings of millions of peasants and the middle classes, who purchase foreign securities in small denominations of \$30 and \$50 through the great investing banks of the capital.

German imperialism is of a somewhat different kind. Germany wants raw materials, especially iron ore, copper, oil, and lands for the raising of

wheat and cotton. And her agents have been searching out concessions to supply her with these necessities in Morocco, Turkey, Asia Minor, and China. She wants to sell munitions, iron and steel products, and the output of her industries. She has penetrated into many of the countries of South America, where her financiers own or control the public utility corporations in many of the large cities. She controlled or was ascendant in the banking operations of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Turkey, and was also very influential in Italy and Greece. The sale of munitions is intimately connected with the activities of German over-seas finance, while the Foreign Office is quite frankly identified with all these interests. The over-seas investments of Germany in 1913 amounted to about \$6,000,000,000.

Financial imperialism is thus only incidentally identified with trade and commerce, although it is frequently confused with it.

The modern movement toward financial imperialism had its beginning in Egypt, into which country Great Britain and France poured immense sums of money. The penetration into Egypt began with the purchase of the control of the Suez Canal by Disraeli in 1875. During the next few years over \$400,000,000 was loaned by the investors of Europe, mostly English and French, to Khedive Ismail, a spendthrift prince who contracted colossal debts for private and public enterprises. Foreign contractors overcharged him from eighty to four hundred per cent for construction work, and his creditors often got as much as twenty-five per cent on their loans. Out of a single loan of \$160,000,000 in 1873 only \$100,000,000 ever reached the exchequer. And this was but typical. Interest rates were usurious, as were the discounts and commissions

charged. A considerable part of the loans was wasted. To meet the charges against the indebtedness the Egyptians were taxed to the limit. Their crops were seized. Starvation was not uncommon. There was internal protest. Representatives of the foreign press clamored for protection. The lenders insisted that the loan was insecure. English and French officials intervened in local administration, and in 1882 an English fleet was dispatched to Alexandria and the English occupation began.

This was the beginning of financial imperialism on a large scale. The scramble for the division of the earth among the great creditor nations followed. It was a scramble, not for territory to colonize, not for trade as such. It was a struggle for spheres of influence and opportunities for exploitation. Growing out of the English occupation of Egypt controversies were started which have kept Europe in a state of tension ever since. Here began the estrangement of Turkey from Great Britain, which country had long been dominant in Turkey. It led ultimately to the ascendancy of Germany over the Sublime Porte. There was long-continued friction between England and France over Egypt, culminating in the Fashoda incident. The struggle for the control of the Mediterranean began at this time, as did the absorption of territory in Africa. France and England finally reached an understanding by which French influence became predominant farther west, in Tunis, and as a result of the activities of the money-lenders Tunis lost her independence. French, English, and German interests later turned their attention to Morocco as a rich field for exploitation.

The Morocco incident, which nearly precipitated war in 1911, was primarily traceable to the conflict of bankers and

concession-seekers in that country. The Sultan, who was a weak and spendthrift prince, was induced to borrow colossal sums of money on which he paid usurious interest. In seven years the indebtedness of the country was increased from \$4,000,000 to \$32,500,000. On this loan extortionate commissions were charged, while the bonds were taken at a very low rate. The customs revenues were set aside to meet the interest demands, and the internal taxes imposed upon the natives to meet the burdens of the indebtedness led to disaffection. In addition to the activities of the bankers, German and French concessionaires secured rights for the iron ore deposits in the Sus Valley, which were claimed by the Krupps and Mannesmanns of Germany. These grants were of great value, by virtue of the fact that Germany was desirous of increasing her supply of iron ore. Other concessions for docks, railroads, banks, and other privileges were being sought by the several nations, and in 1911 England, France, and Germany were on the verge of war over the diplomatic controversies which were traceable to the attempts of these governments to protect their subjects, their privileges, and their concessions in Morocco.

The experience of Egypt, Tunis, and Morocco is the experience of Persia, Turkey, Asia Minor, South Africa, Central America, Mexico, and China. In fifty years almost the whole undeveloped world has fallen under the dominion of the greater powers.

In connection with foreign loans and concessions a new doctrine, that of 'spheres of influence,' came to be recognized. This is the second step toward ultimate conquest, the first being peaceful penetration. Spheres of influence are not set aside for colonization. They are not primarily for trade and commerce. Spheres of influence are for

two objects: (1) the exclusion of the concession-seekers and money-lenders of other countries; and (2) the reduction of the debtor country to more complete dependence on the demands of the power claiming such territory as its exclusive 'sphere.' This makes exploitation easier. It permits the lending country to act with a free hand. It also frees it from complications with other powers.

The final step in financial imperialism is conquest, sometimes peaceful and by treaty, more often by force. Very frequently the financiers have compelled the borrowing country to spend a great part of their borrowings in munitions which were purchased from companies controlled by the financiers who negotiated the loan.

How completely the foreign activities of the European powers had been absorbed in the promotion of high finance and exploitation is indicated by the expansion of England, France, and Germany during the generation which coincided with the outpouring of capital from these countries. During these years over 100,000,000 people were made subject to these three powers, and 10,000,000 square miles of territory were added to their possessions. The only thing that protected Central and South America and Mexico was the Monroe Doctrine, which came in conflict with the accepted doctrine of Europe, that the flag follows the investor.

The lending of money was the primary cause of the entrance of England and France into North Africa. The struggle for concessions explains the penetration of these countries and Germany into Persia, Turkey, South Africa, and Mexico. The Russo-Japanese War is now asserted to have been directly traceable to the refusal of the Czar and his ministers to abandon very profitable timber concessions in

Manchuria in which the royal family were interested; while it is quite generally admitted that the South African War was traceable to the activities of the gold- and diamond-mine owners seeking special privileges in the Transvaal. Persia was divided and placed under the joint suzerainty of Russia and England, partly as a political expedient to control the route to the East; and partly as a result of the struggle between Russian, German, and English interests to control the transportation systems and resources of that country.

The home governments of the European powers were all involved in financial imperialism because of the doctrine, first enunciated by the British Foreign Office, under Lord Palmerston, about the middle of the last century, to the effect that the flag of the creditor nation follows the investor. The issue arose over the claim of an alleged British subject against Greece, which was disputed by the government of the latter country. The claim was referred to the British Foreign Office, and a British battleship was sent to enforce the claim. Out of this action and the principle enunciated by Lord Palmerston the doctrine of extra-territoriality became identified with international law. It is a principle that is not applied as between the greater nations. It is applied only by a strong against a weak nation, and it is usually called into action on some apparently reasonable pretext, such as the protection of foreign residents in the country.

Under this doctrine, which has been accepted by all the greater powers, with the exception of the United States, and which has been greatly amplified in the intervening years, the occupation of territory all over the world has been justified. As a result of this doctrine, endless conflicts have arisen between the greater powers; for

if the foreign office is justified in protecting a loan or concession against the action of a borrowing or concession-granting country, it is also bound to protect its own citizens from any other power. And during the last fifty years endless diplomatic controversies have arisen between all of the powers of Europe over conflicting rights in every section of the globe. When finally the history of this war is written, it is probable that the irritations and conflicts growing out of disputed claims and concessions in Turkey, Asia Minor, Morocco, Persia, and elsewhere, and with them the struggle to control the Mediterranean, will be found to be among the primary causes of the war. Political considerations, the expansion or protection of empire, are involved in all these territories; but these considerations followed and grew out of the economic conflict which began in the eighties of the last century and has been going on ever since.

At the time of the Morocco incident, when Germany sent the Panther to Agadir, and Lloyd George delivered the celebrated Mansion House speech, many persons in England and France predicted war as a result. This was the first open rupture, although the diplomacy of Europe had been engaged in a secret warfare for twenty years over the rights of their respective investors and exploiters, especially about the Mediterranean and in Africa. It is highly probable that, when the impartial historian gathers together the hidden secrets of the foreign offices of Europe, he will date the beginning of the struggle in the year 1911 rather than 1914, when the governments of Europe realized that diplomacy had reached an *impasse*, and the speeding up of armaments and army enlistments were voted by Germany, France, Russia, and Great Britain. The beginnings of the many controversies which ultimately

became nationalistic in character are to be found in these titanic conflicts of high finance. Mr. H. L. Brailsford, an English writer, has described the conflict as the 'War of Steel and Gold'—steel being one emblem of imperialism and gold the other.

The European war has shifted the burden of over-seas finance to the United States, and our financiers have eagerly embraced the opportunity. We are becoming the great creditor nation of the world. Over \$2,000,000,000 has already been loaned directly by our bankers to Europe, to South America, to China, and Africa; and as much more credit has been extended in other ways. Surplus wealth, so-called, has made its appearance here, and the lure of high interest rates has attracted the money of America out of the nation into other lands. With the appearance of surplus wealth and the beginning of over-seas investments the demand arose for a 'firmer foreign policy' in dealing with weaker nations, and a closer coöperation of the State Department with the banking and concession-seeking classes. This demand is in direct ratio with the size of our over-seas claims. There is no doubt that the primary motive behind the demand for intervention in Mexico was the fact that American investors claimed privileges, concessions, and investments in that country in excess of \$1,000,000,000, or an amount greater by more than \$200,000,000—according to Consul Marion Letcher—than the property and possessions of all the Mexicans combined. The protection of such investments involves a great navy for the enforcement of our demands. This explains in part the rapid growth of navalism in the United States in recent years.

Up to the present time President Wilson has declined to lend his sanction to the European doctrine that the

flag follows the investor, or that our diplomacy can be used for 'financial penetration.' He has declined to sanction the Old World idea of extra-territoriality when weaker nations are involved. One of his first acts upon taking office in 1913 was to refuse the support and protection of the United States to American participation in the Chinese 'six-power' loan, — a refusal which led to the withdrawal of American bankers from the group. As a countervailing gain this action secured for us the affection and confidence of China, for the action of our government relieved China from the demands of the syndicate of bankers of the other great powers, and enabled her to make a loan on much more favorable terms. It is quite possible, too, that the assistance given China by the President at that time saved that country from bankruptcy and possible dismemberment by the powers which were seeking to enforce a loan far in excess of China's needs; for among the terms insisted on was the demand that the customs and excise taxes, the administration of the salt monopoly, and the control of the auditing department of China should be placed in the hands of foreign advisers, who were to administer the revenue system of the country for the payment of the interest and principal of the loan, as has generally been the practice where loans were insecure or the government unstable. Had these terms been acceded to, and had China been divided into spheres of influence as further indemnity, it is not impossible that she would have fallen under the dominion of the great powers of the world just as have Egypt, Persia, Tunis, Morocco, and Turkey.

One of the most serious questions to be determined by the peace conferees on the termination of the war will be the rights of weak and dependent peoples, who during the last fifty years

have fallen under the dominion of the greater powers. Shall they, too, be given their liberty? Shall autonomy be assured to Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, Tripoli, Persia, Turkey, China, and the African states, under some sort of a joint protectorate? Shall they be permitted to administer their internal affairs and exclude foreign concessionaires with as much freedom as a greater power? Shall a tribunal be created to represent the lending and the borrowing nations and to insure coöperation of interests, including the dependent and concession-granting countries? Or shall the old game of scramble, struggle, secret diplomacy, and, finally, armed intervention and conflict, be resumed? A proper recognition of the rights of these peoples will demand new international formulæ and a new kind of international equity, which has been sadly lacking in the dealings of creditor nations with their weaker sisters since the advent of surplus wealth and the doctrine of Lord Palmerston already referred to.

So long as the financial and concession-seeking interests are as powerful at home as they are to-day, they will be clamorous for a continuation of the old game. They will insist on protection. They will urge their claims as they have in the past. They will not willingly submit to disarmament if it means that the many billions of investments by English, French and German people are left to such protection as is offered them by the borrowing and concession-granting countries.

The United States has not yet become seriously involved in the scramble for privileges and concessions, nor are our loans to weak or revolutionary governments of any considerable amount. Such over-seas investments as have already been made (except the loans recently made to the Allied powers) are for the most part in Mexico

and Central America; and we are able to deal with the issues there with a comparatively free hand. But with Europe unable to extend aid as she has in the past, with the United States almost the only nation in a position to extend it, to develop concessions and accept contracts for the building of railroads, opening of mines, and the like, we shall be confronted with the necessity of formulating a policy. What will this policy be? Shall we blindly accept the diplomatic traditions of Europe — of secret diplomacy, the doctrine that the flag follows the investor, and with it all the consequences of complications and wars which have followed this doctrine all over the world? Or shall we rather adopt the doctrine that the investor must take his own risks; that, if he ventures forth into foreign fields, he has no right to demand that this country should police his investments, or that we should interfere with other governments, and as a last resort should send American marines to collect his debts? Should not democracy establish the doctrine that the flag is a symbol of freedom rather than of slavery; that it will safeguard liberty rather than destroy it; and that other peoples — no matter what their stage of development may be — have an equal right with ourselves to establish and maintain their own governments free from outside interference?

It seems to me that this country ought to reaffirm, and if necessary strengthen by Congressional action, the principles laid down by President Wilson in connection with the Chinese loan, and definitely declare that the State Department is closed against concession-seekers and those who would make use of it for the promotion of their private interests, whenever their demands involve any intervention in the domestic concerns of other people. The United States, it should be established,

is not a collection agency; we are not in the insurance business. Moreover, our efforts about the green cloth of diplomacy should be directed toward establishing and securing freedom of all nations, be they in Europe or elsewhere; and especially of those nations which have lost their freedom through the activities of individuals and corporations engaged in high finance. Political freedom is not a privilege of the great nations alone. It is the right of small and dependent peoples as well. And the subjection of nations, countries, or peoples in the interest of exploitation has less to defend it than any other justification of imperialism thus far put forth. Yet, as stated before, in fifty years' time one hundred million people have fallen under the domination of England, France, and Germany as a result of activities, intrigues, or military conquest, traceable to financial imperialism and the identification of the foreign offices and diplomatic service with concession-seekers and financiers.

That some provision will be made, and should be made, at the peace conference for the development of backward peoples and their protection there is no doubt. Students of this subject have suggested various kinds of tribunals to control and allot the opportunities for investment which the undeveloped peoples of the world offer. Such a tribunal should contain representatives of the debtor countries, which should be protected from forced loans or coerced concessions. All financial dealings should be with the full and free consent of the debtor country, whose sovereignty should be safeguarded as fully as that of a greater power. The terms of the loans must be fair; provision must be made to guarantee that the money is not wasted; that the interest can be paid; and that the political integrity of the coun-

try is not lost as a result of its necessities. This is the first consideration.

The jurisdiction of such a tribunal should be extended to all the countries now under foreign influence, including Egypt, South Africa, Persia, Turkey, Asia Minor, Morocco, Tunis, Central America, and possibly China, if China should so elect. All existing spheres of influence should be internationalized in the same way, and opened to the investors of all countries. The tribunal should possibly have powers of policing and of emergency administration, and the greater powers, including our own, should pass whatever claims they have to control such territories to this tribunal for settlement. This would involve an end of 'spheres of influence,' and the closed door. Instead, the investments and concessions would be approved, and then opened to all comers on equal terms, the loans or participation in the financing of the concessions being allotted according to the prior interests of certain countries in the territory — or, far better, according to the wealth or population of the greater nations.

This procedure is now followed in the financing or underwriting of railroads, mines, and industries in all countries. It has been worked out in part in China and Morocco. Russia and Great Britain divided the Persian loan of 1912 in this way, and England and France have had somewhat similar understandings as to Egypt and Africa. And if the principle of the open door for trade and commerce, of equal opportunity to all nations to trade with dependent countries on equal terms, is provided for, we shall have gone a long way toward insuring the permanent peace for which the whole world is crying. For each of the greater powers has made use of priority of conquest to exclude its competitors from their

spheres of influence. And, in order to make their claims impregnable, they have not only destroyed all semblance of political liberty of the exploited countries, but have sown mines of jealousy, hatred, and war in every chancellery in Europe.

Back of the immediate causes of the European war lie big economic conflicts which have been going on for a generation. They are on a titanic scale and involve almost every important financial and economic group within the greater powers. And the peace which comes must be an economic peace. There can be no permanent quiet among the great powers so long as the strategic waterways, the opportunities for trade and commerce, for foreign investment and exploitation, are under exclusive monopolistic control, with the foreign offices, the diplomacy, the press, and the ruling classes in each of the countries bent on the protection by force, if need be, of the privileges which the ruling classes enjoy. For the classes which rule the European powers are the classes which own or profit by these privileges, whether in the realm of finance, of exploitation, of concessions, or of trade.

Freedom is the corrective of these monopolistic conditions. Freedom is the principle on which all the democratic countries can unite. And freedom in international affairs means freedom of the straits and waterways; it means freedom or equality of colonial trade, freedom in the matter of concessions, and with freedom the relinquishment of all special privileges, monopolies, closed doors, and exclusive spheres of influence, which have been acquired, usually by force or intrigue, during the past fifty years. And along with freedom in the economic field, there should be a new Declaration of Independence which would grant political liberty to all the subject-peoples of the world.

THE WAR AND THE CONSTITUTION

BY HENRY JONES FORD

I

ON April 2 the President asked Congress to 'take immediate steps, not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power.' Congress, as a body, did not begin to act until April 19, when the House Military Affairs Committee reported a bill. In less than half that length of time, in 1866, Prussia had beaten Austria at Libenau, Türrau, and Podell. In two days less than that entire length of time, the decisive battle of Sadowa was fought, resulting in the complete overthrow of Austria.

Congress did not finish with the army bill until May 17 — forty-five days after the President's call for immediate action. In the War of 1870, only that number of days had elapsed when the battle of Sedan was fought, making Louis Napoleon a captive and overthrowing his government.

It is obvious that, if the United States were exposed to like conditions, it would be beaten in war before it could even start to defend itself. That much is clear, whatever weight may be allowed to the reasons which it is the habit of Congress to offer in defense of its methods. The issue is of a character that takes no account of abstract considerations. The existence of the State, like that of every form of life, is dependent on provision for the fundamental needs of subsistence and defense, and therein lies the only principle of constitutional value that is practically decisive. Everything else

is secondary. This is no new doctrine in American politics, although it is so commonly forgotten and so habitually ignored that it may seem to be new, and, indeed, intrusive. The case could not be put more strongly than it was by Madison in No. 45 of *The Federalist*, in which he laid down the principle that 'the safety and happiness of society are the objects at which all political institutions aim and to which all such institutions must be sacrificed.'

We have a constitution with which the country has prospered and grown great, but those results have been obtained with immunities that have been peculiar to the United States and are now disappearing. Indeed, it may be said that nearly the whole continent of America, in its political forms, bears a close analogy to Australia in the field of natural history — a shelter of archaic types elsewhere superseded by more highly developed forms, but there preserved by seclusion from the conditions of stress which elsewhere had to be met and surmounted in order to keep alive. This is the fundamental explanation of the continuance of methods whose profuse and wasteful character is often confessed and deplored in Congress, although rarely assigned to its proper cause.

Consideration of Congressional procedure from the standpoint of comparative politics causes a feeling of blank amazement at the national tolerance. Viscount Bryce correctly interpreted the matter, in his *American Commonwealth*, by pointing out that Britain,

'like the Powers of the European Continent, must maintain her system of government in full efficiency for war as well as peace, and cannot afford to let her armaments decline, her finances become disordered, the vigor of her executive authority be impaired, or sources of internal discord continue to prey upon her vitals. But America lives in a world of her own. . . . Safe from attack, safe even from menace, she hears from afar the warring cries of European races and faiths, even as the gods of Epicurus listened to the murmurs of the unhappy earth spread out beneath their golden dwellings.'

That was written about thirty years ago. The situation it describes now belongs to the past as completely as the age of the dinosaurs. It is now a tremendous question whether the political system which took its shape under the old conditions can be adjusted to the new conditions. The constitutional organ of adjustment is Congress, so that its behavior assumes an importance that it has never had before.

At this writing Congress is struggling with this task. From the matter of defense it has passed on to the associated matter of subsistence, which, while equally vital, exhibits itself in many more aspects, thus producing a large group of legislative problems, affording many lines upon which class interests may form to influence action. While results cannot be computed until a complete record is available, the display of method has been such as to show that opportunities exist for obstruction, delay, and miscarriage that might have fatal consequences.

Public opinion shows a tolerance of Congressional method which is in part reasonable and is in part due to misconception. It is reasonable to make allowance for lack of facilities to attend to an extraordinary press of business, provided due effort is made to im-

prove facilities. But public indulgence may be carried too far through failure to realize how bad the situation really is. People are apt to judge the public business by the analogies of private business, even though it be recognized that great differences exist. Without troubling themselves about details of constitutional theory, and simply going upon the assumption that common sense sets bounds which after all must be respected, people are apt to think that the way Congress wrangles and boggles over its business is a superficial defect, not without substantial compensations, and that it does not meanwhile preclude the making of arrangements required for the public safety.

It would be difficult to persuade the average citizen that the President of the United States is denied means of caretaking such as attach as a matter of course to any important administrative position in private business. For instance, it would be regarded as simply incredible that the President should have no power to arrange for clerical aid and secretarial assistance in planning the organization of the new services required in the present emergency, pending legislation by Congress. As the people generally view the case, the work of arrangement is supposed to be going on while Congress is deliberating, so that matters can be put in such readiness that the passage of the necessary laws is in effect like the word 'Go!' at the start of a race — a climax of preparation and not merely the beginning of it.

That, of course, would be the case in any private corporation with respect to any important decision of the board of directors. Not only would the general manager have the power to make the initial arrangements, but he would be regarded as unfit for his position if he failed to do so. But in such matters the manager of a grocery store is al-

lowed more authority than the President of the United States. It is the policy of Congress, tenaciously adhered to and industriously pursued, to confine the President to the narrowest possible limits of action. The Constitution stands so massively in the way of this policy, that in carrying on services authorized by existing laws, the President may exercise a discretion which is the principal factor in shaping public policy. But in all matters requiring the concurrence of Congress the President is subject to dictation and interference carried to lengths that would be unbelievable if the indisputable record did not exist. The truth is that the President has not had the power to give to the new boards and commissions that have been organizing so much as the help of a single clerk or typewriter. An act of Congress which has been a great public nuisance in this emergency is fortunately so short that it may be quoted in its entirety, since otherwise the fact that it really existed would hardly be credited:—

‘That hereafter no part of the public moneys, or of any appropriation heretofore or hereafter made by Congress, shall be used for the payment of compensation or expenses of any commission, council, board, or other similar body, or any members thereof, or for expenses in connection with any work or the results of any work or action of any commission, council, board, or other similar body, unless the creation of the same shall be or shall have been authorized by law; nor shall there be employed by detail hereafter or heretofore made, or otherwise, personal services from any executive department or other government establishment in connection with any such commission, council, board, or other similar body.’¹

In established departments some

¹ Act of March 4, 1909. *Statutes at Large*, ch. 299, sec. 9.

latitude of action exists within narrow bounds, which permitted considerable activity in preparations for enlarged functions; but in the case of new offices and services, official activity was debarred by law. To some extent the situation has been relieved by private enterprise. It so happened that there was in Washington an institute for government research maintained by private subscriptions. Its resources were turned over to the government, and numerous details of office-system, with a supply of the forms and records essential to the organization of any large business, have thus been attended to at private expense. Some of the men whom the President called to Washington for the public service have been able to supply out of their own means the necessary clerical help and office supplies to carry on the work of preparation. But such alleviations are partial in their application and limited in their effect, and they have the incidental disadvantage of imparting an appearance of caprice and inconsistency to the general situation. Here work has been advancing, there nothing has been done; here were signs of preparedness, there mere chafing and ineffectual complaint.

The administration may be criticized for incompetency when the true defect is its impotence; and nowhere is the attitude of criticism stronger than in Congress, which is the creator and maintainer of that impotence. Since the President has to deal with things as they are, it will be quite impossible for him to come up to standards set by the pretensions of demagogues and by the universal genius of the press, and he thus becomes liable to imputations upon which Congress will act, not so much in the way of criticism, as in the capacity of a reverberator. In thus behaving, Congress has a license which does not exist as regards its own mem-

bers. It is out of order to make a disrespectful allusion to one of them, but there is no such protection for the President of the United States; and, since in no sense is he present to defend himself, the situation exemplifies the proverb that the absent are always at fault.

II

Meanwhile the plight of Congress is even worse. At least the President can reach the nation; but Congress cannot do that, although theoretically it represents the nation. Congressional proceedings are not reported by the press; the official record is not read, and is indeed not readable. The situation had a curious result in January, 1909, when there was an open quarrel between President Roosevelt and Congress. In order to get its side of the case before the public, it was actually proposed in the House to print for distribution two million copies of the reply of the House to the President's charges, but the proposal was defeated because of its futility. It was admitted by Mr. Williams of Mississippi, the minority leader: 'We knew, when we took up the cudgels that the President threw down, that he could get the ear of the country for a message, and that we could not get the ear of the country for speeches made in opposition.' On the particular point that caused the quarrel Congress had to yield, but it avenged itself by the passage of the law now obstructing national preparedness. It was put through as a rider on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. This is the usual mode of Congressional encroachment upon the President's authority, as it puts the matter up to him in such a way that he can hardly use his veto power.

By means of riders Congress has largely superseded the President in the custody of executive power, although

the Constitution expressly vests it in his office exclusively. The appropriation bills of every session give instructions to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, and other officials, to do things, and to make preliminary expenditures on undertakings that involve many millions of dollars. The surveys and reports for what are commonly known as the 'pork-barrel bills,' are usually arranged for in this way; and, meanwhile, officials charged with the administration of the services affected by such action may not be consulted at all. Postmaster-General Meyer once publicly stated that at the previous session, Congress had appropriated more than twenty million dollars for post-office buildings which had not been recommended by the Department. The present Postmaster-General has repeatedly protested against the unnecessary expense and inconvenience of buildings thus made part of his business plant against his judgment. It is the regular thing for Congress and the Post-office Department to be at cross purposes, for Congress defers to interests that favor a grand central building which shall be a show place, while the Department desires to be close to railroad terminals, its business being essentially one of transportation. The effect of Congressional policy is to increase the cost and reduce the efficiency of the postal service.

This is a fair sample of the sort of direction and management now attaching to the extension of government functions required by present conditions. The late Senator Aldrich, speaking on April 10, 1909, as Chairman of the Committee on Finance, computed the waste of public money as then amounting to fifty millions a year. What will it amount to as Congressional administration extends to the new services?

Nor does there appear to be any

means of limiting the process by any restrictive rule or legal check. A written constitution cannot guard itself against interpretation. No provision could be more explicit than the clause of the Constitution which says that 'every order, resolution or vote, to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment), shall be presented to the President,' and be subject to his veto. Nevertheless, what is termed a 'concurrent resolution' has been invented, which, it is held, does not have to be presented to the President. By this device Congress makes a large distribution of gratuities, perquisites, and offices among members at every session. But even if the veto power were practically available, what could it accomplish save to add to constitutional resources for obstruction and delay? In the new era which the United States has now entered the main question can never be what not to do, but what to do and how to do it. Hence the veto power is now nowhere a feature of government except in the United States. It has not been exercised in England since the age of Queen Anne. It is a survival of mediævalism quite incongruous with modern conditions, and any attempt to retain it and build upon it in the United States would be a grave national peril.

Popular approval of the veto power is now strong in this country because the people have acquired the habit of regarding a legislative assembly as a public enemy to be kept in bounds by intimidation. Sundry individuals in Congress may have strong and cordial local attachments, or may occupy positions of such advantage and opportunity as to inspire deference if not respect; but the prevailing attitude toward Congress is one of distrust, contempt, and hostility. Congressmen are

constantly rated below their proper standing in character and capacity because the defects of the constitutional system in which they have to work are laid to their personal account.

Everywhere else in the world there is a close correspondence between private and public business in principles of organization. The administration, like the general manager of any business concern, is in possession of means to prepare all needful measures, to submit them to consideration with unrestricted facilities of statement and explanation, and to obtain a decision from the representative assembly, whose functions are analogous to those of a board of directors. So far as the mere legal power to introduce bills and to make legislative proposals is concerned, members of Congress are situated much as members of other national assemblies; but except in the United States the administration appears directly before the assembly with the power to propose and explain its measures. Such a situation makes criticism of the government's measures the most advantageous way of obtaining personal distinction, and the natural tendency of members is to leave to the administration the work of preparing bills. This tendency has attained its most extreme development in Switzerland, where it is the habit of members to leave all bill-drafting to the administration, and it is the practice of the administration to publish the text of the bills it intends to offer. Should the administration fail to present a measure which members may desire, the ordinary expedient is the passage of a resolution requesting the administration to prepare that measure. Although the Swiss Congress alters and amends freely, in that matter too it makes use of the administration, which retains charge of the bill and shapes its language in accord with the

instructions voted. It is obvious that the system precludes 'jokers.'

British commonwealths are not quite so open and precise in legislative methods, and their procedure is rather more voluminous and cumbrous than is the case in Switzerland, but nevertheless the number of bills introduced is comparatively small. During the sessions of the British Parliament extending from November 11, 1914, to January 27, 1916, — a period of over fourteen months, — 182 bills of all descriptions were introduced in the House of Commons and 49 came over from the House of Lords — a total of 231, most of them government measures. The last long session of Congress of which the complete record is now available, began December 6, 1915, and ended September 8, 1916 — a period of two days over nine months. In that time, 17,798 bills were introduced in the House and 7,020 in the Senate — 24,818 in all. In addition there were 477 joint resolutions and 86 of the 'concurrent resolutions,' whose flat opposition to the Constitution has been noticed, but which are probably indispensable to Congressional management under present conditions.

To deal with this mass of business the Senate has seventy-five standing committees and the House has fifty-nine. Each of these committees is virtually a fractional administration with a staff of subordinate officials; and as each pursues its views and purposes independently of the others, there may be a contrariety of aims in parts of the same service. Such differences are ordinarily settled by negotiation and compromise behind the scenes, but occasionally they break out on the floor. On February 15, 1909, there was a controversy in the Senate in which the advocates of battleships accused the committee in charge of the navy yards of failure to provide docks

roomy enough for such vessels; and in reply it was contended that it was not the fault of the navy yards but was a consequence of 'the folly of Congress in ordering these monsters.' Such is the system of committee administration of government services under which our people are to risk their fortunes and their lives in the present war! As these lines were written proposals were pending to create some more of these committees.

Such conditions inevitably affect the ability of members to keep to a regular order and to take deliberate action. Hence the growth of special privilege and exclusive opportunity in the management of legislation. Hence the multiplication of offices and the distribution of 'pork' to keep members tractable and obedient to the exigencies of the situation. Once in a while the nature of the control exercised over Congress is nakedly revealed. On May 30, 1908, a committee chairman bluntly informed the House, 'I have the report of the conference on the Public Buildings bill in my pocket. I am going to keep it there until a satisfactory currency bill is passed.' Soon after the standing committee system was introduced, Fisher Ames predicted that the functions of Congress would be 'impaired and nullified by the monopoly as well as the perversion of information by these committees.'

The growth of the system has tended to convert the House into a mere registration machine and the Senate into a diplomatic assembly whose open proceedings are mere pageantry. The place in which conclusive action is taken is the committee of conference, whose theoretical function is to adjust differences between the two Houses, but which in practice may put in, leave out, or recast at its discretion; and its report must be accepted or rejected as a whole.

In No. 58 of *The Federalist*, Madison observed that 'in all legislative assemblies the greater the number composing them, the fewer will be the men who in fact direct the proceedings.' This is a fact inherent in the constitution of human nature, and no political arrangement can alter it. It is as true of private affairs as it is of public affairs. A few persons acting together can move freely; a large procession can move only on an appointed route and under designated leaders, or else it is certain to fall into disorder. The only open question is, who shall be the few that in fact direct the proceedings. A sound constitutional system makes this clear, and puts the responsibility for everything where it belongs. No such system exists in Congress; casual opportunity and interest decide everything, and members simply have to take such place and act such part as is open to them in the scuffle. Their success in extracting tolerable results from such conditions is really the most remarkable feature of the case. Acting under a system whose guiding principle is, not what will benefit the nation, but what will please the districts; bound to service as employment agent, pension agent, seed-distributor, or district solicitor; dependent for position on success in these particular activities and not on service to the nation; immersed in the low morality and exposed to the capricious moods which always ensue when public opinion is so situated that it cannot know to whom to give praise or blame for the character of public service, members as a class exhibit higher patriotism and greater capacity than have ever before been associated with assemblies of the type of our Congress.

The system naturally tends to select for itself men whose abilities are conformable to its nature, and a characteristic product is frank, humorous, impudent scoundrelism; but the funda-

mental source of evil is the system itself. The propensities displayed by our Congress and by our State legislatures have always been displayed by bodies of their type. Like the European diets of the Middle Ages, and like the Parliament of the Commonwealth period in England, they are organized as a representation of particular interests. Instruments of rapacity by the nature of their constitution, the tendency of such bodies has always been to become more corrupt, more noxious, more detestable, until they are swept away by the development of some form of Cæsarism.

III

It so happens that the outbreak of the war occurred at a stage of our constitutional development in which there was general recognition, among thoughtful political observers, of the breakdown of existing arrangements and of the necessity of radical treatment of the situation. Distrust of democracy, fear of the power of the people, is now the chief obstacle to the needed reforms, for it is the mainstay of the mediævalists whose influence is the more dangerous since it may be personally respectable. No difficulty whatever is presented by the case of the candid Congressmen who frankly avow that the present system is a grab game in which they intend to get their share. That is an intelligible position which can be dealt with. But there is nothing intelligible in the position which the mediævalists take in maintaining the conditions which produce the grab game. A distinguished Senator — who may perhaps be regarded as the leader of this element, in whose ranks he is certainly the most eminent — is always on the alert to see that the administration shall not propose measures directly to Congress. He has made solemn protests in the Senate

against even allowing the heads of departments to lay drafts of bills before committees — a practice whose convenience makes it of frequent occurrence. It would puzzle him to state specifically what public interest would be endangered. There is not an instance in all history of any public injury from direct communication of administrative proposals to the legislature; but doubtless plentiful discourse would be forthcoming as to the importance of checks, balances, and limitations of power.

That is the characteristic trait of mediævalism — its insistence upon the limitation of power. It is a political absurdity which the world has outgrown. It is as nonsensical for a statesman to complain about power in the government as it would be for an engineer to complain about the existence of force. The element of truth contained in the mediæval fallacy is that the irresponsible exercise of power is dangerous, and that is just what the present system provides. But there cannot be too much power in government. The advance of democracy is everywhere putting upon government tasks which require for its use all the power that can possibly be supplied. The ideal to which democratic progress is everywhere tending, with the United States lagging behind, is plenary power in the administration, subject to absolute control by the representatives of the people.

This situation is now the general one in democratic countries. It is exemplified in the legislation of a neighboring commonwealth belonging to the same constitutional stock as that from which our own constitution was derived. A Canadian statute requires the administration 'to do and authorize such acts and things' as may be deemed 'necessary or advisable for the security, defense, peace, order, and welfare of Canada.' The statute proceeds to in-

stance particular requirements, but expressly declares that they are to be construed 'not so as to restrict the generality of the foregoing terms.' By putting this statute beside the statute of the United States heretofore cited, there is obtained a typical contrast between modern democratic government and mediævalism. The Canadian statute can be abundantly paralleled in the legislation of England, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, and indeed in every modern state. To find a parallel to the law on our own statute books it will be necessary to go back at least two centuries; indeed, the archives of Poland or the records of mediæval diets might have to be searched before an enactment of like tenor could be found.

It should be observed that public necessities do not abate because legal provision for them is refused. The inadequacy of the statutory powers of the President of the United States is causing his office to have a strong tendency to assume the character of a dictatorship, acting without regulation or control in the exercise of the vague and illimitable war powers of the Constitution. It is true that such an enactment as the Canadian statute confers all the powers a dictator could employ, but with the all-important difference that those powers are a legal trust, exercised under responsibilities enforced by a representative assembly in direct contact with the administration and thus in a position to maintain supervision and control. No such organ of control now exists in the United States; and here we reach the heart of the situation. The cure for all our constitutional defects, the remedy for all the varied ills of our politics, is the conversion of Congress into an organ of control. It is at present what Burke described as 'a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency.' Every assem-

bly tends to, fall into that situation unless precautions are adopted which are simple in their nature, but exacting in their requirements and difficult to apply. The cardinal principle is that the representative body shall have absolutely no share in the administration; then, and only then, will it form a system of national control over the administration in behalf of the people. It cannot share in the administration and hold control over it at the same time. It is quite obvious that, if members can distribute offices and appropriations among themselves, they will be interested in profusion rather than in economy, and they will practice the one while they may talk the other.

It is a singular piece of good fortune in this emergency that the proper course of action was distinctly traced by the founders of our government. No more is required than to carry on the work of reform which they began, and by the same expedients that they recommended. It is still as true as when Hamilton said it, that the way to correct the defects of Congress is to increase its powers, enlarge its functions, and augment its responsibilities. It is still as true as when he said it, that by making it the business of the administration to initiate legislation, 'a million of abuses now existing would be corrected, and judicious plans would be formed and executed for the public good.' *The Federalist* will still serve as the textbook of constitutional improvement. Statements of correct principles for present application abound in its pages. The fallacies which now bewilder some well-meaning publicists will be found analyzed and refuted there. The pet argument of the mediævalists, to the effect that the principle of the separation of the powers forbids direct connection between the executive and legislative branches, was dissected by Madison in Nos.

47 and 48. He made an observation which goes to the very root of the matter when he pointed out that a proper separation between the executive and legislative branches cannot be maintained in practice without such connection as will enable each to discharge its functions by its own proper authority. All the evils now experienced in Congressional procedure spring from defect at this point. If that defect can be corrected, everything else may be safely disregarded. It will have the effect of lifting Congress to a plane of dignity and power to which its character will inevitably respond, through the ordinary working of political force even while moving only on lines of party convenience. It will hold the government up to the full measure of its duties and keep it within the proper bounds of its authority, by subjecting all the details of its conduct to direct, minute, and continuous responsibility. It will establish in their integrity the functions both of administration and of control on which the health of a constitutional system depends.

There is therefore just one demand which need be made by public opinion. It is this: that the administration shall have the right to introduce bills into Congress and obtain its decision upon them without unreasonable delay; and that no appropriations shall be made by Congress except upon executive recommendation. This implies that the administration shall have complete access to the House, and that it shall have the powers over time of debate now wielded by the Committee on Rules. No more than this is required to cure the defects of our system of government; nothing less will suffice.

Present conditions are intolerable. Some change must take place. The open question is, whether it will be brought about by reflection and choice or by accident and force.

IN TURKISH QUARANTINE

BY GALENE PHILADELPHUS

It was late afternoon when we caught the first glimpse of the quarantine camp pitched on one of the higher peaks of Kara-Dagh — the Black Mountain. An hour or so later we left the dusty road and, turning aside, drove up to the official shanty which displayed impartially the red flag with the star and crescent and the bilious banner of quarantine authority.

Behind the shanty, some hundred or more dirty-looking tents lifted pointed peaks to the blue sky. I saw little more. One does not meet with joyful expectancy the prospect of three days' detention in camp with camel and pack-mule drivers, gypsies and Kurds, and men, women, and children of all sorts, ages, and classes — especially at a time when a cholera epidemic levies a life-tax.

With the help of our Turkish driver, my two companions and I moved our things from our wagon to the tent assigned to us. Covering the earthen floor with layers of newspaper, we spread our rugs and bedding over them and made ourselves as comfortable as we could under such circumstances. Some supper and a cup of tea, precariously made over an alcohol lamp, added an adventurous tinge to our situation.

After supper, with my spirits restored, I lifted the flap-door of our tent and stepped out. The last lingering glow of sunset had faded, and clear starry night had settled upon the broad expanse. For miles about, as far as the eye could see, the mountains

sloped away. Peak upon peak, in varying shades of darkness, the ranges vanished in the dim distance, touched only in the east by the gleam of the rising moon. The mountain-tops rose bare above intervening valleys, which were darkened by forest growth. Here and there, white ravines gashed the mountain-sides, ending abruptly where the forests began. From the northeast, a sharp, cool wind blew in gusts that did not spare our exposed position.

Immediately about me, the tents gleamed white in contrast to the night, and, interspersed among them, the black, empty, round-topped wagons pointed long shafts at all angles and in all directions. Dim lights flickered in the triangular openings of the tents, making the passing figures appear as silhouettes against them. In a clearing, in the centre of the camp, a fire blazed. Its flames leaped high in the wind, but higher still rose the flying sparks before they vanished in the darkness. In the light of the flames a queer figure of a man dancing was revealed, with a circle of spectators about him.

Drawn by the strange scene, I approached. By the green turban which the dancer wore I knew him to be a dervish.¹ A prominent forehead, a clean-cut nose, and deep-set eyes whose blue shone even in that dim light, were all that I could see of his features, and this only fragmentarily as flashes of firelight, from moment to

¹ A member of any of various Mohammedan orders of a fanatical and more or less ascetic character. — THE AUTHOR.

moment, fell on his face. The rest of it was covered by a thick, bristly, red beard. Under his white cap and green turban, long, reddish-fawn-colored locks fell in curls and mingled with the glossy fleece of a sheepskin which he wore suspended from his shoulders and covering his back. The fleece was the exact color of his hair, so that one could not distinguish where one ended and the other began. This gave him a strange, half-wild appearance.

At first, the dancer's motions were slow and rhythmic, accompanied by a low chant that heaved now and then into greater volume. His feet tapped the ground and his body swayed. As though waiting for some power to come to him out of the vast night, he fixed his eyes in absent expectancy on the starry distance. He invoked it and appealed to it, till slowly and by degrees its influence seemed to steal over him and, through him, to bind us also in its spell. Now he danced in an ecstatic frenzy. Louder and louder rose his monotonous song as he stamped his feet one moment and whirled on his toes the next, now bent low and again leaped high, sending the fantastic sheepskin flapping behind him like a thing alive. The veins on his forehead stood out; he labored for breath; his song broke into detached hoarse notes; then abruptly he stopped. He cast a look about him as though awaking suddenly to the fact of our presence; then, with a quick movement, he put his hand to his belt and drew out a narrow two-edged lance about a foot and a half long.

A backward spasm ran through the crowd as we caught the gleam of the thin blade. What might not a frenzied dervish do? Yet, he was calm. He removed his cap and laid it on the ground before him. Then, placing a large stone beside his cap, he kneeled and lifted the weapon over his head. Turn-

ing it point downward and holding it so that it touched the crown of his head, he called for some one out of the crowd to go forward and drive it in. At his repeated call, several made a movement to go and then drew back. But finally, a rough-looking fellow slouched forward with a self-conscious grin which ill-disguised his superstitious fear, giving the lie to his non-chalant scorn. He lifted the stone from the ground and started pounding on the short handle of the lance. Thud after thud drove the blade in. Our hearts echoed each stroke with a dull grating pang, but the dervish knelt perfectly still, except for the jar of the blows which shook the thick locks that rested on his shoulders. The distant look once more crept to his face and transformed it, lending to it a strange grimness. The heat and frenzy of the last dance were replaced by a cold rapture, while a steely look came into his eyes.

At last he rose, with the lance fastened firm and upright on top of his head.

'Humbug! Deceiver!' voices broke out among the crowd. 'There is no blood! We want to see blood!'

The dervish made no answer. Undisturbed, he swept us all with a look of stolid contempt, and then abandoned himself once more to his religious emotion. With rhythmic intonations he swung into a dance which was fierce in restraint and rugged reserve. His motions cast the shadow of that upright lance now here, now there, making it touch now one and then another of the spectators like a grim, black, gruesome finger. I shuddered when once it swung suddenly round and pointed accusingly at me.

Whether the second dance lasted ten minutes or half an hour, I do not know. The immediate situation held me so in its spell that I could judge nothing —

estimate nothing. I only felt; and what I felt had no parallel or counterpart in my previous experience. At such times the primitive and elemental prevails. The soul sees itself divested of the accumulations of centuries. It recognizes the origin of thoughts, and moods, and feelings which, before, had seemed incongruous and perplexing. It emerges out of such experiences strangely sobered and enlightened. Enlightened, I say, because it has looked into its own mysterious depths. As I stood there that night, I felt as if the fire, the mountains, the stars overhead, and the crude inarticulate call in that man's soul were all a part of my very being. In the strength of that primal affinity, a whole world of artificial distinctions seemed to vanish away.

When he paused, the dancer's face was haggard. He raised his arm and drew the weapon from his head. Then he brought the point to the right side of his face and, keeping the blade level, with an artful twist of the hand he thrust it into the cheek. Another twist, and yet another, until the lance pierced the left cheek also and showed through on the other side.

One solitary hoarse taunt was heard, calling again for blood, but it was suppressed by the crowd.

The dervish resumed his dance. His emotion rose to a white heat as once

more he whirled on his toes, flung his arms, flapped his sheepskin, and tossed his heavy locks. The blade interfered with his tongue and reduced his chant to broken, guttural sounds. Finally, exhausted, he stopped. He drew the lance out of his cheeks and held it up, calling to the unbelievers to inspect it.

The dance was over. The fire dropped low in crumbling embers. The moon hung above in its pale, distant light. The chill breeze still swept the mountain-side. From one of the tents there came the wail of a sick child and the low murmur of a mother's voice. A horse whinnied in the outskirts of the camp. Our surroundings resumed their reality, and we dispersed to our tents.

The next morning, the sun shone once again upon the dirty camp. The twentieth-century doctor rode from the neighboring village to inspect us as we filed past him. Those who had completed their three days of quarantine were dismissed; the rest of us returned to await our time.

A skirted figure, with a sheepskin over its back and the sole outfit of a walking stick, set out alone upon its onward journey. All that remained of the previous night's experience was a weird memory and a circle of ashes and charred bits of wood in a clearing at the centre of the camp.

POETRY INSURGENT AND RESURGENT

BY O. W. FIRKINS

HENRY JAMES, the beloved recreant, became an English citizen for the sake of the right to say 'we' after a victory. Without copying his bold step or war-like motive, I shall use 'we' in this essay to comprise both Englishmen and Americans, and what is said of the English applies largely, though not strictly or evenly, to my own countrymen.

Some weeks ago, I remarked in conversation that the English tongue, like the English mind, in its daily use and wont, was unpoetical, and that this circumstance was a hardship and a drawback to our poetry. My friend observed that with Spanish, his mother-tongue, this was not the case: Spanish in daily use is half-poetry, even as certain voices, in common speech, are half-music. In English two evils result: we have to go twice as far to get our poetry, and our poetry, when reached, is twice as far from our hearts, our habits, our simple ease and cheer. A dilemma ensues: either our verse, obedient to the ideals of poetry, maintains a high, unbroken level of ornament and distinction, at the cost of a troubling estrangement; or, obedient to the temper of the language, it achieves ease and fellowship at the price of marked inequalities, frequent descents, and a liberal inclusion of the rugged and commonplace.

My thesis is that, during the last two centuries, English poetry has accepted a principle which is Spanish or Italian rather than English—the principle of uninterrupted beauty and distinction; that, while we still want poetry, we do not want that kind of

poetry; and that the unrest, the discontent, and the revolt which have unsettled the poetical composition of the last fifty years are aimed at the replacement of English poetry on its primitive and rightful English basis. The law which governs our poetry to-day is the acquired and alien law of constancy in beauty with variations and inequalities in life; the ancient and native law for English verse is constancy in vitality with interruptions or disparities in charm.

The principle is not confined to Britain: it is the basis of primitive poetry everywhere; we may surmise that the Greeks, conforming to a like expectation, found in Homer a vivid and spirited novelist, in the *Iliad* a sublimated *Treasure Island*, in the *Odyssey* a glorified *Robinson Crusoe*. But the mark of the tendency is clear on our earlier and larger poets. Chaucer, with his ingratiating ease and his cheerful shedding of responsibility, flutters from grave to gay, from plainness to ornament, with the unconcern of a bird for whom the ownership of wings has made the world a plane. Shakespeare recalls his own Prince Hal in his adaptation to all levels. He can say in one place, —

'By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced
moon,' —

and, thirty lines farther on, can talk in this fashion: —

'But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mis-
chance,
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.'

This is no shift from scene to scene or from mouth to mouth; it is the same mouth in the same scene, and the instance is not untypical either of Shakespeare or of his brother Elizabethans. Even Spenser, though a sumptuous and opulent writer, is the opposite of finical.

The evil began, I think, with Milton. That studious and meditative mind, in the bright seclusion of its youthful scholarship and the dark seclusion of its uncherished age, found leisure to perfect and mature its English until every word took on the potency and pregnancy that words possess in an oath or a spell. Later on, in the mid-eighteenth century, came those literary illuminators of missals, Collins and Gray. Then came that tender effulgence of the Georgian awakening, the dearest, though not the highest, moment in our literature, when English became for a few years almost a Romance tongue, and when, in Shelley and Keats at least, spontaneity became for once, not the adversary, but the associate and ally, of the principle of undeviating beauty.

In this world the exquisite is the momentary. The shades of the prison-house closed around that heaven in which the infancy of the nineteenth century had found a Wordsworthian cradle. And then came Tennyson, to whose diversity my concision is unjust — Tennyson the gifted, the regal, to whose magic and whose sovereignty we may perhaps largely refer the *impasse* in which English poetry at this crucial moment finds itself. He took up the work of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley: of their outcry he made his ritual; of their impulse he made his law. The belt of style was tightened round the shapely figure of the gasping but submissive Muse. Matthew Arnold, a man of high poetical ideals, with which his practice occasionally caught up,

wrote a verse which on the whole confirms the æsthetic stringency of Tennyson. The tendency was prolonged, if not augmented, in the mingled nectar and narcotic of Rossetti, and in Swinburne's unearthly effect of league on league of dancing phosphorescence. How strongly the influence survives may be proved by a reference to such Americans as George Sterling, William Rose Benét, Brian Hooker, Alexander Percy, Grace Hazard Conkling, Olive Tilford Dargan, and Josephine Peabody Marks.

Meanwhile the race and its poetry drift apart. Books of verse find authors, publishers, critics: the reader alone is coy. This reluctance transcends the proletariat or *bourgeoisie* of letters; it attacks the educated, the cultivated, the lovers of beauty, the lovers of literature, in a sense the lovers of poetry itself. I love poetry if the proneness of lines to burrow and nest in my memory be an index of that love; yet for my own will or weal I would not read one twentieth, one fiftieth, part of the matter which I consume in the penance of reviewership. I would not willingly read even the poetry that I respect and applaud. If this be set down to the peevishness of satiety, let me ask any reader if, in that baptism in Castaly with which no man of culture would dispense, he would not in all candor prefer sprinkling to immersion. The reason is not dark. The dean of American letters has hinted, in words which I paraphrase, that poetry is an interspersion, even an aspersion, in the normal life of man. Perusal means unbroken poetical sensation. Why should I, who doubt if actual living ever yielded me five minutes of unqualified and consecutive poetical experience, demand that sensation by the hour, when the vehicle is literature? For me poetry dots life; I could wish that it dotted literature also.

I cannot read poetry long with comfort unless it be mixed with other elements. I adapt myself to the Shakespearean drama, because Shakespeare, good fellow that he was and is, allows me so often to forget the poetry. But modern verse-drama is scantily read, in spite of the premium offered by the presence of a story in action. In this favored field, where drama might have expected to preside at the resurrection of poetry, poetry officiates at the interment of drama. 'T is a very excellent piece of work,' said that incisive judge of arts and letters, Christopher Sly; 'would 't were done.' Even narrative poetry is respectfully forsaken. Our lads are unresponsive to Scott, and the poetic treasure of *Paradise Lost* is deposited in a safe of which posterity has mislaid the combination.

How far this incapacity is peculiar to our race, I have no leisure to discuss. It is not improbable that the intensity of our labor, the insalubrity of our climate, the opacity of our senses, the terrible omnipresence of that death-in-life which is known as organization, may have sapped our power of continuous receptivity. Nor shall I ask how far the defect is confined to our era. It seems probable enough that the vast expansion of business and of science, two forces which in their ripeness and complexity are churlish to that poetry with which their infancy was sociable, may have impaired a sensibility which brightened life for our ancestors. It is probably true, as Lowell suggested, that the language has lost its docility to the tutelage of verse. Words lose their poetic values in daily speech, and the restoration of this forfeit virtue in the hour of demand becomes increasingly difficult. Types of English unfriendly to poetry leave their finger-marks on the words that poetry must use — newspaper English with its resonant vacuity, technical

English with the Libyan monotony of its waterless and featureless expanse, statutory English, the legal *sentence*, symbolic in its length and dreariness of that other object of the same name to which its contents so often warningly point. The outcome is natural enough; the poet is tempted to recast the refractory language, and in the recast it becomes a foreign tongue.

But even while the coil was tightening round poetry, protest and revolt could not be quieted. There is one not inconsiderable section of poetry, comprising the dialect poem, the humorous poem, the military poem, and the adventure poem, which has remained intractable to the æsthetic yoke. This type, which reverts to the mediæval ballads, if not to Beowulf, has been possibly the lustiest and healthiest section of English poetry since the departure of Shakespeare and the advent of Milton. 'Horatius,' of bridge-keeping fame, is neither so high nor so fine as 'A Dream of Fair Women,' but it is firmer-pulsed and warmer-blooded. 'Danny Deever' is less refined but more racial than 'Lamia' or 'Isabella' or even the 'Ode to Melancholy.' The debt we owe to sheer dialect for the maintenance of robust ideals of poetry is considerable. Burns was a loosening, if not a liberating, influence. The Muse, who had grown ladylike with Gray and Collins, in her scamperings over gorse and heather with Robert Burns put on freckles, which her resumption of veil and parasol in the ensuing century never quite removed from her expressive face.

The Biglow Papers, published in the crucial forties and sixties in our own country, proved the capacity of dialect to set forth lofty purpose and vigorous thought, and to skim lightly up and down the long scale that divides the grotesque from the sublime. That problem of rising, sinking, and rising

again with ease, which is well-nigh insoluble for Miltonic and Tennysonian verse, is solved by dialect with curious deftness and dispatch. Dialect can entertain that rudeness which is often a half-virtue without falling into that cheapness which is universally a sin. Its part in poetry is that of an elevator in a building, which, keeping its headquarters in the basement, makes itself in succession contiguous to all levels. If it be asked why its universal adoption should not lead us out of all our difficulties, the answer is simply that the virtue of dialect is occasional; on becoming standard it would lose its freedom. You cannot keep house in an elevator.

Many things in our day have exalted the muscular and manly lyric, the lyric of furrow, shaft, and trench. There were Bret Harte's Californian narratives, to which Eugene Field's later experiments were related as treble to baritone; there were John Hay's few but widely read *Pike County Ballads*; there was the fiery onset of Mr. Kipling's troopers before which the routed public made way in unconditional surrender; and, still later, the thronging arrows that sang and glinted in Mr. Chesterton's battle-shaken verse. But, useful as these poems were in keeping alive the tradition of an unshackled and adventurous poetry, they could not solve the major problem. They constituted an enclosure, a bounded plot of verse, subject to its peculiar customs, and the freedom of their methods influenced the stricter poetry hardly more than the waiving of the dress-suit in the entertainments of the Bronx impairs its obligation on Fifth Avenue. The higher and prouder verse had to reform itself from within, and I ask you to follow with me a few steps in its self-renovation.

The first place in the record belongs to Wordsworth's plea, enforced by pre-

cept and example, for a poetic diction which should reflect the language of actual men when that language was swayed by emotion. The theory had its infirmities, and Wordsworth, in whom, as everybody knows, the genius and the prophet made common house with the simpleton and the prig, was clumsy both as exponent and illustrator of its virtues. His specimens sometimes justified, more often caricatured, his theory, and new methods in his later poems impeached the soundness of his earlier doctrine. An enemy or satirist, wanting my own reverence for Wordsworth, might declare that the brayings of his ponderous and Latinized maturity were intended to drown out the bleatings of his youth. I content myself with the remark that his retreat had all the poignancy of retraction.

Wordsworth, with his great name and sound intent, accomplished little for the cause; far more was achieved by the headstrong impulse of that dauntless gladiator, Robert Browning. The service did not come from the eccentric and acrobatic Browning, and it found no sustenance in his crabbedness, his obscurities, his verborosities, and his circumlocutions. It was the sane and normal Browning, the Browning of 'My Last Duchess' and 'Andrea Del Sarto,' who served us stoutly by the demonstration that poetry, without abandoning its final reserves of elevation and distinction, might be generously inclusive, both in the range of its topic and allusion and the varied graduation of its tone. This was true help, and simplified the problem.

The next person to be dealt with is Whitman. That curious being was a sort of Krishna,—or perhaps only a Krishna Mulvaney,—and the homage which one element of our public pays to his godship may be correlated with that devotion which a less lettered sec-

tion offers on the shrine of Mrs. Eddy. Some injustice was done him in his lifetime, and a compunctious posterity has been increasingly liberal of expiations. In the conflict between himself and public opinion, Whitman incurred rather than achieved a victory, and we have complied with military usage by paying him indemnity ever since. In my judgment Whitman's positive contribution to the movement has been meagre. No doubt his peculiarities and his reputation, acting in concert, have been negatively helpful in giving a powerful jolt or concussion to the old narrowly limited and stubbornly entrenched conception of poetry. But we must bear in mind that Whitman's innovations are referable less to the breakdown of the tradition before his powers and demands than to the breakdown of his capacities before the strength of its requirements. Whitman went barefoot, if the metaphor be forgivable, not from that conscientious and deliberate preference for bare feet which is the index of self-respecting boyhood in America, but because he could not get his foot into the shoe. He shirked metre, and the shirker cannot help us. I grant him scattered inspirations, but no competence; and no man can strike a new and lasting balance between inspiration and skill who is not at the same time skillful and inspired. Whitman's bulkiness, his prattle, his laxity, the piling-up of formless lists, like family furniture in the mover's van (the least reputable and seemly objects in the ménage putting on a dismaying prominence in the portentous load), all these things are signs of an inaptness for leadership in a literary reform.

Thomas Hardy's recklessness in the support of freedom took half the value from his courage. A born artist, in a mood of recalcitrancy toward art, at the very moment that he vivified his

poetry with energy and passion, he allowed it to become almost churlish in its refusal of amenities. In our advanced epoch poetry admits rawnesses that careful prose would hardly tolerate, as advanced women listen composedly to utterances that are rather disconcerting to men. Mr. Hardy's verse repoints the lesson that poetry, in doffing the purple, need not and should not put on the wolfskin.

George Meredith, with his rich poetical endowment, his fearlessness, and his serene command of the impossible, might have seemed the destined renovator of our verse; but unluckily he outran the tradition in the very points of diction and ornament in which the tradition itself was peccant. By contrast with his remoteness our Tennysons and Rossettis grew neighborly and familiar, as a European impresses us like a compatriot when we meet him in the presence of an Asiatic.

Meredith, then, hardly figures in the return to Lebanon, and Hardy's aid is checkered if not dubious. A third Englishman, Mr. John Masefield, their fellow in scorn of convention and plenitude of temperament, outdid them in efficiency of service. I do not include in this service the violent and ribald diction which supplied his early narratives with a flaring advertisement for which he atoned in the double penalty of narrow blame and shallow praise. This was an incidental error. He was right in his perception that the specific for our poetic ills is the shift of emphasis from beauty to life, — I would personally add without effacement of beauty, — and a man of his origins must not be too roughly chidden if he put the headquarters of vitality in the bar-room and the prize-ring. He helped us by showing that the sorry and homely face of common life is to be ameliorated, not by the application of salves or unguents to the surface, but

by the lighting-up of its rude features through the infusion of new blood-warmth from the heart. I add in frankness that my approval of the tendency does not embrace all its illustrations.

To recross the Atlantic (I regret in these critical times to expose the civilian reader so often in a single hour to the risks of ocean travel; I can only say that the fragile bottom in which they sail contains, so far as the skipper knows, no explosives, and nothing, he fears, which rigorous German standards would classify as food-stuffs), — to recross the Atlantic, two American poets, so unlike that their names are probably now coupled for the first time, have done strange and daring things with the most patrician of English measures — blank verse. They have stripped that august metre of its trappings and its trammels; they have warped and wrung its feet; they have replaced its ancient oratorio harmonies with a rude and hearty music not unrefreshing to the pampered ear; they have pared diction, in an emphatic sense, *to the quick*, and have shown how the language of poetry can largely recover, through passion, the dignity it has lost through homeliness. The first of the two men is our foremost academician, W. D. Howells, whose recent blank-verse dialogues, like 'The Father and Mother' and 'The Mother,' were offered to the half-reluctance of a drowsy public, incredulous of the possibility that a man who wrote placid verse in his twenties and thirties should make his seventies vibrant by original and moving poetry. The second is Mr. Robert Frost, a younger writer, with more drama and more incisiveness, who in his remarkable *North of Boston*, undertook, not without success, the surgery of our inflated literature. In his latest volume, *Mountain Interval*, he has sometimes reminded us that the surgeon is related to the executioner.

From *Spoon River*, on the other hand, with its institution of a post-mortem on a civic scale, I think we draw no solid help. I do not complain of Mr. Masters for serving poetry to me in an earthen jug; my complaint is that in *Spoon River* at least, in pouring the precious liquid from the Venetian chalice into the earthen jug, he has spilled the poetry. I would not deny to Mr. Masters the honor of enrollment in the great uprising which tends to renovate the conduct and the aims of poetry; and the free-verse people in general must be credited with enlistment, if not with achievement, in the cause. Their post on the battle-front has been unhappily chosen. They are a sort of Roumania, cleaving to the right side, as sides go, in their late entrance into the enlarging conflict, but unwise in the choice of an antagonist, and likely to incur humiliations which may prove to be a stumbling-block to their allies.

While I would on no account deter any man from writing any kind of verse which he can make agreeable to other men, I do not think that metre has been a prime offender in the transactions which subject poetry to attack. The prime offenders are diction, tone, and subject. Metre in English is a good creature, a decent body, exempt from aristocratic predilections; the very existence of the word 'doggerel' connotes its friendly openness to all kinds of homespun and hearty affiliations.

The career of free verse has been marked by a diverting irony. Adopted in France as the fine extremity of a long process of refined æsthetic evolution, and transmitted with due solemnity to elect recipients in England and America, it was acclaimed in our simple-minded country as a release from artistic toil and a signal to expectant myriads. We hailed the tardy fulfilment of the Biblical prediction, 'Then

shall the lame man [the man limping in his prosodic feet] leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.' Everyone could now write verse, and Parnassus was safe for democracy. We surpassed our redoubtable precursor, Molière's M. Jourdain, in the discovery that we had all been talking *poetry* all our lives.

I shall not linger on the various follies which grimace and chuckle on the edges of the partcolored movement. In revolutionary or rebellious times the fools are perennially active; they want another chance. The leaders are of another class, and my main point is that even efforts which are puerile as outputs are respectable as symptoms. They afford an illustration of the reach and scope of the movement for the restoration of our displaced poetry to its proper basis.

Let me sum up the situation briefly. During the last two centuries a gap has arisen between the poetry that we want and need and the poetry that is supplied by our artists. The true English note in verse is heartiness, lustiness, marrow; the note of our recent poetry has been fineness, rarity, distinction. I would not say that our masters of finish have actually wanted life, but they have so far embosomed and secreted that life as to place it beyond instant and general reach. The watch

has continued to tick, but the massiveness of the gold casing has made its beats barely audible to the quick ear. Now, the return from cunning to nature is by no means infrequent in literature, but the movement was embarrassed in our case by the fact that the daily speech, perhaps the hourly thought, of a stock inherently poetic, was leaning more and more toward the pedestrian. We found ourselves in the dilemma of a man obliged to choose between a costly and luxurious habit which cramped his breath and impeded his movements, and a plain working-suit too homely to be presentable. The public attitude bred a further complication. Reform could be final only when the changing practice of poets was met half-way by the changing taste of readers. A division had grown up between the *taste* of the public and its *appetite*, and our tongues hankered for piquancies which we felt to be innutritious to our systems.

These points are aggravations of a problem which at this hour is not fully solved or even assured of solution. Its mere existence, however, testifies to the strength and soundness of the enduring English instinct, and imparts to the history of poetry in our day that dramatic vigor which its solution may hand on to the poetry itself.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

BY CORNELIA THROOP GEER

UNDER the pensive Irish moon swayed a tattered blackthorn tree; under the blackthorn tree an old white sow sprawled among her eager, parti-colored litter.

But the placid pigs were not alone, deserted to the mercy of the first light-fingered wanderer who should pass that way. Nor were the young ones left to the heedless tramlings of their heavy-footed parent. A guard was set upon them; but the guard was asleep. Outside the pen two little figures lay, wrapped in the thin, impressionable dreams of childhood. The girl's long, unkempt hair was spread upon the grass like a shadow; the wind blew, and the shadow seemed to move. Bridgie sat up, blinking her black-fringed eyelashes as a black moth moves its wings.

'Michael! For shame!'

She kneaded the boy's back with two worrying fists.

He sat up too, and rubbed his crisp hair and his eyes.

'A Sidhe could take away the little pigs, and we not know it.'

She knelt by the sty and peered in.

'They're there,' she reported.

Sullen grunts and happy squeals proclaimed them safe. Michael stood up and stretched his slim body toward the moon; Bridgie saw his tense arms upraised against its quiet disc.

'Is th' ould one lying on any?' she asked. 'Granny'd be annoyed if one should be crushed, and we sleeping.'

The boy leaned over the edge of the sty, waving his bare feet in the air and poking each little pig in turn. The

squealing increased to the excited pitch of an auction sale.

'They're all alive. Th' ould one is in the corner and the little ones sucking. Are n't they the comical things!'

Bridgie joined him. They see-sawed back and forth on hardy little stomachs. The white sow lay on her side, serene and somnolent. The little ones were lined up in action; only an even row of wriggling tails was visible to the children.

'Do ye know, Michael,' panted Bridgie, 'there's one of thim pigs that maddens me. It does be always causing trouble among the others. It's that black one, the only black one in the whole lot.'

'Why does he madden ye? He's an innocent pig enough.'

'He's so black — and so gay. — Oh, ye devil!'

'What is it?'

'He has me heart destroyed entirely with jumping and squealing the whole night through. Not two times but forty I've thought he was under the feet of th' ould one.'

'He's no worse than the rest.'

'But he is, Michael.' Bridgie stamped one tough little bare foot. 'How would you know whether he was or he was n't, and you lying on the ground like a lump. Sure, it's only now I went to sleep. I've been watching all the night the way th' ould one would n't lie on any.'

Michael yawned and stretched again.

'I seen a Sidhe,' announced Bridgie in a whisper.

She looked like a Sidhe herself, standing there with her bare legs, her wild, dark hair, and elfish, moonlight-colored face.

'Bridgie Farley, mind what ye say. That makes twice ye've said ye seen a Sidhe. Ye remember what Father O'Shaughnessy said.'

'What did he say?' asked Bridgie, swaying her lithe body back and forth in assumed nonchalance.

'That every lie ye'd tell would trace a black finger-print on yere heart. They'll all be known one day. And besides — what did it do?'

'It — sang.'

'And what did it sing, Bridgie?' Michael leaned against the pen and looked at her out of round eyes, half-fascinated, half-accusing.

'I could n't be sure that it sang, Michael. It might have been the wind passing through the thorn tree.'

'But if it had sung, what would it be singing?' He leaned closer, enthralled.

'If it had sung, Michael — and mind, I don't say it did sing and I don't say it did n't sing. But if it did, it would be "The Black King of Tara."'

'Sing it you, Bridgie.'

Bridgie sang from curving, childish lips, from nothing deeper. But it sounded like the sob of a broken spirit.

'The Black King of Tara
Was lord of many lands;
He'd gold and jewels plenty
And rings to his hands.

'He'd a fairy queen to wife,
And her eyes were mild;
But her arms were empty,
She had no child.

'The king's wife of Tara
Had thirty gowns of silk
And a milk-white cow
To give her milk.

'She'd a necklace of pearls,
And her eyes were mild;
But her arms were empty,
She had no child.'

The last note died out among the unkempt trees.

'Is there any more?' Michael's voice was hushed.

'There is not, dearie. How could there be more? Or if there is more, I don't know it.'

A food-riot ensued among the little pigs, accompanied by a series of disgusted grunts from the source of supply.

'That's that black divil again, Michael. I'm sure of that.' Bridgie rose up as lightly as a water-reed. 'Ah,' she exclaimed, peering in upon the greedy family group, 'if I could reach him, I'd smack him!'

With a superhuman effort she once more threw her body on the shaky fence, and leaning far over administered a deft but very forceful punishment. 'Now, will ye be good!'

There was a sharp squeal and a pathetic little huddled heap of what had once been a pig.

'Mind, Bridgie! Ye've hurted him!'

Bridgie straightened up with a white, scared face.

'Is it dead he is?'

'He looks dead, Bridgie, and he acts dead. That's sure.'

'What will Granny say, Michael?' sobbed the wilted Bridgie. Then she raised a proud, black head. 'I don't care what she says. But I feel bad for the pig, a little thing as full of life as a bird.'

'Perhaps he's only sleeping.'

'I don't think a pig would be such a sudden sleeper, Michael. It could n't be a natural sleep, after a smack like that.' She paused, and rubbed her bare, round arm across her eyes. 'Perhaps it was th'ould one did it after all,' she added as an afterthought.

'Oh, it was n't th'ould one.'

'How do you know it was n't? It's night; sure, you can't see everything plain.'

'I thought I seen ye hit it.'

'Ye thought! Thinking's an easy thing.'

'But Bridgie —'

'Are ye sure, Michael?' asked Bridgie, with a quaver in her voice. 'Granny'll beat me.'

'I thought I was sure.'

'But ye're not sure.' Bridgie paused, and went on slowly, 'And I'm not sure. And look at th'ould one itself — sniffing it and feeling it with its nose. It's clear the mother thinks it was herself done it.'

'What's the matter, Bridgie?' faltered Michael in a daze. 'What difference does it make what the mother would be thinking?'

'All the difference in the world, Michael. Because the little one thought it was the mother done it.'

'What if it did?' asked Michael blankly.

'But, Michael, if you think it, and I think it, and th'ould one thinks it, and if the little one itself thought the mother did it —'

'What then? I don't see, Bridgie.'

'But if we all think the pig done it, who is there thinks I done it?'

'I do,' was the dogged reply.

'But ye said ye were n't sure.'

'Did I?'

'Ye did. And if ye were n't quite sure, Michael, I should think the three of us would be enough to make ye sure.'

'What three?' queried Michael, now thoroughly bewildered.

'Why, the two pigs and myself.'

Michael put his hand to his head in confusion. Bridgie looked into the pen with sad and dreamy eyes.

'That's a terrible thing, Michael. A pig to kill its own child, and it the only black one in it and the liveliest of all.'

'And did she?' The boy steadied himself against the side of the pen.

'She did. Don't ye see her grieving for it now?'

Michael turned away, and scratched

his baffled head. Bridgie continued to gaze into the scene of the disaster, — at the inert body of the little victim. When she looked up, tears were in her eyes.

'Michael,' she said reproachfully, 'ye should n't let on to a pig that she did a thing she did n't do. Not even to comfort me, Michael. That pig feels very bad.'

'But she did do it,' stammered Michael with a note of pleading in his voice.

'She did not then. You know it, Michael, and I know it. Never mind,' she murmured to the bereaved, 'never mind him, ould mother. Ye did n't do it at all.' The tears began to flow unchecked. 'I did it; but it was an accident, dearie, and I'm sorry I did. And Granny can beat me if she likes.'

Michael put both hands to his little tumbled head, and turned away in deep perplexity. Bridgie gave a cry and clutched his arm.

'It stirred, Michael! Did ye see it? It's up now and walking away and th'ould one nipping its ear. Did ye ever see the like, Michael? It was only stunned it was. Is n't th'ould sow pleased! And are n't you pleased, Michael, that it is n't dead!'

'I am,' admitted Michael dully, 'pleased enough.'

'So am I,' chanted Bridgie, dancing about like a fire-fly. 'And I'm glad, too, that I did n't deceive th'ould mother. It would be a low thing to deceive a pig.'

Michael shook his young head in bewilderment.

'I was sleepy enough, Bridgie,' he muttered, 'before ye wakened me. But ye're making me twice as bad, talking about things I don't understand at all.'

Bridgie watched the little black pig with happy, incredulous eyes.

'I wish the Sidhe would come again,' said Michael wistfully. 'I never seen

as much as one. What did it look like, Bridgie?’

Bridgie smiled.

‘It was a little thing, sure, no bigger than a thimble. It had a red cap on it and two gold shoes with curly toes. It had on a coat, too, as green as an apple, and its little breeks were as blue as Granny’s eyes.’

‘Did it have a high voice, Bridgie? It must have been a light singer, and it so little.’ Michael was bashful in contributing.

‘It did not, then,’ said Bridgie, annoyed at the interference. ‘But it sang in a big voice as deep as an organ. It sang as deep as Padric Fallon sings when the whiskey’s in his head.’

‘But, Bridgie! It could n’t, and it such a mite.’

‘Tell it you, then, if you seen it and heard it.’

Michael was silenced, but as nearly incredulous as he had ever been of Bridgie. His sister stooped and gathered up an acorn. Taking out the kernel, she blew into its crisp, brown cup, and gave a pensive sigh.

‘When I seen that Sidhe, Michael,’ she said slowly, ‘the wind was blowing through the trees and stirring them bushes beyont the pen. It might be — mind, I don’t say for sure it was and I don’t say for sure it was n’t — that it was the leaves moving I saw, and it

looked like a Sidhe. That might be it, Michael.’

‘Oh, I guess ye seen it.’

‘Not many people has seen a Sidhe,’ murmured Bridgie. ‘It would n’t be likely I to see one twice.’

‘If it came to any one, it would come to you.’

‘Why so?’ asked Bridgie, flattered.

She sat down and leaned her back against the thorn tree, holding out the acorn-cup as if to catch the moonlight. Michael stood rigidly before her, and rubbed a knuckle in his eye.

‘Because ye can make a story out of it and sing as good as any Sidhe.’

He crumpled up in a sleepy little bundle at her feet and thumped his tousled head into her lap.

‘Let me go to sleep again, Bridgie.’

‘Do,’ said Bridgie with scorn. ‘Much good y’ are as a watcher! I’ll sit here meself and watch for two. I can see all through the crack in the fence.’

Her voice grew drowsy, and her eyes drooped. She half smiled at Michael’s curving mouth and quiet limbs, swayed a little, then a little more. An audacious cloud blotted out the moon. When it reappeared, Bridgie’s head lay once more upon the grass, and both were fast asleep. And if there was any Sidhe at all in Ireland that night it would be a slow old party to miss the breezy pair under the blackthorn tree.

THE RETINUE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND, Austrian Heir-Apparent,
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone knight errant,
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon millions,
Armies of the battle-slain, hordes of dim civilians;

German ghosts who see their works with tortured eyes, the sorry
Spectres of scared tyrants, Turks hunted by their quarry,
Liars, plotters red of hand — like waves of poisonous gases
Sweeping through the Shadow Land the host of horror passes;

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for truth and honor,
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who have won her
Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French defiance,
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's proud alliance.

Through that hollow hush of doom, vast, unvisioned regions,
Led by Kitchener of Khartoum, march the English legions:
Kilt and shamrock, maple-leaf, dreaming Hindoo faces,
Brows of glory, eyes of grief, arms of lost embraces.

Like a moaning tide of woe, midst those pale battalions
From the Danube and the Po, Arabs and Australians,
Pours a ghastly multitude that breaks the heart of pity,
Wreckage of some shell-bestrewed waste that was a city;

Flocking from the murderous seas, from the famished lowland,
From the blazing villages of Serbia and Poland,
Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by war's blindness,
Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human lovingkindness,

Tamburlane, Napoleon, envious Alexander
Peer in wonder at the wan, tragical commander,
Archduke Francis Ferdinand — when shall his train be ended? —
Of all the lords of Shadow Land most royally attended!

WE BECOME PIONEER SETTLERS

BY ALICE TISDALE

I

THE moment had come when, like our forefathers, we were to leave behind us the life of our own people and go forth alone to reconstruct it anew in a frontier land. So far, although we had wandered far and wide over this outlying province of ancient China, at each journey's end we returned to a wholly westernized port and to a conventional occidental house. But now we were to go to a far corner of Manchuria and settle in a town of which few outside of China ever heard — and which those who have seldom remember. In that great sprawling town, Oriental from gate to gate, where there is no white man's quarter, no white man's house, it was our task to create, out of the fabric of an alien civilization, a home. This land had made known to us the care-free joy of the vagabond, the wild sweet spirit of the wanderer; now we went to it for the high adventures of the pioneer settler. Close to my heart lay this great experiment of home-making.

Many a time, as true pilgrims, we had set out in this country with light hearts and few possessions; now we were to venture forth as a pioneering household, stout of heart and laden

with many possessions. And when the evening of our going came and we stood in the long frame building that did duty as a railway station, we were not only able to survey with entire equanimity a surprising number of boxes and bundles of our own, but, with equal composure, we beheld, nestled close to them as if for protection, a pile of Chinese bedding-rolls, with our 'boy's' family asleep in the midst of them. It mattered not that we had been prepared only for the little Chinese wife and the baby that slept at her breast. To be sure, when the business of departure had descended upon us and we had called on our trusty forty-year-old boy — the companion of our pilgrim days — to share with us the hazards of this new enterprise, he had responded that if he left the patriarchal roof he must take with him his wife 'and one piecee son just now born.' That in true Oriental fashion he had neglected to mention four small girls who now lay sleeping with the 'one piecee son' did not dismay us one whit. The settler, as well as the vagabond, finds nothing in the unexpected to daunt him; and so when the little puffing train tooted its warning, we rushed to our places, smiling benignly at these now active

new possessions of ours that were hurrying obediently towards the third-class carriage, each bearing reverently a bit of our household goods.

Once more we were on that Oriental night express, moving slowly out into the dark to what lay beyond. Above the noise, the pitching, the jarring, my heart sang its new song of adventure, a song that seemed to find its birth in a shadowy memory of old adventures, of old strivings of pioneer ancestors whose spirits must in some strange way have lived anew in me. I knew that night of ancestors of my own long forgotten in the world, who had fared forth across the wide Atlantic, building their log cabins, sowing their fields; of their offspring, who later had answered the call of 'Westward ho!': a long procession working their way straight across to the farthest extremity of America. And here was I, a member of the last generation, still going forth to pioneer. Our call carried us westward until we were east. Those ancestors had left an old civilization to brave the perils of a new one; we were leaving a new civilization to try our fortunes in one almost as old as the world. And yet those experiences were deeply akin.

I peered through the car-window into the moon-flooded night outside. On the vast plain stood great brown shocks of *kaoliang*, or giant millet — the abundant harvests that the Chinese frontiersmen had made the land yield them. By and by there loomed up sturdy square-built houses that looked like fortresses; these were the houses of the Russian frontiersmen, with their high narrow windows to shut out the cold. Now they were deserted, and the autumn moonlight streamed through the glassless windows and across the empty floors. From all nations under the sun there step forth those who follow a vision known only to the pioneer. Some reap plenty and some win lonely

graves, but all have their moment of creating vision. And the train with its sleeping load of wayfarers moved on through the vast frontierland.

In the first faint light of morning the joggling Eastern train was ready to set us down at our wayside station. As it came to a long shuddering halt, the sleeping quiet of its coaches was suddenly gone; the doors flew open and there tumbled from them a seething multitude, every man furiously bent on the business of going somewhere. It was a sight to make glad the heart of a Kim — and such hearts had we. Straightway we forgot everything but that hurrying motley crowd; forgot our own business in our absorbing curiosity in theirs. O bean-buyers, with all your shrewdness hid behind your inscrutable Oriental features, what of your last gamble on the bean-market? Dignified long-gowned merchants, what is your fine dream for this outlying province? Swarming peasant families, weighted down under your bundles and your babies, we know your dream: on this borderland of opportunity, away from your over-crowded town in one of the ancient provinces of ancient China, you are looking for enough to eat and wear. But here comes the disciplined tread of the Japanese soldier. God grant that he may not take your dream from you!

In a moment they were all gone; and as another throng came pouring in from the gateway to take their places, we awoke to our own glorious venture, and began looking for our possessions and our black-eyed family, even unto the last little girl that the boy had neglected to mention. But when the train gave its last toot and puffed away into the distance, with its new wayfarers bound to all the corners of the globe, we all stood in a dumb group in the doorway of the station, looking off over the gray straggling town — the creation of the Chinese frontiersmen; the train, our last

link with the old order of things, was irretrievably gone. Then we looked up to the blue sky, that wonderful northern sky, spreading out above the low-curved roofs, free and unhampered, clear to the sun just rising over the horizon, and our spirits leaped to meet our adventure for

Who would stop or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

Bundles and babies, we stowed them all away in the corners of our agent's shop; then we were ready to start on the search of our hearts. At the door stood the equipage for the journey, the ghost of a Russian droshky, a relic of the Russian frontier life that was now no more, to attend us on our way. It was old in limb now, with its years of service. All the glories of this sad relic of the prosperous days of the Russian advance had been stripped from it. The great imposing arch over the horse's head had long since gone; from the moth-eaten cushions the padding stuck out in tufts; the springs on one side of the seat were broken, giving the wretched old vehicle a perceptible pitch, like a hard-pressed ship at sea. As for the harness, there was only one fragment of leather left; the rest consisted of a complicated mass of knotted string. It was a melancholy ghost, surely, but it dampened not a whit the ardor of the absurd little pony in the big shafts, or the ragamuffin driver on the high perch in front. As for us, the new would-be settlers who clung to the sloping rear seat, we were in no mood to be disheartened. The driver gave a grand flourish, a crack of his whip, and the frisky pony broke into a lively gallop. Up one street and down another we rattled, in this city where tall gilt signs stretched up almost into the sun itself, and the willows cast lace-work shadows in the dust. We were caught in a jumble of squeaking wheelbarrows; we were extricated

only to be brought up short in another tangle of pack-mules and other Russian carriages more dilapidated than ours.

We were light of heart as we clung to that sloping seat, because that gay moment was sufficient for our vagabond natures; we were stout of heart, because we knew, instinctively, that we should need all our endurance before our search was ended. In the few minutes since our arrival we had, with the optimistic adaptability born of much wandering in far places, accepted the fact that there were not even Chinese residences in this new city of China. This was the commercial outlet for vast farming lands, and the advance guard of Chinese men who had come here had left their families safe under the patriarchal roofs in Shantung. No matter whether we had a hasty glimpse as we galloped, or a calmer inspection during our numerous entanglements with the traffic in the streets, we beheld only dismaying rows of shops and warehouses, never the high wall that signifies for all China that there is a house and home within. We had therefore given up the idea of a real Chinese dwelling and begun looking simply for an empty *hong* which by dint of much imagination might be coaxed into the semblance of a home. Ah, there was the rub! It was the busiest time of year in this thriving town; its streets were thronged with woodsmen who had not yet left for the winter's work in the forests farther north; it was full of craftsmen making the sharp blades of axes, the heavy, stiff leather moccasins, the padded garments for the woodsmen, and of small shopkeepers selling these wares. We beheld all the storehouses piled high with winter supplies of coarse flour and sugar; and in the sunny courts large groups of men were working over cocoons which were not ready for shipment to the south. Not an extra inch of space was to be found

in all that great market of the frontier.

As we entered each new street hope rose anew, only to die at the end; for not one boarded-up shop did we see. On the second day we began going over the streets we had traversed the previous day, insisting this time that the driver should make the exuberant pony walk; thus we could scrutinize possible opportunities more closely. The day came to its end, however, with our quest still unfulfilled. The third day we began investigating buildings in course of construction, but each time we were informed that they had been rented last Chinese New Year, or that they would not be rented until this New Year. New Year was the time, we were told. Why did we not wait? There would be plenty of opportunities then, and everything could be done in decency and order, as custom decreed.

'But that is four months away, and winter is coming,' we replied in consternation.

Our protest meant nothing in this land of an alien civilization. Custom is sacred law here, and alas, a Chinaman can always wait.

We were driving rather disconsolately down the 'Great Stone Street,' when just ahead of us, barring the way, there rose a low gray wall with one great sweeping pine leaning over it! 'That long stretch of wall may mean — yes, it surely must mean a house,' we cried excitedly. 'Yes, the gate is shut tight. It looks unused. It must be an unoccupied house, too. Stop, driver!' we called, and poked frantically at the ragamuffin's back.

We climbed out and skipped up the stone steps to the black door in the gate. We refused to ask the driver even one tiny question; since none of the Chinese had told us about this place, it should be our very own discovery. The black door stood ever so slightly ajar, and we could peer in. There was

not a soul to be seen, so hand in hand we entered boldly, closing the door behind us. What a paradise of soft stillnesses and shadowy quiet! The swarming streets from which we had just come might have been a thousand miles away. We stood in a court flagged with slabs of stone, between which wild grasses and mosses grew, all hemmed about by the old gray wall, over which peered twisted pines. Standing there in the sunshine, we looked and looked until our sight at last reached the farthermost flaggings, where lay a still blue shadow, the perfect image of a beautiful curved-roof temple beyond. For such it was; we knew by the bronze incense-burner, taller than a man, that stood in the sun just outside the blue shadow.

'A paradise ready-made!' we cried. 'Our quest must end here. This temple is neglected, forgotten amid the busy commercialism of the town. Why not ask the few priests who must be about if we might not live in one of the many courts of the priests? Surely they would not refuse us.'

The Chinese, we knew, live very comfortably with their gods, and many a foreigner in other parts has often been offered their hospitality and for years shared the same building with them.

'Think of it!' we cried. 'Who would have dared hope for a chance to create a home out of the things of the gods? At the end of each day in the marketplace, we could leave it behind and come home by the way of the incense-burner, on past the gods of soft gold, sitting on their golden lotus leaves, to an inner court, our sanctuary. To the pioneer, as to the vagabond, chance happenings are his inspiration. Therefore we sat on the corner of the temple veranda with the still blue shadow at our feet and knew again that we had caught the gay child of adventure. We dreamed and planned and dreamed

again, until the sunshine crept right up to the temple-door. Then we ran blithely back to our ghostly chariot, and drove back to the workaday world in search of a middleman, in order that all might be done in accordance with decent custom.

II

Many are the snares, many the pitfalls that beset the road leading to the Splendid Adventure. Three weeks had passed since that day of discovery and inspiration; and our enthusiasm had battered itself to death against the wall of Oriental indifference. Evidently the only creatures in the town that can ever be in a hurry are the Chinese pony and ourselves. We waited for the middle-man to consult the city elders; we waited for the elders to consult the priests. All of them—elders, priests, and gods—move in a mysterious way unknown to the Occidental; we could not understand why they had said us neither yea nor nay. Meanwhile, we lived in two tiny rooms up under the eaves of a shop. That did not matter so long as we had our vision to keep us company. (One can live anywhere with a vision.)

But the day came when it faded. One evening the Manchurian autumn ended with the twilight. In the night the wind crept under the tiles of the roof and rattled them, and next day the threat of the cruel northern winter was in the air. We must forget our vision of the temple and house ourselves against the cold. Our landlord, too, served notice that he needed even the little loft we occupied. Just what was to be done we did not know. If only we had some inkling whether the middle-man, the elders, and the priests did or did not intend to rent us a corner in the temple! But for this knowledge we dared not wait. We had come to our last resource—the boy. Per-

haps his Oriental brain, now well steeped in the ways of the Occidental, could solve the problem.

'Boy,' we cried, 'what can do? No can stay here; no have got other place.'

'I think. By and by I talkee.'

This was at breakfast, as in some miraculous way he managed to serve us by squeezing himself between the wall and the table. Whatever happened to his already over-thin person, the boy was bent on keeping up the 'face' of the family, his duty just then consisting in the proper serving of breakfast so that all should seem well before the Chinese, who never passed our door without looking in. He could save our face in only one way at a time. Later he would attack the problem of saving our face in the matter of winter abodes.

Late in the forenoon he reappeared before us, saying, 'Just now can talkee. Proper Chinaman wait long time; Savee white man no can wait. He talkee wait, wait; master no likee wait, so pay big money so can catchee temple chop, chop. Very bad, master lose face. I think fool Chinaman. This shop got one big godown. Just now have got plenty piece room. We takee one little piece godown. Makee proper house. Chinaman see all things white man do. Then perhaps talkee temple. No talkee, mascee; makee godown one piecee fine house. Master, missie come look, see,' he pleaded, finally ending this unprecedentedly long speech.

So this was the game. 'After all, the gray wall around the temple does not shut out the commercialism of the town,' I said, as we followed the boy down the steep stairs, through the many rooms of the shop below, across the street, through another shop into a court.

How different from the great discovery, which, it seemed, we must now

turn our backs upon! We stood in the doorway and surveyed, not stone flagging, but dirt packed hard by the many feet that tramped across to the warehouses. There was no tree overhanging a wall here, no incense-burner. The only thing relieving the dreary barrenness of this court was a rough bench made out of bricks topped with a row of wash-basins, where in the early morning the apprentices went through the form of cleansing their hands and faces.

'Come; look, see!' cried the boy, leading us toward a building where the paper panes of the windows were torn and frayed and the tattered ends flapped disconsolately in the wintry wind. As he pushed open the door that moved heavily in wooden sockets, we looked into a long room that extended the length of the court. Three solid walls of masonry, a few narrow windows in the fourth wall (the side toward the courtyard), and a dirt floor, gave the place a melancholy resemblance to a shed.

'So this is where our vision really leads!' I was thinking somewhat bitterly; when I suddenly remembered that I was a pioneer woman, and pioneer women are equal to anything. I remembered just in time, for at that very moment my husband came anxiously toward me.

'Do you think you could do it for a little while?' he said. 'If not, you might go to Shanghai until we can do better. I won't ask it of you.'

'Never!' I cried, holding my head high. 'I was thinking of the woman out West who could create a home out of a geranium and a tomato-can! We have n't a geranium, but we've got a beautiful curved roof to our shed. I'm glad the Chinese put curved roofs on their warehouses; they offer inspiration. And then, you know, there is always the alluring, if somewhat vague, hope

that the priests and elders may give up the game of trying to outwit us.'

There was no sign from the priests, however, although we dallied a few days longer in a last vain hope. Then one morning, when there was an unmistakable nip in the air, we walked, with those stout hearts which we now so much needed, right up to the warehouse, and boldly started on the task of breathing life into that long, thin godown — a task that would test the prowess of any settler. It was all more discouraging than may be supposed, for the long forbidding building would not lend itself to any comfortable partitioning. One could do nothing with its business-like portions but string the rooms out in a row. There was a certain cold aloofness between the kitchen at one end of the house and the bedrooms at the other.

However, we were undaunted. 'We will make it come right to-morrow,' we said, as the workmen departed that night after finishing the last thin partition. 'To-morrow we will give the house its breath of life. We'll build a fireplace on that long bare wall at the back of the living-room, and then the warehouse will no longer be a dead, soulless thing.'

We passed out through the shop in front, where the day's accounts were being balanced, where yellow faces leaned over the open braziers. The light glowed up into their faces and over the shoes of silver, curious rough-beaten masses of shining metal, the solid currency of the town.

'*San-shi-er, san-shi-san,*' rose the voices of the shopmen singing aloud the accounts; and the abacus balls, flying backward and forward like shuttles under their touch, clicked an accompaniment. As we went on across the street, through the other shop with its antiphonal chorus of chanting voices, clinking abacus balls, and piles of roughly

wrought silver, our hearts again entered with zeal into our new adventure. 'We are pioneers building our cabin,' I thought, 'and these yellow men with their cadenced voices and clinking abacus balls, are crowding close, as the wilderness crowded round our ancestors.' Yes; to-morrow we should surely begin the fireplace.

On this frontier there were of course no masons who had ever built a fireplace. Our own ignorance was just as great, except for a magic formula which we kept repeating that night as we went to bed in our garret up under the eaves. 'The opening of the firebox must be five times that of the flue.'

Next morning, when we descended upon our warehouse, aglow with creative zeal, the masons were already there, squatting on the dirt floor, smoking their tiny pipes with quarter-inch bowls. We explained our plans carefully: the opening of the fire-box must be five times the flue — *exactly*. In a moment every man of them became a stolid lump of unresponsive human clay. By nature they opposed exactness; by nature they opposed innovation. Now, there is nothing in the wide world so unyielding as a stubborn Chinaman. Hour in and hour out, that day and the next and the next, we took turns sitting shivering on an overturned box, coaxing, prodding, scolding, until our charmed formula took shape in brick and mortar. There it stood, at last, a thing complete! We piled it with wood; the boy, masons, apprentices of the shop, heads of shops standing by in skeptical silence. We touched the match. Puff, puff — the room reeked with smoke. 'I told you so,' was the undeniable meaning of the head mason's expression. He had expected as much from two barbarians trying to tell him his business — and one of them a woman at that. So spoke his very contemptuous features.

In the midst of this strange human wilderness, we had wrought and failed. We had lost face before the Chinese! That night we took no delight in the world-old life of the shops through which we passed. It was a strange and alien thing, pressing in and swallowing our pitiful little attempt to make a home of our own. The spark of hope dies hard, however; we began chipping off a little of the fireplace here, putting on a little there, and trying it again and again.

'Some day we'll strike the lucky combination,' we said, working doggedly, and refusing to notice that, day by day, winter was creeping down from the north. And was there ever one calamity that did not breed others? When we came to unpack our kitchen stove, we found it was broken past repair. Like everything from hairpins to pianos, there was not another obtainable any nearer than Shanghai. Then, as I tinkered with Chinese braziers, trying to evolve an oven, and my husband lay flat on the floor chipping away at the mysterious insides of the fireplace, there came a Chinese merchant with urgent business and my husband had no choice but to start on a two-weeks' trip 'up country,' and that immediately; and the boy must of necessity go with him.

When the hurry of their departure was over, I stood in the centre of the living-room, thinking of broken stoves, surveying the smoke-blackened fireplace, the dull mud walls, the dirt floor, my little cook, who in turn was surveying me, and the homesick wife of the boy, who stood in the doorway gazing at me like some dumb animal. It was a barren moment. Suddenly I bethought myself that in the commotion of leave-taking we had neglected to try our fireplace after the last scraping. Once more I gathered sticks and struck a match. What magic had my husband

wrought in that final bout of chipping? The fire burned brightly, and with the glowing light the rooms of the house seemed knit together in a new harmony. In my moment of greatest need the warehouse had become a living home, offering me warmth and shelter!

How I worked in the days that followed to make a fitting habitation for that spirit of home which had come so mysteriously at my bidding! It was a lovely sprite, which I must keep alive and offer congenial surroundings. Obviously it could never be happy with those mud walls and dirt floors. 'They must be changed,' I said to myself; and after due bargaining on the part of my middle-man and much waiting on my own part, the paper-hangers descended on my little cabin in the clearing. Two Chinese, their queues wrapped round their heads for greater efficiency, came bearing scaffolding large enough to use in sealing a three-story house, and absurdly small sheets of paper about the size of a man's two hands. They filled the rooms with a mass of intricate scaffolding, which stuck out of the windows and doors, again reducing my house to a formidable object that denied me shelter. On the top of this scaffolding the workmen squatted, and little by little, square by square, ever so slowly, covered walls and ceiling with the tiny sheets of paper which, thanks to many years on the shelf of a dingy shop, had yellowed to a fine old ivory.

At last there came an evening when the scaffolding that made my house bristle like a porcupine was taken down and the tender light from the fireplace played over rafters of roughly hewn logs, and walls that looked soft and benign, as the walls of a home should. Then I hurried to work some marvel with the dirt floor which, despite the leaping flames and the mellow enfolding walls, still made the place look like a hovel.

'Cook!' I cried, 'it is late and the curfew has rung, but I cannot wait. Run quickly to the back door of a matting shop and tell them the foreigner wants a great many straw mats.'

He sighed softly. Why the impatience of this barbarian? But he went as he was bidden, and came back with a great roll of mats. Soon there was not an inch of the brown dirt to be seen, but the hungry winter, still unabashed, crept up through the matting, gripping us in its chilling clutch as we stood there. Then I brought out our thick camel's-hair rugs of beautiful Chinese workmanship, their soft deep surfaces still holding the warm colors of the desert where they had been wrought. The fire flickered comfortingly. Hungry winter was at last shut out; even the windows refused it admittance, for the new panes of paper we had put in that day were strong and tough, offering staunch resistance to the rough hand of the Manchurian wind that now beat against them. I wanted to work on, until the final touch of home was there, but one look at my cook, and I knew that I had outraged custom far enough; the packing cases must wait.

The next day, as soon as the shutters were down from the front of the shop which mounted guard over my clearing and my cabin, I hurried back to work. The sunlight was shining on my paper panes so that they glowed warm with welcome; the curving roof brooded over my house; and when I passed under the door's rough lintel, I found a small remnant of life left in my fire.

Day in and day out I worked over the magic thing taking shape under my hand. In each room I met and solved anew the problem of transforming a bleak Chinese warehouse into a Western home; but the kitchen almost defied me. Its mud floor, its smoking braziers that gave off no heat to dispel the gnawing Manchurian cold, and its

Chinese cook who went about in a coat and a foreign derby hat which gave him a disquieting air of imminent departure, seemed to have no connection with the warm sweet-smelling kitchens that I felt sure my ancestors had in their cabins. However, I finally achieved an oven — made out of twisted wire for the grate, and a bent tin to cover it — which I could use over the brazier, and which was soon filling the kitchen with the sweet smell of baking bread and roasting fowl.

But this wee progress toward the kitchen of my dreams nearly brought upon us dire calamity. I was forced to remember that the way of the inventor is thorny in a land of ancient civilization. The cook threatened to leave! He had through successive years become used to a foreign stove, only to be confronted with such an innovation as this! Custom was altogether too sacred; he could not change twice inside of a dozen years. He must go.

‘Remain just a few days,’ I pleaded, ‘until the master returns.’

The strategy worked! Like all his race, he was a fatalist; and before these days which I begged of him were finished, he had ceased to struggle against the inevitable.

And now my cabin is finished: here it stands in the midst of this city of another civilization. In the shop in front, in every shop all up and down the streets of the town, men of another race lean over the counters warming their hands over the braziers. All day the abacus balls click, and each night sing-song voices chant the day’s accounts as the men pile up the shoes of silver and stack the last copper. But now it is late; the curfew has rung, hushing all the manifold sounds of this strange civilization into a deep stillness which only an Oriental city can know, a city with no roaring trains or clanging ma-

chinery. And here my home stands, complete, with this mysterious other life pressing close round it. As I look into the glowing coals of my fire, a host of faces appear — my own ancestors who have struggled to settle some far-away cabin on ranch or clearing in the forest. To them I say, ‘This is my home; I have done my best.’ And they nod approval to me across the years. In this moment the warehouse has become for me the beloved creation, the work of my own hands. I do not need to explain to those faces in the fire; they know ‘the wonder and the joy’ that went to build their own.

In the deep stillness I am startled by the sudden sound of the great wooden bolts of the shop-door grating in their sockets and a shutter being taken down. There is a sound of steps in the court. My husband throws wide the ‘wind doors’ of this new strange home and strides in. He too falls under its spell. ‘Why, it is n’t the warehouse at all!’ he cries. He pauses, and then walks straight to the fireplace, saluting his new hearth with the old Turkish salutation: ‘At your feet I lay my heart and my conscience.’

Just as that final seal is put upon my beloved cabin, the boy comes in with an air of triumph. In his rapid passage through the front shop, it seems, he has acquired a marvelous amount of knowledge; the stamp of success has been put upon his sagacity. In his very best Chinese he announces, —

‘Most worthy master, the priests have decided that it is of no value to wait longer. It gives them great pleasure to grant to you the hospitality of the gods and protection under the temple roof. It is well, for although the hospitality of this shop is great, there is need of the space for the silk cocoons, now that the hospitality of the gods has been offered you.’

OUR SOLDIERS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'EVERYBODY ought to fight for their country — or anyhow have the *heart* to do it!' Maggie burst out as she went around the dinner-table in her blue checked apron, handing the potatoes. (Mr. Hoover says to eat freely of potatoes.)

It was the day after the drawing of the numbers of the registered men in Washington, and every one among us was asking which of our boys had been drawn. Our State motto is '*Montani Semper Liberi*,' and in this war for liberty our West Virginia men are living up to the words. So many volunteered from the State capital that the draft, when it came, hardly took any from here. One of the sons of our own very small village is on General Pershing's staff; from the town next to us sixty-five have offered themselves, out of a total population of three thousand; and here in the 'Big Draft' five have volunteered out of a possible twenty-five. It all seems to bring 'Somewhere in France' poignantly close to home. The boys who have volunteered are to go 'o' Wednesday,' I am told. I wish the prefix of the vowel, to which some of us still cling, did not make Falstaff's 'Where's he who died o' Wednesday?' throb so through the mind — for today is Wednesday, and they are gone.

Our little gray church, with its war-potatoes beside it, is to have a roll of honor bearing the names of those who have gone forth from the narrow green walls of the Big Draft into the larger life of the Nations. I sometimes think the mothers' names ought to head the

list. The boys may travel far both in soul and body, but the mothers — though they may live all their lives, and die all the many deaths that come to every human being, here in this pocket of the mountains — took a very extended journey indeed when they beheld their sons set forth. Their names may not be written in black and white beside their sons' for the world to see; but there, just beyond our sight, doubtless the Great Historian emblazons them on the tablets of the spirit.

Mothers are mothers all the world over; but I think some of our mothers of men in the Big Draft have shown as fine a spirit as the best. I happened to drop in at the log cabin of one of these mothers just as a rickety old automobile lurched down the rough road, and left an official summons for one of the sons who had volunteered. The mother's face was lean and brown, with magnificent black eyes, high cheekbones, a fierce clean-cut chin, and not an extra pound of flesh anywhere upon her. Two of her sons have volunteered. She has five boys; three are of the fighting age, and the other two will soon be if the war keeps on. I offered some uncertain murmurs of sympathy, but was met by the proud retort, 'Mothers have got to make sacrifices. I figure it out that's the way it's always been, an' so it'll always have to be, an' if you hold yer sons back yer don't git nowhere.'

Viewing her words in retrospect, it seems to me now that she was really talking more to herself than to me, ar-

guing it out passionately, seeking earnestly the right road to travel. And I think in a sense she had come to her journey's end, and had found what she was seeking, when she added, 'There's a-plenty lays right down an' carries on, an' thinks they can't stand it, but'—and here her fierce little chin went up, and the whole lean face set itself in a high determination — '*you kin ef you will!*'

Oh! I hope that in little roadside cabins all over America, there is a spirit as high and fine as that blazing up in the face of the times! 'You kin ef you will!' Somehow the touch of vernacular thrusts the phrase down into the bed-rock of the nation, taking it away from all the surface oratory of the moment, and laying it deep and secure in the very foundations of the country. I hope it is something of this spirit that the other nations are to see now. Heretofore they have known us in our hours of ease, care-free, superficial holiday-makers, but now, please God, they are to see something different — an America with her fierce chin set square, and the light of consecration and vision blazing from her eyes. O my country! I *know* 'you kin ef you will!'

When the general spirit is so fine, one can hardly blame the mothers if they catch hopefully at their sons' physical defects.

'Eddy, he's got a kind of a limp, I don't think for a moment they'd take him.'

'My Sam's eyes ain't so very good, an' I don't keer ef they ain't.'

For one of the men from our county of Greenbrier has already been killed in the ranks of the Allies, so the mothers are not making an absolutely ignorant sacrifice. They know — oh, yes! they are quick enough to leap to the worst! When mothers such as these demand, 'I want to know ef they're takin' the rich boys too?' it is a pleasure to be

able to answer that rich man, poor man, beggar-man, chief, they are all the same now — they are all Uncle Sam's nephews.

The night before the boys went, a farewell prayer-meeting was held for them, at which some among us who have always delighted in the dissipation of weaving the red-hot emotions of religious gatherings into tears and hysteria, played so upon the tenseness of the moment, and drew such a picture of the horrors of war, that some of the boys' relatives went wild with grief. Not so the little brown mother whose two boys are going. She stood firm amid all the waves of emotion and stoutly declared that *she was proud* to have men to send. Only readers who know something of the crowd-hysteria of a shouting prayer-meeting can have any idea of what she — accustomed all her life to that type of religion — withstood at that moment for the sake of her sons. And those sons will have something fortifying to remember, something heroic on which to anchor their souls in the face of a night assault or of a gas attack.

And what about the rest of us? Is that mother the only one among us who has shown a great spirit to match the greatness of the times? Let us see how it is, skipping about from ridge to ridge, and going along the narrow road that wriggles up the Draft, with the mountains almost treading upon it at times.

Here on this ridge, at the first house, is a young fellow who volunteered, but could not pass the physical examination. He honestly wanted to go for the sake of France, and also, he hoped, if he was taken, it might excuse his younger brother. What shy and touching bits of affection between brothers, usually so jealously hidden, war drags into the light! At the next house on this ridge, a mile and a half away, there

lives another man who, though over age and having a wife and child, has declared his intention of volunteering if he finds that his younger brother has done so.

'Yes,' I am told, 'he's certainly a-goin', if Andy's went. You know how set all that family is, once they take a notion. He says him and Andy never had one word in all their lives, an' now if Andy's went he's certainly a-goin' too.'

Leaving this ridge and descending into a branch of the Big Draft, one comes to a cabin from which one of our four volunteers has gone. Jumping across a ridge from there, is a house where two little people of about ten and twelve have asked their mother to give them corn-bread for dinner for the sake of the saving of wheat flour. From the house next below that, another volunteer has gone. At the next house lives the mother who is proud to have men to send. Directly across the road from her dwells a mother and daughter, both of whom belong to our Red Cross class. I sat next to the mother at one of our last meetings, and while we cut scraps for pads, we talked about the war. My mind must have wandered for I was suddenly aroused by hearing her say,

'Oh, well, it's all right for us to fight over here, but it don't seem like we ought to go to France.'

I flared up at that, only to find to my amazement that she thought I was advocating sending an army of women to France; and while she thought she could fight on her own ground, she did doubt a bit whether we should go abroad. There was no question in her mind as to the men's going, and this though she has four sons who may be drawn.

There are, no doubt, some among us who have not risen to great heights — who, true to the instincts of their whole lives, have not been able to burst

through the shell of self and emerge into the greatness of the hour. But these are the ones who have always considered themselves a peculiar people, who have always thought to claim exemption from Fate. Their neighbors know them, and when they whine now, they receive scant consolation.

'Your boys ain't no different from anybody else's,' they are told uncompromisingly.

And what about the boys themselves? Well, they all look different to me in these days. Boys whom, a few short years ago, I looked upon somewhat askance, fearing that their outward and visible signs of innocence might cloak inward knowledge of our plums, are all seen now through the glamour of the great adventure. But I am a spectator, and perhaps a sentimentalist. How do the boys look to themselves, I wonder, there in that golden haze? Why, very much as usual, I should say. If they are aware of a golden haze, they doubtless see it just beyond themselves — over there in France, no doubt. If there is any great thrill of excitement running through them, they keep it for the most part to themselves. Yet I suspect, when they lie together in little knots under the trees, that fighting in France is the main topic of conversation. How did Joey, for instance, who milks our cow and grooms our Ford, take last Saturday, the day on which the numbers of the conscripted men were out? Why, with the utmost calmness. If his pulses went a beat or two faster, or if he wondered whether or not he had been drawn, there was certainly nothing in his outward manner to suggest it. It may have been, it is true, a suppressed excitement that made him report to Maggie that they was havin' awful trouble in Dry Creek (our village), an' would maybe have to send for a guard. And perhaps the indignant thrill of horror

which his report drew from Maggie—who is of Irish descent and volatile—relieved his feelings, and repaid him for endangering his immortal soul with one of the most outrageous untruths of a checkered career; for *never* in the whole course of its history did our village present a more peaceful and everyday appearance. Why, any little two-for-a-cent election could have engendered more disorder than was bred on the day when the nation decreed which of her sons were to be called upon to risk their lives for her defense, and her ideals.

One is tempted to pause here and wonder what perverse devil at such a solemn moment could have inspired Joey—who, together with every young man of the neighborhood, so far as I know, is perfectly willing to serve if called—to paint that lurid picture of our youths being dragged off to war by an armed guard. Truly, one could find it in his heart to shake Joey! Perhaps, however, it is just this very unexpected, wholly outrageous, freakishness in the Joeyes all over the country which so constantly throws out all the careful German calculations. Can one not imagine an efficient German spy reporting Joey's tale as evidence of serious disaffection in the country districts? Whereas, as a matter of fact, it is an evidence of the country's absolute loyalty, for it is only those between whom there is complete confidence who dare outrageous jokes.

No doubt Uncle Sam will understand Joey, but what German could? I am sometimes afraid it may even require a good deal of affection on the part of our French friends to understand this lack of seriousness on our part—or rather our lack of the appearance of seriousness. But I am completely sure that Tommy Atkins will understand. What else save this very trait made English soldiers—when dying daily

for their country—so rejoice in singing the 'Hymn of Hate'? Of course that threw Fritz off the track, but may it not throw our two armies into the closest of hilarious friendships? To believe in the same ideals lays a sure foundation on which to erect a friendship, and to laugh at the same jokes carves delightful finishing gargoyles to the sacred edifice.

But now our old Ryefield Hill is haunted. Just behind the curtain of its yellow sunshine, of its grass and blue sky, is something else. Something which I had almost forgotten, but which circumstances have dragged suddenly so vividly into the foreground of memory, that all the afternoon, digging among the larkspurs and foxgloves in the garden, I have felt that at any moment the veil of the years might be rent and through a rift I might still catch a glimpse of twinkling bare legs, or an echo of flying laughter, of that gay, that whimsical and vivacious picture which surely only painted itself a moment ago up there on the skyline of the hill. First, there comes a big barrel bounding drunkenly down the slope; then in hard pursuit a string of four little boys, one after the other; and in the rear two dogs—the old black one who went on three legs, and the terrier whose emotional temperament could always be counted upon to go off into hysterics of barks and enthusiasm over the least excitement. The great barrel bounds and leaps over the rough places; the dogs gallop after, with flying ears and canine applause; the little boys run and cheer, and now—Time has winked just once and three out of four of those little boys have volunteered. One does not really have to go back over so many years to hear one of them inquire earnestly, 'If George Washington was a-livin' now, would he fight any one who said anyfing to him about vat cherry tree?' Or to see another,—

always a passionate seeker for obscure bits of information, — eyes snapping with excitement, demand, 'If a minnow had the strength of two whales could he jump up Niagara Falls?'

Oh, well, I knew war always caught youth on the very crest of its wave. They say in the Civil War there were two hundred thousand soldiers of sixteen years and under; eight hundred thousand of eighteen years and under, and only forty-six thousand of twenty-five and over. But it is one thing to realize a fact through cold black figures treading solemnly across a printed page, and quite another to see it visualized up there on Ryefield Hill in the persons of merry little boys chasing a barrel.

Now, as I write, glancing up, I can see on the mantel-shelf, beside the black Chinese idols, the photographs of four small boys. We call them 'Our Soldiers,' for though they are far away now, they all lived in the Big Draft when they were little, and two of them, indeed, lived here with us. Two of them are English and two American, and beside them on the mantel is the picture of my little niece, aged five, hugging her pussy cat, and looking out upon life very gay and confident. None of these children knew one another, and between the boys and the little niece, who still plays with hollyhock ladies and toy balloons, there is a stretch of many years; and yet it seems to me that the great giant War has come striding up, and, suddenly pouncing upon these children, has bound them all inextricably together. The two English brothers have been at the front, fighting desperately, for many months. They have both been wounded, but are both back again, still 'carrying on.' I suppose out there in the battle-line they are grown-up men, grim and hard and determined; but here on our quiet mantel-shelf, they are just 'Reggie' and

'Mike,' two chubby children with no more knowledge of war than that embodied in the toy cannon which Reggie displays. O fierce fighting men! Do you never have a moment's respite out there in the shock and tumult of war, to come back in your dreams to your little boyhood, dressing yourselves for your refreshment in the peace of the forgotten years? Oh, come back again sometimes in sleep to the Big Draft, and gathered into the everlasting peace of the hills, rest here a while beneath the outspread wings of its wide sky!

And what of the other pair of brothers, the little Americans, standing up in their very fresh suits, with their arms about each other's necks? Your feet are set now upon the same track, you are all traveling now to the same goal. The Englishmen are well ahead of you upon the fiery way, but I hope they have a moment in the breathless conflict, to glance behind over their shoulders and know that you and your kind are on the way, that presently, saluting them, you will swing into your place at their side. Look across now in your pictured selves, and tell them so — those brothers of yours there, brothers in arms and brothers in race. I do not doubt that this is what you and all of you who are coming now from the North and South, from the East and West — from all the length and breadth of the nation — would say, if your hearts could speak to all your comrades before you in the great conflict. I know, for some of you have spoken already, have known how to offer your homage, and to make your promises for the future — even through the barrier of a foreign tongue; in witness of which let a French mother, whose two sons, her only children, have died for France, give her testimony:—

'There have been here, in Paris,' she writes, 'many touching expressions of the gratitude of our French people to-

ward America. The first soldiers who arrived here have been greeted with extraordinary manifestations of the most ardent patriotic joy. In return, those fine, handsome men have endeared themselves to us by traits which reveal the nobility of their character.

'I myself have been by a mere chance the object of one of these manifestations, and it has moved me so deeply that I must tell you all about it.

'I was waiting at the corner of l'Avenue du Trocadéro, all alone, standing on the edge of the sidewalk, wrapped in my sombre mourning clothes. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. I was not thinking of the rides organized through Paris for the American boys, when, all of a sudden, an auto-bus appeared, decorated with the American and Allies' flags, and carrying at least forty of your soldiers. A *poilu*, one of our men, was driving, and next to him sat a non-commissioned American officer, who, seeing me, took off his hat and, with a deep gesture, saluted me. All the soldiers in the bus rose and repeated the salute.

'Behind this car at least twenty more autos followed, the occupants of which, one after the other, repeated the beautiful and touching homage to my dead sons, while smiling to me with an air both sad and resolute. I saluted them also, and understood well that they wished to say to me, "We have come to fight for them, to complete the task they have begun!" And I wished to tell them, "Courage et merci!"

'Was not this a beautiful beginning for all those valiant fellows? You can well be proud of them, for we feel it a glory to have at our side such soldiers in this struggle for Right and Liberty.'

What may one say of an incident so beautiful? It is a deep spontaneous tribute offered from the heart of one nation, and received into the heart of another, and is beyond words or comment. And one is glad to note that the salute

was given by a non-commissioned officer, and by the rank and file. Fate has all at once touched a hidden spring, and the old quiet times of yesterday have suddenly shot up very tall and very terrible before us. But thank God! He has touched an answering spring in the hearts of the young men, so that they too have leaped up, tall and heroic, to face the terror and greatness of the hour. The youth of the world is seeing and hearing something to-day that many an older person has failed to perceive. It is sad for those who are left behind, but it is not sad for the men themselves to offer their lives at the climax of youth, for the sake of a great adventure. It is sad to fear to make the offer, or to make it grudgingly, not knowing that there is a great adventure afoot, that the kingdom of Heaven has come nigh unto us.

Maurice Barrès in his paper, 'Young Soldiers of France,' says, 'Tracts of the French soul which had long lain fallow in us are beginning to be fruitful once again; and these young men have won inner riches which we, their elders, had lost. . . . Acceptance of sacrifice, the consciousness of a great Presence at one's side — we come across these again and again. . . . To-night we leave for the trenches. To-night I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand. You know who is watching over me.' Shall our young soldiers fail to climb to the heights to which these others have ascended? And who would dare to hold them back from the attempt?

O little company of boys romping down Ryefield Hill! My eyes are dazzled by the glory that you are faring forth to meet! That old picture of the past is caught now and flashed upon by the splendor of the present. That is not our old Ryefield, it is the field of honor that you are racing down; and that which bounds on before you is not a barrel, it is a shining ideal of the

nations set a-rolling for all time, and for all humanity! O little company! Good luck to you! Good luck in the Great Adventure!

And what about you, little niece, looking forth from your picture so gay and so confident, with your kitten in your arms? How has the war-giant bound you to these little boys? What does it all mean to you? It means that those soldiers there beside you are fighting to preserve that look of confidence and gayety on your small face; that they are fighting to make the world safe, not only for democracy, but for other things as well—for little nieces, for instance, and for all the warm and lovely things of life and the spirit.

Little girl, stop hugging your kitten for a single moment and bestow upon

the little boys at your side a look of admiration and gratitude! No, you will not do it now, for you are only five and are still too busy with your hollyhock ladies; but in the years to come, when your skirts are lengthened and your curls put up, I know that you, together with all the maidens of that time, will take the cup of life from the hand of youth with a certain high reverence and a deep and passionate consecration, knowing that it is a sacred communion cup, a gift to you from the little boys beside you; and, lifting it high, you shall pray that you may be enabled to quaff it worthily in remembrance of the death and passion of all the glorious young men whose blood was shed for you and for many, in the years of the great agony.

AUF WIEDERSEHN, BERLIN!

BY ADELE N. PHILLIPS AND RUSSELL PHILLIPS

I

HE was tall, and of that distressing thinness which we had come to know so well. His carriage was most military, although the painful limp with which he walked interfered with the habitual stiffness of his bearing. The right sleeve of his coat hung empty from the shoulder, and two fingers were missing from the hand thrust through the left. There was a profusion of bluish powder marks clustered about the disfiguring scar of his student days at the side of his jaw. He was a petty officer, who had been disabled in the first terrific rush through Belgium, already

ensconced in a niche in the government service. He saluted with military precision, and awkwardly fumbled in the inside pocket of his coat with his poor, maimed hand, and drew forth a sheath of formidable-looking documents.

'The respected American Frau has a summer villa at Wannsee, not?' he boomed in a great bass voice, the one thing left to him of his former impressiveness. 'It is forbidden that she occupy it. The respected American Frau has a sister living in — Strasse, not? It is forbidden that she visit this sister without a permit from the police. The respected American Frau has a number of friends living in — Strasse,

not? It is forbidden that she communicate with them, with or without a permit. The American Frau has her food-card registered, not? The card must be changed for a *Bezugschein* [buying permit]. The American Frau and her husband must report twice weekly at the police station to sign an *Ausweis*. Above all, the American Frau and her husband are forbidden to express themselves in any way to friends or neighbors.'

He again salutes with a trace of his former grandeur, and is gone.

It was our first real taste of war. Hitherto we had been living as quietly in Berlin as in any city in America. We had not been molested in any way, although we could not fail to notice the increasing bitterness toward the 'silent enemy,' as the people termed America. We had watched with anxious eyes the gathering clouds and had dreaded the breaking of the storm. To the very last moment we had hoped that diplomacy would find some way out of the difficulty.

Contrary to the general expectation in this country, that the authorities would repress President Wilson's great message or blue pencil it into a harmless scrap of paper, the message was printed in full. For several days after the declaration of war and the publication of the message, the Americans in Berlin were very nervous. Knowing well the temper of the populace, we expected an outbreak. But there was no demonstration of any kind, and in a day or two we walked the streets without fear. It seemed as if the people had become so used to ultimatums and declarations that they took them as a matter of course.

As for the message as a whole, it was resented as an impertinence. Whatever comment it did arouse, its critics could not say that the noble phrases of President Wilson were not received with

respect. Bitterly as they have come to hate him, deep in their hearts the German people respect the President. They know him as a teacher and a philosopher, at one time the president of a great university, and as such receive his word with deference. Time and time again in intellectual circles of Berlin we have heard the relative merits as leaders of Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson discussed, with the verdict always in favor of the President.

In his message President Wilson said that America 'had taken up the gage of battle with the natural foe of liberty . . . to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of the peoples, the German peoples included.' These phrases were the ones most resented in Berlin. The German people have the same erroneous opinion of their freedom that they have of their democracy. A country in which a Bundesrat represents the government of the individual states of the Empire, and the legislative functions are invested in a body — the Reichstag — elected by universal suffrage, and in which ministers can be changed at will, — they do not say whose will, — the Germans claim is a true democracy and free in every sense of the word.

The consensus of opinion at the time of the receipt of the message was that the Germans were cultured enough to select the form of government which they best liked, and wished no other thrust upon them. They claimed that theirs was the only true democratic spirit, and that if it were not, the country would not have thrived so prodigiously. They alluded with pride to the fame of their universities, and to the respect with which their teachings and doctrines were received. If a truer democracy or a superior form of government could have been devised, it would have emanated from these great institutions. They never could be

brought to realize that the whole world has armed itself for protection against the insufferable doctrines preached in these same institutions.

They openly scoff at the charge that the destiny of the universities is directed by the Emperor's mighty hand, and that no law or philosophy of which he disapproves may be promulgated. By the simple removal of the exponent of the particular principles which are distasteful to him, the Emperor maintains the form of democracy which pleases him. Thus has he reduced his people to mere units, who are content with the doctrines he dictates, and do not recognize the 'selfish and autocratic power' that he holds over them.

If there shall be a revolt against this august personage, it will not have its origin in Berlin. Rarely are the harrowing phases of the war revealed to the people of the metropolis. Berlin is coddled, pampered. The burden that is imposed on her is not as heavy as that borne by other municipalities. Her food-supply is greater, and the restrictions are not as tightly drawn. The cities in the extreme North are lifeless. Unable to contribute their share to the great conflict, they are neglected, a greater toll of man-power being exacted from them. Photographs were shown in private circles of the 'long-shore women of Cuxhaven being driven like sheep to load the ships with supplies; mere shapeless snags of women — flat-chested and devoid of feminine grace, slouching along with unwomanly disregard of their appearance. And yet, only three years ago these coarse, frowsy creatures were noted for the sturdiness of their carriage and a certain rugged voluptuousness. The government considered these photographs of sufficient importance to make a house-to-house search in the district for copies of them and to arrest the holder of the negative.

The bitter discontent of the Southern cities is not apparent in Berlin. The poverty is more successfully hidden. Fewer bread and fuel riots have been reported in this city than in other places, where the factories have turned blank fronts for the past two years. Now and then there is an attempt by the authorities to force things, 'whoop her up,' as one hears at the camp-meetings; to make people forget their troubles. Shortly after Mr. Gerard's departure a slight military gain, which had been magnified by the government into a great victory, was seized upon as an occasion to enhearten the burghers. Berlin broke into bunting, and there was a great deal of handshaking and a mighty chorus of 'Hochs' in the neighborhood of Wilhelmstrasse, with a feebler echo from the people. Restrictions were removed for the day, and an attempt was made to revive the old street-dancing. 'Berlin *wachelt* [fox-trots] in the face of her enemies,' was the way the papers described it next day. Yes, the city was gay; but it was like a re-dyed carpet, brilliant in spots, with the worn and faded portions painfully visible at the seams and edges.

The shops of Berlin, once the most splendid in the world, show a more complete line of goods than is carried in most cities of Germany. In many of the departments the merchandise displayed is very little less than in normal times: but that, perhaps, is due to the government restriction of purchases. One may not buy what one wishes without governmental sanction. In other towns the depleted stock has not been replenished, and the stores have had to close in consequence. Goods for which merchants in other large cities have clamored in vain are freely displayed in Berlin, and in some cases the restriction is publicly winked at. All discontent primarily radiates from a centre of opinion and sentiment. Ber-

lin is the fount from which dissatisfaction would naturally flow. Therefore, the official hand is not as heavily placed on her as on her sister cities.

What really bothered the Germans more than the declaration of war by America was the fear of the embargo on food shipped from the United States to neutral countries, which has since gone into effect. Official Germany, while secretly raging at the English blockade and openly sneering at it as ineffective, had no real fear of it so long as the adjoining neutral states could import American food and ship their own across the borders. The man on the street was keenly aware of this, and eagerly scanned the bulletins for news of the establishment of the American embargo.

The food bought on government cards was of the coarsest, the simple necessities which we had come to regard as great delicacies being shipped or smuggled into the country from Denmark or Holland. Naturally, if the embargo on food shipped to these countries was established, the shipments to Germany would decrease, and both the army and the people would suffer.

When we left Berlin this subject was being widely discussed, as the date set for the proposed embargo was fast approaching. The people had been glutted on the so-called victories, which had never resulted in getting anywhere, and were beginning to recognize the seriousness of the situation. The official hand cannot chuck Berlin under the chin much longer.

II

It is not food only that is lacking in the city. Fuel is very scarce, and the inhabitants await with much dread the coming of the winter. Last winter we practically lived in one room; the children dressing and undressing in it,

then scuttling into the cold bedrooms and jumping into bed. Ours was supposed to be a steam-heated apartment; but early in the winter the landlord made a sweeping reduction in rent, providing us with a stove that was more often gray than red. We are very close observers and have a wide experience, and in view of the lack of fuel and the protracted shortage of food, we do not see how the civic population can hold out another winter.

As for ourselves, we had fared better than the majority of the natives, who, despite the food-cards, influence, or social position, were unable to obtain the simple delicacies at our command. In the first year of the war and in face of the growing shortage, no unusual restrictions were placed on the supplies, although the dictatorship was immediately established. Confidence in a short and victorious war was unshaken and undue economy was not thought essential. No one really suffered, and there was no appreciable decrease in supplies; nothing but a rapidly rising wave of indignation at the increasing prices.

It was not until the second year of the war that we felt the taut rein, and then it really did not touch us. Our government card enabled us to buy at the stores, and also we could buy in greater quantities on the side, from dealers who would not sell to most German housewives for fear of being reported for extortion. While our neighbors bemoaned a shortage in everything, very rarely were we refused anything.

The beginning of the third year of the war found the shortage acute. The rigid mathematical lines of people maintained by the police before the stores were very difficult to control, and more than once they broke away and gathered in ominous groups to discuss the situation. Sometimes, after hours of weary waiting, the purchaser departed empty-handed, the supplies

in that particular shop having given out. It was bad enough to wait for hours in a line for the privilege of paying 2 marks 40 pfg. for a pound of horse-meat, only to be gruffly told that there was no more; to rush madly to the stores which sold broth made from the same meat at 40 pfg. a quart, and find that it also was all sold.

About this time the much-spoken-of substitutes for food were placed on the market: ill-tasting messes, which contained little or no nourishment and from which one turned away in disgust. They were all very wonderful, these concoctions of German science and efficiency, greatly impressing the commissioners, newspaper correspondents, and investigators sent by other governments. But they did not have to subsist on the messes. They could get out of the country.

The cheapest and most popular of these were the mussel sausage, a terrible concoction of ground mussels and spices which had been subjected to some chemical process, and in which lingered a trace of the combination; fish sausage, slightly different in taste and most unappetizing; and rabbit sausage, about the most palatable of the sausage substitutes, and, consequently, prohibitive in price.

Chunks of dried sea-lion meat were shipped into the country in the manner of jerked beef. Soaked for a number of hours, and cut into small pieces, it was made into a stew with onions. Some people thickened the gravy and served it with *Spetzel*, a South German dumpling made of flour, but, alas, no eggs as in the past. After one or two attacks of nausea people came to like the concoction. It filled a vacuum, and that is everything when one's head is light from a still lighter diet. The same meat corned and called *Robbin's Fleisch* was sold, and served in slices, at four marks a pound. It was a very good imitation

of corned beef, better than stewed, and could be eaten cold on bread. As the potatoes became scarce, the bread which had been doled out on allowance began to deteriorate in quality. As long as it was composed of twenty per cent of potato-flour it was not bad, and served to satisfy the children when spread with malt extract, in place of sugar or syrup, or with the famous *Kriegsmarmalad*, a marmalade made of saccharine, beets, tomatoes, and turnips, colored red. With the reduction of the potato-flour in the bread, coarser grains were added; but now five per cent sawdust and five per cent flour ground from straw are used. In consequence people are suffering greatly from anemia; stomach-troubles are on the increase, especially ulcers of the stomach, and thread-worms, *spitzeschwanzwurm*, unusual in adults, are increasing past human endurance.

The famous *Süsse*, or fresh butter, entirely disappeared from the tables in the second year of the war. A very poor quality of Danish butter, such as is exported from Denmark to the tropics in tins, was smuggled into the country and sold as high as 8 to 10 marks the pound tin. It had the consistency of vaseline, which it resembled, and to our minds tasted very much like it. Spread beneath the sticky and sickeningly sweet preparations, it passed. For frying purposes it was useless, ruining everything that was fried in it; for, no matter how much it was shaken, dried out, or flavored, the rancid flavor clung to it still. A pound tin was very small and did not go very far; but by a judicious adding of a quantity of flour and the yolk of an egg it could be doubled in quantity.

Chickens became very rare and beyond reach of the poor. Crows and seagulls, shown and plainly labeled in the markets, were considered great delicacies and were eagerly purchased by

the people who could afford them. No venison had appeared in the markets for months, and when a lone haunch was temptingly displayed, ten to twelve marks a pound was asked. For that matter, all the better cuts of meat brought the same price. The cheaper cuts, sold on government cards at two to three marks a pound, were very coarse and tough, and could be used only for stews and goulash. As it was, these cuts were bought by many of the best families in the city.

The government, once so strict in the regulation of the slaughter-houses, is winking at the use of diseased cattle for food. Rigid inspection is a thing of the past. Slightly tuberculous beef was sold in the poorer districts, and meat that would have been rejected as too dangerous to use in any form was boiled and condensed to a gelatine for broths and soups, and sold to the very poor.

An occasional hog was smuggled into the city and fattened in the cellar. This was the greatest violation of regulations that the authorities had to contend with — cellar-hoarding. Lately they were inclined to wink at it if the government got its share on a fifty-fifty basis. If a hog was kept on the premises, the government meat-card was confiscated, and the owner was required to feed the animal according to government regulation. If the householder was the fortunate possessor of a cow, he was not permitted to buy milk or butter. In the past year a cow has been an honored member of more than one palatial residence, leading a pampered existence in the courtyard. Permits to raise chickens on the balconies were granted; but the eggs had to be handed over to the government.

There has been no coffee in the market for two years, its place being taken by a preparation of browned barley, acorns, and white carrots, called *Rote-*
VOL. 120—NO. 4

bega, the aroma of which is very much like coffee, but the taste, oh, so different! The government allowance of sugar was one pound a week for a household. We experienced no difficulty, however, in buying large quantities from the hoarders at four to five marks a pound. Rice too has disappeared from the shelves in the stores; rice which the German Hausfrau loves, and which she served in so many tempting forms: boiled in cream, fruit-puddings, frozen rice-custard, and rice gelatine à la *crème*. In the early part of the year the head of our house became ill and was ordered on a rice diet. After days of weary hunting and much whispered direction, five pounds of rice were discovered in a distant store and forty marks gladly paid for them.

Throughout the city small laundries have slowly closed up. There was no laundry soap to be had at any price, and the preparations of potash substitutes furnished by the government rusted and rotted the clothes. Soapstone was used for a time, and it was not an unusual sight to see some muscular laundress vigorously soapstoning a dainty piece of linen until it fell into holes in her efforts to get it clean. Toilet soap was almost as rare as the dodo bird, eight to ten marks being asked for a piece of the commonest kind.

The leather-supply also reached a low ebb. The inferior leather used in the shoes did not last very long. A shoe-card was issued by the government, allowing one pair of shoes to each family every two months. If the card was presented within the time-limit marked, the dealer, in fear of a heavy fine, referred the purchaser to the police. Last winter we were refused in every instance, and were compelled to rake through the closet for discarded shoes whose uppers would warrant soling. As it was, we could not find a whole pair of soles in Berlin. The shoes were

patched with six pieces of leather, held together by rivets manufactured for the purpose, for which the shoemaker charged us twelve marks, more than the original cost of the shoes. The same small pieces are sold in sets of ten, eight for the sole and two for the heel, thereby enabling the women to make the repairs at home.

As has been stated, we had no trouble in procuring supplies, such as they were. Having no fear of being reported by an American family, one dealer sold us at one time one hundred pounds of an American cereal and two hundred and fifty pounds of onions. The latter were a godsend, and although we were compelled to eat them in every form, — boiled, fried, stuffed, and creamed, — we were very grateful. Then a friend, also an American, made frequent trips to Denmark, returning with delicacies which the wealthiest German would have bartered his soul for, and which he smuggled into the country with the greatest ease because of his being an American.

This gentleman's fondness for news from the outside world more than once came near being his undoing. He bought all papers and traveled any distance to get news. All papers were procurable at the hotels up to May of the present year. People have marveled that, with so rigid a censorship, foreign papers were permitted to be sold. The German people bear a marked resemblance to the ostrich. They do not read the foreign papers, and the few who do would not believe the reports printed therein. On occasions when the German army met with a reverse, the papers were seized and the newsdealer bore the loss.

On a day when supplies were very scarce and the patience of the people was being sorely tried, our neighbor came along the street reading his English paper. Happening to stop in front

of a store before which a number of people were lined up, he was approached by the policeman in charge, who asked for the news. His eye lighted on a full-page advertisement of the Selfridge Department Store in London, and he asked the American to translate it.

'Ham, one shilling and sixpence a pound,' he read; 'not more than ten pounds to a customer.' '*Ach Schinken!*' exclaimed the policeman, throwing his arms aloft in an ecstasy of despair. 'When have I tasted *Schinken!* *Hören Sie,*' he called to the waiting people, '*die Schweine, die Viecher,* still sell ten pounds of ham to a person.'

And amid a chorus of incredulous *Achs!* our neighbor passed on. Looking backward, he saw that the once corpulent policeman was being supported by a couple of men. The thought of ten pounds of ham sold all at once was too much for him.

III

The declaration of war made very little difference in our social life. We had been always freely received, and only occasionally did we run across any person who resented the American attitude in the great conflict. Naturally, there were individuals who felt strongly enough in the matter to take exception to our presence; but none of our family was openly affronted. We attended Red Cross meetings and worked beside women who had been bereft of husbands, sons, and brothers.

At one of these meetings we met an American girl, Dorothy Seiter, whom for the longest time we could not understand. She had come to Berlin in 1915, to study music. She was more German than the Germans, surprising the ladies present by her radical criticism of the land in which she was born.

She declared in very emphatic tones that she was wholly ashamed of Amer-

ica's performance in the war; that it was nothing more than a mercenary attitude; that it was criminal to ship ammunition; that the politicians were controlled by English capital; and that if she were behind that old President Wilson she'd bet he would put an embargo on the ammunition to the Allies.

We did not understand her attitude, but reserved our decision. Soon after we learned that the girl had fallen in love with a certain Herr Leutnant, who was at home on furlough. She was hopelessly in love with her bronzed soldier, and would have blown up every ordnance plant in America which manufactured the bullets which some day might deprive her of her lover.

Dorothy visited us very frequently, and once came in company with her Herr Leutnant, an exceedingly disagreeable man, who seemed to think that he was committing an act of treason by entering the house of an English-speaking family. Shortly after the visit he returned to the front, and the girl came to us broken-hearted. She was more anti-American than ever, and one or the other of us would have given her a sound shaking if we dared. As it was, she met with a very cold reception, which did not seem to embarrass her. As long as we permitted her to babble of the bravery of her Herr Leutnant, she was oblivious to anything else.

It was the Dorothys in Berlin that gave the German people a most erroneous impression of the true state of affairs. On their vaporings the people built up great hopes of internal intervention, and the assistance of the five hundred thousand reserves supposed to be residing in the United States. The people had come to regard the great German-American municipalities as colonies, which could be relied upon in an emergency. How else could things go in a land where newspapers printed in German daily published criticism of

the government? The awakening was very rude and sudden.

About this time the news was printed in the Berlin papers of the arrival of American soldiers in France. The people were disinclined to believe it, having the same respect for our military preparedness which they had for the English, whose miserable first hundred thousand they had speedily wiped out. Very eagerly we studied the papers for news of the disposition of these soldiers, and the ink had not been dried before we read of the terrible slaughter which had occurred. The German soldiers had welcomed with joy the coming of these 'recruits,' who had been rushed to the front as soon as the clothes were provided to cover them decently. And this report was published in the face of the first letter we had read in a Berlin paper, from a mother who passionately protested against boys of seventeen and eighteen being sent to the front after only six weeks of training. In a day or so we read reports of the congestion of the field-hospitals with the American soldiers, who had been mowed down as soon as they entered the trenches. We were not very much distressed by these reports, as we had learned to take all great German victories with a grain of salt. On our arrival in this country we learned that similar rumors had been spread here, and, what seemed strange to us, had been credited, an official denial being necessary to put them to rest.

Toward the end of June we were reported to the police as anti-German. At first we suspected Dorothy; but, later, we found that it was our Fräulein, a governess whom we had had in our employ for five years. In a thoughtless moment the head of the house had boasted that as far back as two years ago the *Auswärtigen Amt* was afraid that American engineers would be sent to rebuild and reorganize Russia. Also he

begged to differ when the Fräulein emphatically said that the U-boats would finish England in six weeks. Therefore, she indignantly rose from the table and stalked from the room. We had no idea that she would report us, as she was so very pleasant next day. We were sure that she loved the children too dearly to jeopardize the liberty of their parents. She is what General Hindenburg called a *Miesmacher* (trouble-maker), not a peacemaker.

But report us she did, and the police appeared at our door and ordered us to report at once at the station house. Here we were questioned closely and dismissed with a warning. We had been calling twice weekly at the station to have our *Ausweis* stamped; now we were commanded to appear twice daily, morning and evening, to report. When we reached home we found that some one had been there in our absence, and while the Fräulein had enticed the children into the *Frau Portier's* rooms, had thoroughly searched the apartment.

Now that we had been drawn into the-meshes of the great German secret service, we felt strangely helpless. The head of the house called the Fräulein in and questioned her; but she denied any knowledge of the presence of the searchers. Indeed, despite indisputable evidence of strangers having been in the apartment, she openly scoffed at the idea, reluctantly admitting that, if searchers had been there, they were, perhaps, hoard-inspectors. Only the week before, she said, glibly, inspectors had made a raid in the apartment of the family above and secured a quantity of flour, sugar, and cereals. But the fact did not reassure us, and after a whispered consultation we decided to pull stakes and, after an absence of fifteen years, return to our native land.

We knew that we were watched; each

day we became more aware of it. Not only did we suspect the Fräulein; but certain dark-clothed men had a way of springing unawares out of dark corners of the hall and apologizing profusely after staring suspiciously at us. The children were becoming frightened and we were growing very nervous under the strain.

Judge, then, the joy that we felt when Señor —, an attaché of the Spanish Legation in Berlin, called on us and reported that an inquiry had been made by the United States Government at Madrid concerning our welfare and asking for full particulars about us. Oh, the blessings we showered on the strong arm which stretched across the sea in protection of its citizens absent these fifteen years.

We informed Señor — of the true state of affairs and asked his advice. He was non-committal, but said he would return in a day or two and inform us of the intention of the government. He did return within that time and with a copy of a cablegram from the State Department, requesting us to leave Berlin immediately.

The same day the name of Dorothy's Herr Leutnant appeared in the list of those reported killed, and the girl came to us weeping bitterly. With the cause of her unnatural bitterness against her native land removed, there seemed to awaken in the girl a strange and intense longing to see its shore. After her grief had subsided, we informed her of our intended departure. She immediately announced her intention of returning also, and asked permission to travel with us.

On the first day of July we applied for permission to leave the country. The day after, we were summoned to the police station and went through the same rigorous examination as to our purpose in leaving the country. We had a long and elaborate excuse pre-

pared; but when the question was bluntly put to the head of the house, he forgot all about it and as bluntly replied that the State Department in America had cabled us to come home. This seemed to impress the official and he asked no further questions. He gave us the permission to leave, at the same time forbidding us to remove from the city any of our household belongings. He also informed us that an inspector would call upon us and personally destroy all commercial books and stationery. No papers except those furnished by the police would be permitted to be carried, and all cards, even to 'At Home' announcements, must be surrendered. No more than a thousand marks was to be allowed to each person, which, considering the depreciation of the mark, seemed a ridiculously small sum of money to allow a person for a journey of four thousand miles. However, we realized the uselessness of argument and left the station promising to obey all commands.

Luckily for us there was a Red Cross meeting at our house that afternoon. When the members were called to order we announced our intention of leaving Berlin for all time. In the fifteen years we had resided in the city we had made some very charming friends, and there was great regret expressed at our determination to return to America. True to the frugal instincts characteristic of the German people, the ladies seemed as greatly worried about the fate of our furniture as about the perils that might arise on the long voyage.

Up to that time we had not given much thought to our worldly goods; but now we announced that we would take an inventory of the furniture and dispose of it at private sale. We had refurnished just before the war, at great expense. Thanks to the care of the well-trained German servant, the stuff was in splendid condition. In

the eagerness of the women present to inspect the furniture, we realized for the first time to what straits the people of the city are reduced to secure necessities for the household.

Some of the ladies ran into the drawing-room — ours was an eight-room apartment, and we did the Red Cross work in the nursery — to inspect rugs, paintings, piano, and furniture. Here was an opportunity to make purchases without the everlasting card, and they proposed to make them. It was not until a more considerate friend warned us to keep secret all information of the proceeds realized, that the limitation of the amount of money we could take out of the country occurred to us. After that we conducted things very quietly.

There was some very active bidding among the ladies for the furniture, and some little feeling was aroused. Frau Komerseirrat Spengler implored us to reserve the dining-room set for her. Frau Geheimrat Asch begged us to save it for her, informing us in an impressive whisper that her husband had made a great fortune in governmental *Lichtspiel*, — moving-pictures advantageously representing the government cause, — and was able to pay any price we asked. She was about to buy a new dining-room set when war was declared; but upon advice she decided to wait. Now there was not a decent set of furniture of any kind in the stores, nothing but veneer and lacquer.

Frau Sanitätsrat Wiederholt, the wife of one of the leading physicians in the city, who was suspected of fattening geese in her cellar and selling them at an exorbitant price, offered to buy all the rugs on the spot. As in all wars, the rich have grown richer and the poor, poorer; but the great middle class of Berlin had discovered ways to equalize their incomes. One of them is fattening creatures of any food-value in

the cellars of their homes. Like Frau Sanitätsrat Wiederholt, another of our friends, the widow of a member of the Bourse, who fell in the first year of the war, has made a tidy little fortune from fattening pigeons and raising rabbits.

In the early stages of the war, when the government demanded all household copper, in company with others we had surrendered ours, although as foreigners we were not called upon to do so. In its place we had bought aluminum—an ordinary set such as you see displayed in any department store. A couple of months before, the government had issued an order forbidding the use of metals in kitchen utensils and confiscating all on sale. Never shall we forget the almost wistful eagerness of these women to possess our one little set of aluminum pots. We have left some very good friends behind; but none who will think of us more kindly than the half dozen women to each of whom we gave one aluminum pot, and who smuggled them out of the house as carefully and secretly as if they had been the crown jewels.

We received fabulous prices for our goods. An oriental rug that had cost us one thousand marks brought five thousand; another, which we had picked up in Florence for fifteen hundred marks, we parted with reluctantly at eight thousand. The dining-room set, which had originally cost four thousand marks, sold for just double that sum. The wall tapestries in our living-room, which were most unpretentious for a Berlin home of its class and had been acquired at various times, at a cost to us of eight thousand marks,

were considered a bargain at fifteen thousand.

It seemed a shame to take such excessive profit; but when you think of the great depreciation of the mark and the length of time it may take to recover anything like its real value, the sale of household goods will not seem quite so much like the betrayal of our friends. The mark has fallen into disfavor throughout Europe. In Denmark they still accept it at fifty per cent of its face-value; but in Norway and Sweden, the countries which have profited most by Germany's misfortune, they positively refuse to accept it at all. It was well for us that we were able to get some American gold in exchange at the Spanish Embassy, or we should have fared badly.

It was our last day in Berlin. Our numerous friends had called and bidden us a tearful farewell. Our meagre little stock of wearing apparel was packed, and we were waiting for Dorothy, who proposed to return to America with us. But the authorities would not permit the girl to leave the country. They were suspicious of her excessive pro-Germanism, her great zeal in behalf of their own cause, her continual disparagement and condemnation of her native land. They thought that it masked a deeper and more subtle motive. Therefore, Dorothy must live within a proscribed area in Berlin, report twice daily at the station house to sign her *Ausweis*, and is forbidden to communicate with her friends. But she had obtained a special permit to accompany us to the railroad station, where we left her standing, weeping bitterly, as we said, '*Auf wiedersehn, Berlin.*'

THE CHALLENGE TO NAVAL SUPREMACY

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

I

IN a letter to William Pitt, of January 6, 1806, relating to his invention of a submersible boat, Robert Fulton wrote prophetically, 'Now, in this business, I will not disguise that I have full confidence in the power which I possess, which is no less than to be the means, should I think proper, of giving to the world a system which must of necessity sweep all military marines from the ocean, by giving the weaker maritime powers advantages over the stronger, which the stronger cannot prevent.'

It is interesting to note that, about a hundred years later, Vice-Admiral Fournier of the French Navy stated before a Parliamentary committee of investigation that, if France had possessed a sufficient number of submersibles, and had disposed them strategically about her coasts and the coasts of her possessions, these vessels could have controlled the trade-routes of the world. He said also that the fighting value of a sufficient number of submersibles would reestablish the balance of power between England and France.

The history of naval warfare during the last few months has confirmed the opinions of these two authorities, although in a manner which they in no way anticipated.

Direct comparison is the ordinary method by which the human mind estimates values. We would measure the strength of two men by pitting them against each other in physical encounter; in the same way, we are prone to

measure the combative effect of weapons by pitting them in conflict against other weapons. But modern warfare is of so complex a nature that direct comparisons fail, and only a careful analysis of military experience determines the potentiality of a weapon and its influence on warfare. Robert Fulton and Admiral Fournier both indicated that they believed in the submersible's supremacy in actual encounter with capital ships. The war, so far, has shown that, in action between fleets, the submersible has played a negative part. In the Jutland Bank battle, the submersible, handicapped in speed and eyesight, took as active a part, as a Jack Tar humorously put it, 'as a turtle might in a cat fight.' Not even under the extraordinary conditions of the bombardment in the Dardanelles, when the circumstances were such as lent themselves strikingly to submarine attack, did these vessels score against the fleet in action.¹

It is easy to understand why the submersible did not take a vital part in any of the major naval actions. In the naval battle of to-day we have a number of very high-speed armored craft fighting against each other over ranges extending up to 17,000 yards. There is a constant evolution in the position of the ships which it is impossible to follow from the low point of vantage of a periscope, for the different formations

¹ The *Majestic* was torpedoed at the Dardanelles, while at anchor. The *Triumph* was torpedoed while moving slowly; both war-ships had out their torpedo nets. — THE AUTHOR.

of ships mean nothing to the submersible commander. He is so placed that his range of vision is extremely limited, and, on account of the low speed of his boat while submerged, he can operate over only a very limited area of water while the other vessels are moving many miles. Then, too, he is extremely vulnerable to the effect of enemy shells and to the ramming of enemy ships. Under these conditions, the submersible commander is more or less forced to a policy of lying ambushed to surprise his enemy. It is said that the *Lusitania* was decoyed into a nest of submersibles. There was but little chance of torpedoing her in any other way. There is also the statement that Admiral Beatty passed with his battle-cruisers through a flotilla of enemy submersibles without being touched.

Submersibles cannot attack their target in definite formations as do surface vessels, and therefore they cannot operate in numbers with the same effectiveness as the latter. They must manoeuvre more or less singly, and at random. Being limited to the torpedo, which, when they are submerged, is their sole weapon of attack, they have an uncertain means of striking their armed enemy. The eccentricities of the automobile torpedo are well known; but, even eliminating the fact that this missile is unreliable, the important question of accuracy in the estimate of range and speed which the submersible commander has to make before firing the torpedo must be considered. There is usually a large percentage of error in his calculations unless the submersible is extremely close to its target. Realizing these limitations, the German submersibles are equipped with small torpedoes, which are generally fired at ranges not exceeding eight hundred to two thousand yards. The necessity of approaching the target so closely is, of course, a tremendous handicap in the

general operation of these boats. In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the submersible should not have been able to sweep the capital ship from the seas, as was predicted by certain experts before the war.

II

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge regards the functions of defense by a navy as divisible into three main classifications. He says, 'The above-mentioned three divisions are called in common speech, coast defense, colonial defense, and defense of commerce.' From this classification we are given a hint as to what a sailor means by 'naval supremacy,' 'freedom of the seas,' and other terms so misused that to-day they mean nothing. 'Coast defense' means defense against invasion; 'colonial defense' means the safeguarding of distant possessions against enemy forces; the 'defense of commerce' means such supremacy on the seas as will insure absolute safety of the mercantile marine from enemy commerce-destroyers.

To-day every great nation is waging a trade war. The industrial competition of peace is as keen as the competition of war. All the great powers realized years ago that, to gain and keep their 'place in the sun,' it was necessary for them to construct navies that would insure to them a certain control of the seas for the protection of their commerce. In this way began the abnormal naval construction in which the powers have vied with one another for supremacy.

A simple way of looking at the question, what constitutes the power of a fleet, is to look upon the warship as merely a floating gun-platform. Even though this floating platform is the most complex piece of mechanism that was ever contrived by man, nevertheless its general function is simple. The war

has given us enough experience to convince us that the backbone of a navy is, after all, the heavily armored ship of moderately high speed, carrying a very heavy armament. This floating gun-platform is the structure best fitted to carry large guns into battle, and to withstand the terrific punishment of the enemy's fire. The battleship is to-day, notwithstanding the development of other types, queen of the seas. It is therefore not difficult to estimate the relative power of the fleets of different nations. In fact, a purely engineering estimate of this kind can be made, and the respective ranks of the world's naval powers ascertained. Germany has shown all through the war that she thoroughly appreciated British naval supremacy. Her fleet has ventured little more than sporadic operations from the well-fortified bases behind Heligoland. It was probably the pressure of public opinion, and not the expectation that she would achieve anything of military advantage, that forced her to send her high-sea fleet into conflict with the British squadrons off Jutland.

If one should examine the course of this battle, which has been represented by lines graphically showing the paths of the British and German fleets, one could easily see how the British imposed their will upon the Germans in every turn that these lines make. It reminds one very much of the herding of sheep, for the German fleet was literally herded on May 31, 1915, from 5.36 in the afternoon until 9 o'clock that night. Admiral von Scheer, however, fought the only action which it was possible for him to fight. It was a losing action, and one which he knew, from a purely mathematical consideration, could not be successful.

Through the very definiteness of this understanding of what constitutes naval strength, Great Britain's navy until recently has remained a great

potential force, becoming dynamic for only a few hours at Jutland, after which it returned to that mysterious northern base whence it seems to dominate the seas. Because of the potentiality of these hidden warships, thousands of vessels have traversed the ocean, freighted with countless tons of cargoes and millions of men for the Allies. Even at that psychological moment when the first hundred thousand were being transported to France, Germany refrained from a naval attack which might have turned the whole land campaign in her favor.

To-day, however, the world is awakening to a new idea of sea-power, to a new conception that will have a far-reaching influence on the future development of naval machinery.

Sir Cyprian Bridge has stated that one of the functions of a fleet is the defense of commerce. There is no more important function for a fleet than this. A nation may be subjugated by direct invasion, or it may be isolated from the world by blockade. If the blockade be sufficiently long, and effectively maintained, it will ruin the nation as effectively as direct invasion. Thus, in the maintenance of a nation's merchant marine on the high seas, its navy exercises one of its most vital functions. There can, therefore, be no naval supremacy for a nation unless its commerce is assured of immunity from considerable losses through the attack of its enemy. It is idle for us to speak of our naval supremacy over Germany, when our navies are failing in one of their most important functions, and when our commerce is suffering such serious losses. The persons best qualified to judge are those who are most anxious regarding the present losses in mercantile tonnage.

While it has been shown that the submersible of to-day, as a fighting machine, is considerably limited, and

in no sense endangers the existence of the capital ship, nevertheless in the new huge submersible it seems that the ideal commerce-destroyer has been found. This vessel possesses the necessary cruising radius to operate over sufficient distances to control important routes; it makes a surface speed great enough to run down cargo steamers, and has a superstructure to mount guns of considerable power (up to 6-inch). It embodies almost all the qualifications of the light surface cruiser, with the additional tremendous advantage of being able to hide by submergence. To be completely successful, it must operate in flotillas of hundreds in waters that are opaque to aerial observation. Germany has but a limited number of these submersibles, otherwise she would be able to crush the Allied commerce.

The ideal submersible commerce-raider should be a vessel of such displacement that she could carry a sufficient number of large guns in her superstructure to enable her to fight off the attack of surface destroyers and the smaller patrol craft.¹ She should be capable of cruising over a large radius at high speed, both on the surface and submerged. The super-submersible flotillas should comprise fifty or sixty of these units. The attack on the trade routes should be made by a number of flotillas operating at different points at unexpected times. To-day Germany has concentrated her submarine war particularly in the constricted waters about England. It is here that the shipping is most congested, and therefore the harvest is richest, but it is also easier to protect the trade routes over these limited areas of water by patrols, nets, and so forth, than it would be to protect the entire transoceanic length of the steamship lanes. If the submer-

¹ The Germans have in operation submersibles of 2000 tons displacement. — THE AUTHOR.

sible were capable of dealing directly with the destroyer in gun-fighting, a tremendous revolution would take place in the tactics of 'submarine swatting.' Then it would be difficult to see how the submersible could be dealt with.

Improvement in motive machinery is the vital necessity in the development of the submersible. The next few years may see unexpected strides taken in this direction. A great deal will also be accomplished in perfecting methods of receiving sounds under water, particularly in relation to ascertaining the direction of these sounds. When this is done, it will be possible for the submersible commander to tell a great deal about the position of the vessels above him, and thus his artificial ears will compensate to a great extent for his blindness. By the addition of a greater number of torpedo-tubes, and the improvement of their centralized control in the hand of the commander at the periscope, along lines which we are now developing, it will be possible for the submersible to achieve a greater effectiveness in its torpedo fire. Probably torpedoes will then be used only against the more important enemy units, such as battleships, cruisers, and the like. To be certain of striking these valuable targets would be worth expending a number of torpedoes in salvo fire.

Whether the German U-boat campaign succeeds or not will be largely a question of the number of submersibles that the Central Powers can put into service, and to what extent the submersible will be developed during the present war.

III

German submarines have sunk over 7,250,000 tons of the Allied shipping. In December, 1916, it was stated in

the British Parliament that the merchant marine of Great Britain had at that time over 20,000,000 tons. Within the first three months of the unrestricted submarine warfare, 1,100,000 tons of British shipping went to the bottom. At this rate, Great Britain would lose twenty-five per cent of her merchant marine per annum. It is for this reason that the attention of the entire world is concentrated upon the vital problem of the submarine menace. On land the Central Powers are still holding their ground, but there is a continuous increase of the forces of the Allies which should lead finally to such a preponderance of power as will overwhelm the forces opposed to them. The Allied armies, however, depend for their sustenance and supplies upon the freedom of the seas. The trade routes of the world constitute the arteries which feed the muscles of these armies. Germany is endeavoring to cut these arteries by the submarine. Should she even appreciably limit the supplies that cross the ocean to the Allies, she will bring about a condition that will make it impossible to augment their armies. In this way there will inevitably be a deadlock, which, from the German standpoint, would be a highly desirable consummation.

Obviously, the first method of handling the submarine problem would be to bottle the German undersea craft in their bases. There has been a number of proposals as to how best to accomplish this. It has been stated that the British Navy has planted mines in channels leading from Zeebrugge and other submarine bases; but it is necessary only to recall the exploits of the E-11 and the E-14 of the British Navy at the Dardanelles to see that it would not be impossible for the Germans to pass in their U-boats through these mine-fields into the open sea. It will be remembered that the E-11 and the

E-14 passed through five or more mine-fields, thence through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, and even into the Bosphorus, under seemingly impossible conditions. Yet, in spite of the tremendous risks that they ran, these boats continued their operations for some time, passing up as far as Constantinople, actually shelling the city, sinking transports, and accomplishing other feats which have been graphically described in the stories of Rudyard Kipling. And again, if the mine-fields were placed in close proximity to their bases, it would be comparatively easy for German submersibles of the Lake type, possessing appliances to enable divers to pass outboard when the vessel is submerged, to go out and cut away the mines and thus render them ineffective.

Nets also are used to hinder the outward passage of the submarine. These nets can in like manner be attacked and easily cut by devices with which modern U-boats are equipped. The problem of placing these obstacles is a difficult one, in view of the fact that the ships so engaged are harassed by German destroyers and other enemy craft. Outside of Zeebrugge, shallow water extends to a distance of about five miles from the coast, and it has been suggested that a large number of aircraft, carrying bombs and torpedoes, should be used to patrol systematically the channel leading from that port to deep water, with the intent of attacking the submersibles as they emerge from this base. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Germans would not be able to concentrate an equally large number of aircraft, to be supported also by anti-aircraft guns on the decks of destroyers and by the coast defenses. We have not yet won the supremacy of the air, and it must inevitably be misleading to base any proposition on the assumption that we are masters of that element.

The problem of bottling up the submersibles is enormously difficult, because it necessitates operations in the enemy's territory, where he would possess the superiority of power. I believe that the question of operations against the submarine bases is not a naval but a military one, and one which would be best solved by the advance of the Western left flank of the Allied armies.¹

The second method is to attack the submarines with every appliance that science can produce. In order to attack the submarine directly with any weapon, it is necessary first to locate it. This is a problem presenting the greatest difficulty, for it is by their elusiveness that the submarines have gained such importance in their war on trade. They attack the more or less helpless merchant ships, and vanish before the armed patrols appear on the scene.

Almost every suitable appliance known to physics has been proposed for the solution of the problem of submarine location and detection. As the submarine is a huge vessel built of metal, it might be supposed that such a contrivance as the Hughes induction balance could be employed to locate it. The Hughes balance is a device which is extremely sensitive to the presence of minute metallic masses in relatively close proximity to certain parts of the apparatus. Unfortunately, on account of the presence of the saline sea-water, the submersible is practically shielded by a conducting medium in which are set up eddy currents. Although the sea-water may lack somewhat in conductivity, it compensates for this by its volume. For this reason, the induction balance has proved a failure.

But another method of detecting the position of a metallic mass is by the use of the magnetometer. This device oper-

ates on the principle of magnetic attraction, and in laboratories on stable foundations it is extremely sensitive. But the instability of the ship on which it would be necessary to carry this instrument would render it impossible to obtain a sufficient degree of sensitiveness in the apparatus to give it any value. The fact that the submersible is propelled under water by powerful electric motors begets the idea that the electrical disturbances therein might be detected by highly sensitive detectors of feeble electrical oscillations. The sea-water, in this case, will be found to absorb to a tremendous extent the effects of the electrical disturbance. Moreover, the metallic hull of the submersible forms in itself an almost ideal shield to screen the outgoing effect of these motors.

Considerable and important development has been made in the creation of sensitive sound-receiving devices to hear the propeller vibrations and the mechanical vibrations that are present in a submersible, both of which are transmitted through the water. There are three principal obstacles to the successful use of such a device: when the submersible is submerged, she employs rotary not reciprocating prime-movers, being in consequence relatively quiet when running under water, and inaudible at any considerable distance; the noises of the vessel carrying the listening devices are difficult to exclude, as are also the noises of the sea, which are multitudinous; finally, the sound-receiving instruments are not highly directive, hence are not of great assistance in determining the position of the object from which they are receiving sounds.¹

¹ Big strides, however, have been made lately, in overcoming these shortcomings, and it would appear that the principle of sound-detection is the most hopeful one for us to follow. — THE AUTHOR.

¹ Since this paper was written, we have seen with interest that this is the strategy of to-day. — THE EDITORS.

To locate the submersible, aerial observation has been found useful. It is particularly so when the waters are clear enough to observe the vessel when submerged to some depth; but its value is less than might be supposed in the waters about the British Isles and Northern Europe, where there is a great deal of matter in suspension which makes the sea unusually opaque. The submersible, however, when running along the surface with only its periscope showing, is more easily detected by aircraft than by a surface vessel. Behind the periscope there is a characteristic small wake, which is distinguishable from above but practically invisible from a low level of observation. Many sea-planes are operating on the other side for the purpose of locating enemy submersibles and reporting their presence to the surface patrol craft.

In order to overcome the disadvantages of creating the periscope wake which I have mentioned, it is reported that the Germans have developed special means to allow the U-boats, when raiding, to submerge to a fixed depth without moving. To maintain any body in a fluid medium in a static position is a difficult matter, as is shown in the instability of aircraft. One of the difficult problems of the submersible has been to master the difficulties of its control while maintaining a desired depth. The modern submersible usually forces itself under water, while still in a slightly buoyant condition, by its propellers and by the action of two sets of rudders, or hydroplanes, which are arranged along its superstructure and which tend to force it below the surface when they are given a certain inclination; but should the engines stop, the diving rudders, or hydroplanes, would become ineffective, and, because of the reserve buoyancy in the hull, the vessel would come to the surface.

In order to maintain the vessel in a state of suspension under water without moving, it would be necessary to hold an extremely delicate balance between the weight of the submarine and that of the water which it displaces. Variations in weights are so important to the submersible that, as fuel is used, water is allowed to enter certain tanks to compensate exactly for the loss of the weight of the fuel. To obtain such an equilibrium, an automatic device controlled by the pressure of the water, which, of course, varies with the depth, is used. This device controls the pumps which fill or empty the ballast-tanks, so as to keep the relation of the submersible to the water which it displaces constant, under which condition the vessel maintains a fixed depth. The principle of this mechanism is, of course, old, and was first embodied in the Whitehead torpedo, which has a device that can be set so as to maintain the depth at which it will run practically constant. With the addition of a telescopic periscope, which can be shortened or extended at will, it will be possible for the U-boat to lie motionless, with only the minute surface of the periscope revealing her position.

IV

To attack the submersible is a matter of opportunity. It is only when one is caught operating on the surface, or is forced to the surface by becoming entangled in nets, that the patrol has the chance to fire upon it. Against this method of attack, modern submersibles have been improving their defenses. To-day they are shielded with armor of some weight on the superstructure and over part of the hull. They are also equipped with guns up to six inches in diameter, and, affording, as they do, a fairly steady base, they can outmatch in gun-play any of

the lighter patrol boats which they may encounter.

One of the important improvements which have been made has resulted in the increased speed with which they now submerge from the condition of surface trim. A submersible of a thousand tons displacement will carry about five hundred tons of water ballast. The problem of submerging is mainly that of being able rapidly to fill the tanks. On account of the necessity of dealing with large quantities of water in the ballast system, the European submersibles are equipped with pumps which can handle eight tons of water per minute.

Again, the speed which the electrical propulsion system gives the vessel on the surface greatly increases the pressure which the diving rudders can exert in forcing the submersible under water. This effect may be so marked that it becomes excessive, and Sueter emphasizes the point that vessels at high speed, when moving under water, may, on account of the momentum attained, submerge to excessive depths. To eliminate this tendency, there is a hydrostatic safety system which automatically causes the discharge of water from the ballast-tank when dangerous pressures are reached, thus bringing the submersible to a higher level where the pressure on the hull will not be so severe. From this it follows that the opportunity of ramming a submersible, or of sinking it by gunfire, is greatly minimized, since the vessel can disappear so rapidly.

A great deal has been attempted with nets. Fixed nets extend across many of the bodies of water around the British Isles. Their positions doubtless are now very well known to the Germans. The problem of cutting through them is not a difficult one. Moreover, the hull of the submersible has been modified so that the propellers

are almost entirely shielded and incased in such a way that they will not foul the lines of a net. There has also been a steel hawser strung from the bow across the highest point of the vessel to the stern, so that the submersible can under-run a net without entangling the superstructure. Some nets are towed by surface vessels. The process is necessarily slow, and to be effective the surface vessel must know the exact location of the submersible. Towing torpedoes or high explosive charges behind moving vessels has been developed by the Italian Navy, but the chances of hitting a submersible with such devices are not very great.

Bomb-dropping from aeroplanes can be practiced successfully under exceptional conditions only. In view of the fact that such bomb-dropping is exceedingly inaccurate, and that the charges carried are relatively small, this form of attack ordinarily would not be very dangerous for the submersible. Surface craft have also employed large charges of high explosives, which are caused to detonate by hydrostatic pistons upon reaching a certain depth. Patrol boats carry such charges in order to overrun the submersible, drop the charges in its vicinity, and by the pressure of the underwater explosion crush its hull. Since the pressure of an underwater explosion diminishes rapidly as the distance increases from the point of detonation, it would be necessary to place the explosive charge fairly close to the hull of the submersible to be certain of its destruction. To accomplish this, it would seem that the ideal combination would be the control of an explosive carrier by radio energy directly from an aeroplane. Thus we would have a large explosive charge under water, where it can most effectively injure the submersible, controlled by the guidance of an observer

in the position best suited to watch the movements of the submerged target.

The third method by which to frustrate the attack of the submersible is to give better protection to the merchant marine itself. While a great deal of ingenuity is being concentrated on the problem of thwarting the submersible, but little common sense has been used. While endeavoring to devise intricate and ingenious mechanisms to sink the submersible, we overlook the simplest safeguards for our merchant vessels. To-day the construction of the average ship is designed to conform to the insurance requirements. This does not mean in any way that the ship is so constructed as to be truly safe. Thousands of vessels which are plying the seas to-day are equipped with bulkheads which are absolutely useless because they do not extend high enough to prevent the water from running from one part of the ship to another when the ship is partially submerged. Then again, the pumping system is so arranged as to reach the water in the lower part of the hull when the ship is up by the head. Should the ship be injured in the forward part and sink by the head, these pumps would be unable to reach the incoming water before her condition had become desperate. There is a vessel operating from New York to-day worth approximately a million dollars, and if she were equipped with suitable pumps, which would cost about a thousand dollars, her safety would be increased about forty per cent. Her owners, however, prefer running the risk of losing her to expending a thousand dollars!

If the merchant vessels were made more torpedo-proof, it would be an important discouragement to the U-boat commander. During the past two years of the war, nineteen battleships have been torpedoed, and out of this

number only three have been sunk, showing that it is possible by proper construction to improve the hull of a ship to such an extent that it is almost torpedo-proof. While it may not be practicable, on account of the cost, to build merchant vessels along the lines of armed ships, nevertheless much could be done to improve their structural strength and safety; and since speed is an essential factor in circumventing torpedo attack, new cargo-carriers should be constructed to be as fast as is feasible.

So radically have conditions changed that to-day we have a superabundance of useless dreadnaught power. The smaller guns of some of these vessels, and their gun crews, would be far more useful on the merchant vessels than awaiting the far-off day when the German fleet shall venture forth again. The submersible must be driven below the surface by a superiority of gunfire on the part of the merchant marine and its patrols. In this way, the submersible would be dependent upon the torpedo alone, a weapon of distinct limitations. In order to use it effectively, the submersible must be not more than from eight hundred to two thousand yards from its target, and must run submerged at reduced speed, thus greatly lessening its potentiality for destruction. To-day submersibles are actually running down and destroying merchant vessels by gunfire. If merchant vessels carried two high-speed patrol launches equipped with three-inch guns of the Davis non-recoil type, and these vessels were lowered in the danger zone as a convoy to the ship, such a scheme would greatly lessen the enormous task of the present patrol. In the event of gunfire attack by a submersible, three vessels would be on the alert to answer her fire instead of one: an important factor in discouraging submersibles from surface attack!

The future of the submarine campaign is of vital importance. The prospect is not very cheerful. Laubeuf states that at the beginning of the war Germany had not over thirty-eight submersibles. This statement may be taken with a grain of salt; the Germans do not advertise what they have. It is probable, however, that to-day they have not more than two hundred submersibles in operation. Over four thousand patrol boats are operating against this relatively small number, and yet sinkings continue at an alarming rate. It is estimated that Germany will be able to produce a thousand submersibles in the coming year and man these vessels with crews from her blockaded ships. This will be a tremendous addi-

tion to the number she has now in operation. The greater the number of submersibles she has in action, the greater the area the submarine campaign will cover. The number of patrol vessels will have to be increased in direct proportion to the area of the submarine zone. Since a large number of patrol boats has to operate against each submersible, it will be seen that a tremendous fleet will have to be placed in commission to offset a thousand submersibles.

Thus the problem becomes increasingly difficult, and the protection of the trade route will be no more thoroughly effected than it is to-day — unless we overwhelm the enemy by a tremendous fleet of destroyers.

FRANCE, 1916-1917: AN IMPRESSION

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

It was past eleven, and the packet had been steady for some time when we went on deck and found her moving slowly in bright moonlight up the haven toward the houses of Le Havre. A night approach to a city by water has the quality of other-worldness. I remember the same sensation twice before: coming in to San Francisco from the East by the steam-ferry, and stealing into Abingdon-on-Thames in a rowing-boat. Le Havre lay, reaching up toward the heights, still and fair, a little mysterious, with many lights that no one seemed using. It was cold, but the air already had a different texture, — drier, lighter than the air we had left, — and one's heart felt light and a little

excited. In the moonlight the piled-up, shuttered houses had coloring like that of flowers at night — pale, subtle, mother-o'-pearl. We moved slowly up beside the quay, heard the first French voices, saw the first French faces, and went down again to sleep.

In the Military Bureau at the station, with what friendly politeness they exchanged our hospital passes for the necessary forms! but it took two officials ten minutes of hard writing. And one thought, is victory possible with all these forms? It is so throughout France — too many forms, too many people to fill them up. As if France could not trust herself without recording in a spidery handwriting exactly

where she is, for nobody to look at afterward. But France *could* trust herself. A pity!

Our only fellow traveler was not a soldier, but had that indefinable look of connection with the war that is wrapped round almost every one in France. A wide land we passed, fallow under the November sky; houses hidden among the square Normandy courtyards of tall trees; not many people in the fields.

Paris is Paris, was, and ever shall be! Paris is not France. If the Germans had taken Paris they would have occupied the bodily heart, the centre of her circulatory system; but the spirit of France their heavy hands would not have clutched, for it never dwelt there. Paris is hard and hurried; France is not. Paris loves pleasure; France loves life. Paris is a brilliant stranger in her own land. And yet a lot of true French men and French women live there and many little plots of real French life are cultivated.

At the Gare de Lyon *poilus* are taking trains for the South. This is our first real sight of them in their tired glory. They look weary and dusty and strong; every face has character, no face looks empty, or as if its thought were being done by others. Their laughter is not vulgar or thick. Alongside their faces the English face looks stupid, the English body angular and neat. They are loaded with queer burdens, bread and bottles bulge their pockets; their blue-gray is prettier than khaki, their round helmets are becoming. Our Tommies, even to our own eyes, seem uniformed, but hardly two in all this crowd are dressed alike. The French soldier luxuriates in extremes: he can go to his death in white gloves and dandyism — he can glory in unshavenness and patches. The words *in extremis* seem dear to the French soldier; and *con amore* he passes from one extreme to the other. One of them stands gaz-

ing up at the board which gives the hours of starting and the destinations of the trains. His tired face is charming, and has a look that I cannot describe — lost, as it were, to all surroundings; a Welshman or a Highlander, but no Englishman, could look like that.

Our carriage has four French officers; they talk neither to us nor to each other; they sleep sitting well back, hardly moving all night; one of them snores a little, but with a certain politeness. We leave them in the early morning and descend into the windy station at Valence. In pre-war days romance began there when one journeyed: a lovely word, and the gate of the South. Soon after Valence one used to wake and draw aside a corner of the curtain and look at the land in the first level sunlight: a strange land of plain, and far, yellowish hills; a land with a dry, shivering wind over it, and puffs of pink almond-blossom.

But now Valence was dark, for it was November, and raining. In the waiting-room were three tired soldiers trying to sleep, and one sitting up awake, shyly glad to share our cakes and journals. Then on through the wet morning by the little branch line into Dauphiné. Two officers again and a civilian, in our carriage, are talking in low voices of the war, or in higher voices of lodgings at Valence. One is a commandant, with a handsome old paternal face, broader than the English face, a little more in love with life, and a little more cynical about it, with more depth of coloring in eyes and cheeks and hair. The tone of their voices, talking of the war, is grave and secret. '*Les Anglais ne lâcheront pas,*' are the only words I plainly hear. The younger officer says, 'And how would you punish?' The commandant's answer is inaudible, but by the twinkling of his eyes one knows it to be human and sagacious.

The train winds on in the windy wet, through foothills and then young mountains, following up a swift-flowing river. The chief trees are bare Lombardy poplars. The chief little town is gathered round a sharp spur, with bare towers on its top. The color everywhere is a brownish-gray.

We have arrived. A tall, strong young soldier, all white teeth and smiles, hurries our luggage out, a car hurries us up in the rainy wind through the little town, down again across the river, up a long avenue of pines, and we are at our hospital.

Round the long table, at their dinner-hour, what a variety of type among the men! And yet a likeness, a sort of quickness and sensibility, common to them all. A few are a little *méfiant* of these newcomers, with the *méfiance* of individual character, not of class distrustfulness, or of that defensive expressionlessness we cultivate in England. The French soldier has a touch of the child in him — if we leave out the Parisians: a child who knows more than you do perhaps; a child who has lived many lives before this life; a wise child, who jumps to your moods and shows you his 'sore fingers' readily when he feels that you want to see them. He has none of the perverse and grudging attitude toward his own ailments that we English foster. He is perhaps a little inclined to pet them, treating them with an odd mixture of stoic gaiety and gloomy indulgence. It is like all the rest of him: he feels everything so much more quickly than we do — he is so much more impressionable.

The variety of type is more marked physically than in our country. Here is a tall Savoyard cavalryman, with a maimed hand and a fair moustache brushed up at the ends, big and strong, with gray eyes, and a sort of sage self-reliance; only twenty-six, but might be forty. Here is a real Latin, who was

buried by an explosion at Verdun; handsome, with dark hair and a round head, and color in his cheeks; an ironical critic of everything, a Socialist, a mocker, a fine, strong fellow with a clear brain, who attracts women. Here are two peasants from the Central South, both with bad sciatica, slower in look, with a mournful, rather monkeyish expression in their eyes, as if puzzled by their sufferings. Here is a true Frenchman, a Territorial, from Roanne, riddled with rheumatism, quick and gay and suffering, touchy and affectionate, not tall, brown of face, brown-eyed, rather fair, with clean jaw and features, and eyes with a soul in them, looking a little up; forty-eight — the oldest of them all — they call him *grandpère*. And here is a printer from Lyon, with shell-shock; medium-colored, short and roundish and neat, full of humanity and high standards and domestic affection, and so polite, with eyes a little like a dog's. And here another, with shell-shock and brown-green eyes, from the 'invaded countries'; *méfiant*, truly, this one, but with a heart when you get at it; neat, and brooding, quick as a cat, nervous, and wanting his own way.

But they are all so varied! If there are qualities common to all, they are impressionability and capacity for affection. This is not the impression left on one by a crowd of Englishmen. Behind the politeness and civilized bearing of the French I used to think that there was a little of the tiger. In a sense perhaps there is, but that is not the foundation of their character — far from it! Underneath the tiger again there is a man civilized for centuries, and this pervades all alike. The politeness of the French is no surface quality: it is a polish welling up from a naturally affectionate heart, a naturally quick apprehension of the moods and feelings of others; it is the outcome

of a culture so old that, underneath all differences, it binds together all those types and strains of blood — the Savoyard and the Southerner, the Latin of the Centre, the man of the North, the Breton, the Gascon, the Basque, the Auvergnat, even to some extent the Norman, and the Parisian — in a sort of warm and bone-deep kinship. They have all, as it were, sat for centuries under a wall, with the afternoon sun warming them through and through, as I so often saw the old town gossips sitting of an afternoon. The sun of France has made them alike: a light and happy sun, not too southern, but just southern enough.

And the women of France! If the men are bound in that mysterious kinship, how much more so are the women! What is it in the Frenchwoman that makes her so utterly unique? A daughter, in one of Anatole France's books, says to her mother, 'Tu es pour les bijoux, je suis pour les dessous.' The Frenchwoman spiritually is *pour les dessous*. There is in her a kind of inherited, conservative, clever, dainty capability; no matter where you go in France, or in what class, — country or town, — you find it. She cannot waste, she cannot spoil, she makes and shows — the best of everything. If I were asked for a concrete illustration of self-respect I should say — the Frenchwoman. It is a particular kind of self-respect, no doubt, very much limited to this world, and perhaps beginning to be a little frayed. We have some Frenchwomen at the hospital: the servants who keep us in running order; the dear cook, whom we love not only for her baked meats, proud of her soldier son, once a professor, now a sergeant, and she a woman of property, with two houses in the little town; patient, kind, very stubborn about her dishes, which have in them the essential juices and savors that characterize all

things really French. She has great sweetness and self-containment in her small, wrinkled, yellowish face; always quietly polite and grave, she bubbles deliciously at any joke, and gives affection sagaciously to those who merit. A jewel, who must be doing something *pour la France*.

And then we have Madame Jeanne Camille, mother of two daughters and one son, too young to be a soldier. It was her eldest daughter who wanted to come and scrub in the hospital, but was refused because she was too pretty. And her mother came instead. A woman who did not need to come, nearly fifty, but strong, as the French are strong, with good red blood, deep coloring, hair still black, and handsome straight features. What a worker! A lover of talk, too, and of a joke when she has time. And Claire, of a *languissant* temperament, as she says; but who would know it? Eighteen, with a figure abundant as that of a woman of forty, but just beginning to fine down; holding herself as French girls learn to hold themselves so young; and with the pretty eyes of a Southern nymph, clear and brown and understanding, and a little bit wood-wild. Unself-conscious, — unlike the English girl at that age, — fond of work and play; with what is called 'a good head' on her, and a warm heart. A real woman of France.

Then there is the 'farmeress' at the home farm that gives the hospital its milk; a splendid, gray-eyed creature, doing the work of her husband who is at the front, with a little girl and boy rounder and rosier than anything you ever saw; and a small, one-eyed brother-in-law who drinks. My God, he drinks! Any day you go into the town to do hospital commissions you may see the hospital donkey-cart, with the charming gray donkey, outside the Café de l'Univers or what not, and know that Charles is within. He beguiles our

poilus, and they take little beguiling. Wine is too plentiful in France. The sun in the wines of France quickens and cheers the blood in the veins of France. But the gift of wine is abused. One may see a poster that says — with what truth I know not — that drink has cost France more than the Franco-Prussian War. French drunkenness is not so sottish as our beer-and-whiskey-fuddled variety, but it is not pleasant to see, and mars a fair land.

What a fair land! I never before grasped the charm of French coloring: the pinkish-yellow of the pan-tiled roofs, the lavender-gray or dim green of the shutters, the self-respecting shapes and flatness of the houses, unworried by wriggling ornamentation or lines coming up in order that they may go down again; the universal plane trees with variegated trunks and dancing lightness — nothing more charming than plane trees in winter, their delicate twigs and little brown balls shaking against the clear pale skies, and in summer nothing more green and beautiful than their sun-flecked shade.

Each country has its special genius of coloring — best displayed in winter. To characterize such genius by a word or two is hopeless; but one might say the genius of Spain is brown; of Ireland green; of England chalky blue-green; of Egypt shimmering sandstone. For France amethystine feebly expresses the sensation; the blend is subtle, stimulating, rarefied — at all events in the centre and south. Walk into an English village, however beautiful, — and many are very beautiful, — you will not get the peculiar sharp spiritual sensation that will come on your entering some little French village or town — the sensation that one has in looking at a picture by Francesca. The blue wood-smoke, the pinkish tiles, the gray shutters, the gray-brown plane trees, the pale-blue sky, the yellowish houses, and

above all, the clean forms and the clear air. I shall never forget one late afternoon rushing home in the car from some commission. The setting sun had just broken through after a misty day, the mountains were illumined with purple and rose-madder, and snow-tipped against the blue sky, a wonderful wistaria blue drifted smoke-like about the valley; and the tall trees, poplars and cypresses, stood like spires.

No wonder the French are *spirituel*, a word so different from our 'spiritual,' for that they are not; preëminently citizens of this world — even the pious French. This is why on the whole they make a better fist of social life than we do, we misty islanders, only half-alive because we set such store by our unrealized moralities. Not one Englishman in ten now *really* believes that he is going to live again; but his disbelief has not yet reconciled him to making the best of this life, or laid the ghosts of the beliefs he has outworn. Clear air and sun, but not so much as to paralyze action, have made in France clearer eyes, clearer brains, and touched souls with a sane cynicism. The French do not despise and neglect the means to ends. They face sexual realities. They know that to live well they must eat well, to eat well must cook well, to cook well must cleanly and cleverly cultivate their soil.

France! Be warned in time by our dismal fate! Do not lose your love of the land; do not let industrialism absorb your peasantry, and the lure of wealth and the cheap glamour of the towns draw you into their uncharmed circles. We English have rattled deep into a paradise of machines, chimneys, cinemas, and halfpenny papers; have bartered our heritage of health, dignity, and looks for wealth, and badly distributed wealth at that. You were trembling on the verge of the same precipice when the war came; with its

death and wind of restlessness the war bids fair to tip you over. Hold back with all your might! Your two dangers are drink and the lure of the big towns. No race can preserve sanity and refinement that really gives way to these. You will not fare even as well as we have if you yield; our fibre is coarser and more resistant than yours, nor had we ever so much grace to lose. It is by grace and self-respect that you have had your preëminence; let these wither as they must in the grip of a sordid and drink-soothed industrialism, and your star will burn out. The life of the peasant is hard; peasants are soon wrinkled and weathered; they are not angels; narrow and over-provident, suspicious, and given to drink, they still have their roots and being in the realities of life, close to nature, and keep a sort of simple dignity and health that great towns destroy. Take care of your peasants and your country will take care of itself.

Talking to our *poilus*, we remarked that they have not a good word to throw to their *députés* — no faith in them. About French politicians I know nothing; but their shoes are unenviable, and will become too tight for them after the war. But the *poilu* has no faith at all now, if he ever had, save faith in his country, so ingrained that he lets the life-loving blood of him be spilled out to the last drop, cursing himself and everything for his heroic folly.

We had a young Spaniard of the Foreign Legion in our hospital, who had been to Cambridge, and had the 'outside' eyes on all things French. In his view, *je m'en foutism* has a hold of the French army. Strange if it had not! Clear, quick brains cannot stand Fate's making ninepins of mankind year after year like this. Fortunately for France, the love of her sons has never been forced; it has grown like grass

and simple wild herbs in the heart, alongside the liberty to criticize and blame. The *poilu* cares for nothing, no, not he! But he is himself a little unconscious bit of France — and for one's self one always cares. State-forced patriotism made this war — a fever-germ that swells the head and causes blindness. A state which teaches patriotism in its schools is going mad! Let no such state be trusted! They who, after the war, would have England and France copy the example of the state-drilled country which opened these flood-gates of death, and teach mad provincialism under the nickname of patriotism to their children, are driving nails into the coffins of their countries.

Je m'en foutism is a natural product of three years of war, and better by far than the docile despair to which so many German soldiers have been reduced. We were in Lyons when the Russian Revolution and the German retreat from Bapaume were reported. The town and railway station were full of soldiers. No enthusiasm, no stir of any kind, only the usual tired stoicism. And one thought of what the *poilu* can be like; of our Christmas dinner-table at the hospital under the green hanging wreaths and the rosy Chinese lanterns; the hum, the chatter, the laughter of free and easy souls in their red hospital jackets. The French are so easily, so incorrigibly gay; the dreary grinding pressure of this war seems horribly cruel applied to such a people, and the heroism with which they have borne its untold miseries is sublime.

In our little remote town out there — a town that had been Roman in its time, and still had bits of Roman walls and Roman arches — every family had its fathers, brothers, sons, dead, fighting, in prison, or in hospital. The mothers were wonderful. One old couple, in a *ferblanterie* shop, who had

lost their eldest son and whose other son was at the front, used to try hard not to talk about the war, but sure enough they would come to it at last, each time we saw them, and in a minute the mother would be crying and a silent tear would roll down the old father's face. Then he would point to the map and say, 'But look where they are, the Boches! Can we stop? It's impossible. We must go on till we've thrown them out. It is dreadful, but what would you have? Ah! Our son — he was so promising!' And the mother, weeping over the tin-tacks, would make the neatest little parcel of them, murmuring through her tears, 'Il faut que ça finisse: mais la France — il ne faut pas que la France — Nos chers fils auraient été tués pour rien!' Poor souls!

I remember another couple up on the hillside. The old wife, dignified as a duchess, — if duchesses are dignified, — wanting us so badly to come in and sit down that she might the better talk to us of her sons: one dead, and one wounded, and two still at the front, and the youngest not yet old enough. And while we stood there, up came the father, an old farmer, with that youngest son. He had not quite the spirit of the old lady, or her serenity; he thought that men in these days were no better than *des bêtes féroces*. And in truth his philosophy — of an old tiller of the soil — was as superior to that of emperors and diplomats as his life is superior to theirs.

Not very far from that little farm is the spot of all others in that mountain country which most stirs the æsthetic and the speculative strains within one. Lovely and remote, all by itself at the foot of a mountain, in a circle of the hills, an old monastery stands, now used as a farm, with one rose-window, like a spider's web, spun delicate in stone tracery. There the old monks had gone to get away from the strug-

gles of the main valley and the surges of the fighting men. There still were the traces of their peaceful life; the fish-ponds and the tillage still kept in cultivation. If they had lived in these days, they would have been at the war, fighting or bearing stretchers, like the priests of France, eleven thousand of whom, I am told, — untruthfully, I hope, — are dead. So the world goes forward — the Kingdom of Heaven comes!

We were in the town the day that the 1918 class received their preliminary summons. Sad were the mothers who watched their boys parading the streets, rosetted and singing to show that they had passed and were ready to be food for cannon. Not one of those boys, I dare say, in his heart wanted to go; they have seen too many of their brethren return war-worn, missed too many who will never come back. But they were no less gay about it than those recruits we saw in the spring of 1913, at Argelès in the Pyrenees, singing along and shouting on the day of their enrolment.

There were other reminders to us, and to the little town, of the blood-red line drawn across the map of France. We had in our hospital men from the invaded countries without news of wives and families mured up behind that iron veil. Once in a way a tiny word would get through to them, and anxiety would lift a little from their hearts; for a day or two they would smile. One we had, paralyzed in the legs, who would sit doing *macramé* work and playing chess all day long; every relative he had — wife, father, mother, sisters — all were in the power of the German. As brave a nature as one could see in a year's march, touchingly grateful, touchingly cheerful, but with the saddest eyes I ever saw. There was one little reminder in the town that we could never help going in to look at whenever we passed

the shop whose people had given her refuge. A little girl of eight with the most charming, grave, pale, little gray-eyed face; there she would sit, playing with her doll, watching the customers. That little refugee at all events was beloved and happy; only I think she thought we would kidnap her one day, we stared at her so hard. She had the quality which gives to certain faces the fascination belonging to rare works of art.

With all this poignant bereavement and long-suffering among them, it would be odd indeed if the gay and critical French nature did not rebel, and seek some outlet in apathy or bitter criticism. The miracle is that they go on and on, holding fast. Easily depressed, and as easily lifted up again, grumble they must and will; but their hearts are not really down to the pitch of their voices; their love of country, which with them is love of self, — the deepest of all kinds of patriotism, — is too absolute. These two virtues or vices (as you please) — critical faculty and *amour propre*, or vanity, if you prefer it — are in perpetual encounter. The French are at once not at all proud of themselves and very proud. They destroy all things French, themselves included, with their brains and tongues, and exalt the same with their hearts and by their actions. To the reserved English mind, always on the defensive, they seem to give themselves away continually; but he who understands sees it to be all part of that perpetual interplay of opposites which makes up the French character and secures for it in effect a curious vibrating equilibrium.

Intensely alive, is the chief impression one has of the French. They balance between head and heart at top speed in a sort of electric and eternal see-saw. It is this perpetual quick change which gives them, it seems to me, their special grip on actuality; they never fly

into the cloud-regions of theories and dreams; their heads have not time before their hearts have intervened, their hearts not time before their heads cry, 'Hold!' They apprehend both worlds, but with such rapid alternation that they surrender to neither. Consider how clever and comparatively warm is that cold thing 'religion' in France. I remember so well the old curé of our little town coming up to lunch, his interest in the cooking, in the practical matters of our life, and in wider affairs too; his enjoyment of his coffee and cigarette; and the curious suddenness with which something seemed 'to come over him' — one could hear his heart saying, 'O my people, here am I wasting my time; I must run to you.' I saw him in the courtyard talking to one of our *poilus*, not about his soul, but about his body; stroking his shoulder softly and calling him *mon cher fils*. Dear old man! Even religion here does not pretend to more than it can achieve — help and consolation to the bewildered and the suffering. It uses forms, smiling a little at them.

The secret of French culture lies in this vibrating balance; from quick marriage of mind and heart, reason and sense, in the French nature, all the clear created forms of French life arise, forms recognized as forms with definite utility attached. Controlled expression is the result of action and reaction. Controlled expression is the essence of culture, because it alone makes a sufficiently clear appeal in a world which is itself the result of the incalculable interplay of complementary or dual laws and forces. French culture is near to the real heart of things, because it has a sort of quick sanity that never loses its way; or, when it does, very rapidly recovers the middle of the road. It has the two capital defects of its virtues. It is too fond of forms, and too mistrustful. The French nature is

profoundly cynical. Well, it is natural! The French lie just half-way between north and south; their blood is too mingled for enthusiasm, and their culture too old.

I never realized how old France is till we went to Arles. In our crowded train *poilus* were packed, standing in the corridors. One, very weary, invited by a high and kindly colonel into our carriage, chatted in his tired voice of how wonderfully the women kept the work going on the farms. 'When we get a fortnight's leave,' he said, 'all goes well; we can do the heavy things the women cannot, and the land is made clean. It wants that fortnight now and then, *mon colonel*; there is work on farms that women cannot do.' And the colonel vehemently nodded his thin face.

We alighted in the dark, among southern forms and voices, and the little hotel omnibus became enmeshed at once in old, high, very narrow, Italian-seeming streets. It was Sunday next day; sunny, with a clear blue sky. In the square before our hotel a simple crowd round the statue of Mistral chattered or listened to a girl singing excruciating songs: a crowd as old-looking as in Italy or Spain, aged as things are only in the South. We walked up to the Arena. Quite a recent development in the life of Arles, they say, that marvelous Roman building, here cut down, there built up, by Saracen hands. For a thousand years or more before the Romans came Arles flourished and was civilized. What had we mushroom islanders before the Romans came? What had barbaric Prussia? Not even the Romans to look forward to! The age-long life of the South stands for much in modern France, correcting the cruder blood which has poured in these last fifteen hundred years. As one blends wine of very old stock with newer brands, so

has France been blended and mellowed. A strange cosmic feeling one had, on the top of the great building in that town older than Rome itself, of the continuity of human life and the futility of human conceit. The provincial vanity of modern States looked pitiful in the clear air above that vast stony proof of age.

In many ways the war has brought us up all standing on the edge of an abyss. When it is over, shall we go galloping over the edge, or, reining back, sit awhile in our saddles looking for a better track? We were all on the highway to a hell of material expansion and vulgarity, of cheap immediate profit, and momentary sensation; north and south in our different ways, all 'rattling into barbarity.' Shall we find our way again into a finer air, where self-respect, not profit, rules, and rare things and durable are made once more?

From Arles we journeyed to Marseilles, to see how the first cosmopolitan town in the world fared in war-time. Here was an amazing spectacle of swarming life. If France has reason to feel the war most of all the great countries, Marseilles must surely feel it less than any other great town; she flourishes in a perfect riot of movement and color. Here all the tribes are met, save those of Central Europe — Frenchman, Serb, Spaniard, Algerian, Greek, Arab, Kabyle, Russian, Indian, Italian, Englishman, Scotsman, Jew, and Nubian rub shoulders in the thronged streets. The miles of docks are crammed with ships. Food of all sorts abounds. In the bright, dry light all is gay and busy. The most æsthetic, and perhaps most humiliating, sight that a Westerner could see we came on there: two Arab Spahis walking down the main street in their long robe uniforms, white and red, their white linen bonnets bound with a dark fur and canting slightly backwards. Over six

feet high, they moved unhurrying, smoking their cigarettes, turning their necks slowly from side to side like camels of the desert. Their brown, thin, bearded faces wore neither scorn nor interest, only a superb self-containment; but, beside them, every other specimen of the human race seemed cheap and negligible. God knows of what they were thinking, — as little probably as the smoke they blew through their chiseled nostrils, — but their beauty and grace were unsurpassable. And, visioning our western and northern towns and the little, white, worried abortions they breed, one felt downcast and abashed.

Marseilles swarmed with soldiers; Lyons, Valence, Arles, even the smallest cities swarmed with soldiers, and this at the moment when the Allied offensive was just beginning. If France be nearing the end of her man-power, as some assert, she conceals it so that one would think she was at the beginning.

From Marseilles we went to Lyons. I have heard that town described as lamentably plain; but compared with Manchester or Sheffield it is as heaven to hell. Between its two wide rolling rivers, under a line of heights, it has somewhat the aspect of an enormous commercialized Florence. Perhaps in foggy weather it may be dreary, but the sky was blue and the sun shone, a huge *foire* was just opening, and every street bustled in a dignified manner.

The English have always had a vague idea that France is an immoral country. To the eye of a mere visitor France is the most moral of the four Great Powers — France, Russia, England, Germany; has the strongest family life and the most seemly streets. Young men and maidens are never seen walking or lying about, half-embraced, as in puritanical England. Fire is not played with — openly, at least. The slow-fly amorousness of the Brit-

ish working classes evidently does not suit the quicker blood of France. There is just enough of the South in the French to keep demonstration of affection away from daylight. A certain school of French novelist, with high-colored tales of Parisian life, is responsible for the reputation of his country. Whatever the Frenchman about town may be, he seems by no means typical of the many millions of Frenchmen who are not about town. And if Frenchwomen, as I have heard Frenchmen say, are *légère*, they are the best mothers in the world, and their 'lightness' is not vulgarly obtruded. They say that many domestic tragedies will be played at the conclusion of the war. If so, they will not be played in France alone; and compared with the tragedies of fidelity played all these dreadful years, they will be as black rabbits to brown for numbers. For the truth on morality in France we must go back, I expect, to that general conclusion about the French character — the swift passage from head to heart and back again, which, prohibiting extremes of puritanism and of license, preserves a sort of balance.

From this war France will emerge changed, although less changed very likely than any other country. A certain self-sufficiency which was very marked about French life will have sloughed away. I anticipate an opening of the doors, a toleration of other tastes and standards, a softening of the too narrow definiteness of French opinion. The French will benefit by moderation of their *amour propre* — a desirable quality only when not pushed to excess.

Even Paris has opened her heart a little since the war — and the heart of Paris is close, hard, impatient of strangers. We noticed in our hospital that, whenever we had a Parisian, he introduced a different atmosphere, and

led us a quiet or noisy dance. We had one whose name was Aimé, whose skin was like a baby's, who talked softly and fast, with little grunts, and before he left was quite the leading personality. We had another, a red-haired young one; when he was away on leave we hardly knew the hospital, it was so orderly.

The sons of Paris are a breed apart, just as our Cockneys are. I do not pretend to fathom them; they have the texture and resilience of an india-rubber ball. And the women of Paris! Heaven forbid that I should say that I know them! They are a sealed book. Still, even Parisians are less intolerant than in pre-war days of us dull English, perceiving in us, perhaps, a certain unexpected usefulness. And, *à propos*, one hears it said that in the regions of our British armies certain natives believe that we have come to stay. What an intensely comic notion! And what a lurid light it throws on history, on the mistrust engendered between nations, on the cynicism that human conduct has forced deep into human hearts. No! If a British Government could be imagined behaving in such a way, the British population would leave England, become French citizens, and help to turn out the damned intruders.

But *we* did not encounter anywhere that comic belief. In all this land of France, chockful of those odd creatures, English men and women, we found only a wonderful and touching

welcome. Not once during those long months of winter was an unfriendly word spoken in our hearing; not once were we treated with anything but true politeness and cordiality. *Poilus* and peasants, porters and officials, ladies, doctors, servants, shop-folk, were always considerate, always friendly, always desirous that we should feel at home. The very dogs gave us welcome! A little black half-Pomeranian came uninvited and made his home with us in our hospital; we called him Aristide. But on our walks with him we were liable to meet a posse of children who would exclaim, '*Pom-pom! Voilà Pom-pom!*' and lead him away. Before night fell he would be with us again, with a bit of string or ribbon, bitten through, dangling from his collar. His children bored him terribly. We left him in trust to our *poilus* on that sad afternoon when 'Good-bye' must be said, all those friendly hands shaken for the last time, and the friendly faces left. Through the little town the car bore us away, along the valley between the poplar trees with the first flush of spring on their twigs, and the magpies flying across the road to the river-bank.

The heart of France is deep within her breast; she wears it not upon her sleeve. But France opened her heart for once and let us see the gold.

And so we came forth from France of a rainy day, leaving half our hearts behind us.

THE WAR SITUATION IN CANADA

BY BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD

I

HAD the end of the war come within the time generally expected at its outset, there could have been no question as to the high place which Canada would have earned in history for brave, immediate, and effective performance of national duty. There was no hesitation in Parliament in accepting a share in the war and in acknowledging that all the British peoples must stand together. Even that element in the Dominion which holds most vigorously that the self-governing dominions ought to be represented in the councils of the Empire recognized that, as the Empire is in fact at present constituted, war declared by the British Parliament is war declared by the whole British Empire, and that Germany would not await the formal entry of the dominions into the war if it were possible to gain advantage by attacking them. Germany was in fact at once at war with Canada, and hence it was impossible that Canada should not be at war with Germany. The piping voices of the Nationalists in Quebec, led by Bourassa, were utterly drowned by the clamor of popular applause, and there was at least the appearance of greater unity in the country than at any time since Confederation.

This recognition that Canada was at war did not, however, in any way define the extent to which Canada should participate. Great Britain could not as a matter of right demand from Canada a single man or a single

dollar; all that Canada has done and will do is entirely voluntary. This fact must always be kept clearly in view in considering Canada's title to fame for what has been accomplished.

The military response of Canada to the call to arms was instantaneous and inspiring. Existing militia regiments at once organized battalions, and the immortal 'Princess Pats,' made up of veteran soldiers, including many Americans as well as men who had fought in every recent war, was formed — formed to be again and again cut to pieces and practically destroyed, and again and again to rise like a phoenix from the drum-fire, to hurl itself with new men and new officers, but with the old indomitable spirit, again and again into the battle line.

The Minister of Militia, Colonel — later General Sir Sam — Hughes tore official red tape into tatters; he secured action even perhaps at the cost of efficiency; the first contingent, largely composed of the British-born, awake more than native Canadians, not only to the seriousness of war but to the necessity of victory, was organized and equipped as well as the unpreparedness of the nation would permit, and it sailed promptly from the great war-camp at Valcartier, most of its men, alas, to return no more.

It was, however, in 1914 that the government made the mistake to which in my opinion all its present difficulties are attributable. It was of course necessary at that time that the army should consist of volunteers. No

one dreamed that the numbers of men needed from Canada would be high in the hundreds, rather than in the tens, of thousands. None saw that the effort required from Canada would be so great that it could be effectively performed only by allocating every human unit to its due position, whether in the army or the factory or the field. No one perceived that it was fundamentally necessary for the preservation of Canadian unity that the contributions to the strength of the army should be from every part of Canada in a proportion as just as possible. The government therefore was content to take the men who were easiest to get, and did not demand either that they should be geographically distributed or that each man should be examined, not only as to his military fitness, but also as to whether he could be of greater economic service in mufti or in khaki.

But, most serious of all, the government made the organization of volunteering voluntary. There was no uniform recruiting campaign directed from Ottawa, but at first the men came forward on their own initiative, and later the various recruiting leagues and associations sprang up spontaneously from the people and were effective and numerous according to the temper of the various localities.

The government in fact did little more than train and equip the men who offered themselves for service, and the spreading of the propaganda of Canadian duty was left unguided to the self-constituted activities of each community. The consequence of this was inevitably that, where the tradition of British deeds and British prowess was strongest, there most was done, and the meaning of the war was best understood; in those places where the need of patriotic inspiration and patriotic education was greatest, least was either attempted or accomplished.

II

The crux of the situation was of course the attitude of the French-speaking Canadians, and it may be well to point out why this attitude was different from that of the people of the English-speaking provinces. To many persons who have not analyzed the matter it is a cause of wonder that the Province of Quebec did not enter the war with double fervor, as British citizens and as a people rich in the blood of France, which at such sacrifice and so gloriously was upholding civilization. Many fail to see that there exists no such bond between the French-Canadians and France as ties the English-speaking provinces to the British Isles. The French-Canadian is rooted to the soil. He does not travel away from his place of birth, he lives his life within sight of the church-spire of his native village, he does not think or speak of France as home in the same way that Canadians of English, Scotch, or Irish ancestry think and speak of the British Isles as home. There is no constant tide of immigration from France to keep the French blood and the French spirit warm. It is only the extraordinary fertility of this blood on Canadian soil that has caused it to increase until it constitutes about one quarter of the people of Canada. Our French-Canadians not only have, almost without exception, been themselves born in Canada, but their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers also were Canadian-born; in fact they are the seventh and eighth generations of native sons who are to-day tilling the farms of Quebec. France is to them a myth, a story, a fable, a name, not a living fact with which they hold personal contact. Their ancestors did not even come from democratic France but from pre-revolutionary France. Moreover, there has come down to

them a tradition of resentment against France because at the time Lower Canada came under the British flag the French monarchy was unwilling to pay the cost of repatriating those who wished to return, and these early settlers felt themselves deserted, sold, and delivered over to an alien people.

Nor is it possible to ignore the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Nowhere in the world are the people more religious or more devoted to this church than in the Province of Quebec, and the kindly and earnest, but often narrow-visioned and provincial, curés guide their parishioners, not only in things spiritual, but in the everyday affairs of life. The mass of the people, if not unlettered, are at least lacking in breadth of education, and instinctively turn to their priests to decide their outlook on every such public question as the national duty of Canada. To many of the priests France had before the war become anathema because of the disestablishment of the Church and the expulsion of the religious orders. Many priests and nuns expelled from France had come to Canada, and the natural bitterness felt by them was communicated to the French-Canadians, until by some this war was even regarded as the retribution of Heaven upon France because of her sacrilegious treatment of the Church.

The attitude of the higher clergy toward the war was in almost all cases correct, but frequently perfunctory. The people, however, have but slight contact with bishops and dignitaries; they look to their parish priests for guidance, and there is no question but that these priests were in the majority of cases strongly opposed to having the people of Quebec take up the burden of war. They had become largely tainted with the political heresies of Bourassa. They did not want to see their friends and neighbors go forth

to danger and perhaps to death. They knew that service abroad in the army would tend to break their hold over those parishioners who returned. They saw that active participation in the war would entail financial burdens which would tend to diminish the revenues of the Church. They were opposed to anything which might lessen that racial multiplication by means of which they hope to see their people and their faith dominant in Canada. They entirely failed to understand the real meaning of the war; they could not see that freedom and civilization, not only abroad, but in their own province as well, were at stake; they did not appreciate, and to this hour do not realize, that the whole structure of the British Empire is in actual danger.

The relations between Quebec and the rest of Canada, particularly Ontario, were far from cordial. Nothing is dearer to a people than its native tongue, and rightly or wrongly Quebec believed that there was a conspiracy afoot against the French language, and that the desire to prohibit the use of French as the language of instruction in other Provinces might even ultimately lead to attacking its use in Quebec itself.

As a result of the controversy over bilingualism in the schools there had developed in Quebec a strong feeling of suspicion and resentment against the English-speaking provinces. Added to this, Bourassa had for fifteen years been preaching the dangers of 'Imperialism,' and Quebec failed to see that the vast majority of the people in the other provinces are just as much opposed to imperialism as is Quebec itself. She did not see that — at least so far as the self-governing dominions are concerned — the British Empire is not an empire at all, but a federation of commonwealths, and that nowhere would there be more earnest opposition

to any real imperialism than among the liberty-loving people of English-speaking Canada.

And worst of all, there existed among certain small-minded politicians in the governing party a desire to 'put Quebec in wrong in the war.' The election of 1911 had been won by what is often spoken of as an 'unholy alliance' with the Nationalists in Quebec, together with a jingoistic flag-waving in the other provinces on the reciprocity issue. These politicians believed that, if that election could be won on a cry of loyalty which in fact had no foundation, much more could a future election be won on such a cry with a real basis for raising it. The Conservative Party could never hope to carry Quebec; if it could show Quebec unpatriotic, it might hope elsewhere to couple its own party name with the Union Jack and so sweep to victory. None of the really big men in the Conservative Party would for an instant dream of descending to such depths, but I am convinced that the low cunning of some politicians saw in a Quebec unresponsive to the call of duty a prospect of future party advantage, and that they were willing to intensify the racial cleavage for their own selfish ends. It is only fair to add that they did not imagine that the need for men or the necessity for united effort would approximate what it has proved to be.

It is evident, therefore, that in the Province of Quebec more than elsewhere there was immediate need of an active propaganda of Canada's place in the war. If a campaign of education had been at once started there and vigorously and continuously conducted, no such situation would have arisen as that which now confronts Canada. The French-Canadian may be just as brave and just as loyal as any other Canadian, but he does not see eye to eye with us, he does not under-

stand the real meaning of the war as we do, he has not the British tradition of the necessity of victory, his scope of vision is more limited.

These differences could have been overcome by spirited and wise endeavor on the part of the government at the beginning; but this endeavor was lacking. Sir Sam Hughes has always been close to the Orange lodges of Ontario, and these lodges have often, in their opposition to the Church in Quebec, proved themselves more narrow than the Church itself. They have failed to recognize that an attack from without simply serves to cement the Church into a closer coherence, and that whatever reforms are needed in it must be instituted within it by education and by breaking down bigotry and parochialism among its members, and cannot be forcibly imposed upon it from without.

But Sir Sam Hughes would not and did not understand this, and his attitude toward the French-Canadians was entirely lacking in that sympathy which was essential to achieving success in Quebec for the voluntary system. His antagonism, or at any rate his failure to appreciate the need of understanding the French-Canadian point of view, was shown in many ways, as by sending one of the few French-Canadian battalions, a battalion raised by Oliver Asselin, one of the founders of the Nationalist movement, to kick its heels for long and weary months at Bermuda instead of sending it to the firing-line. That there was no need to doubt the bravery of such a battalion was shown by the magnificent fortitude of the Twenty-Second battalion, all French-Canadians, at the battle of Courcellette, where it stood its ground and fought until there were no more men left to fight, and achieved a glory which is second to none. In like manner, it is impossible to compre-

hend his colossal blunder in sending a Methodist clergyman, who could not even speak French, as recruiting officer for the Montreal district, and in failing to appoint a French-speaking Catholic to recruit the whole Province of Quebec.

There was one man who could probably have changed the whole situation in Quebec, had he been granted an opportunity to do so. This was Major-General F. L. Lessard, a Roman-Catholic French-Canadian, a man who had the respect and confidence of all of Canada, who had served with distinction in the Boer War, and who was commonly regarded as the best soldier in Canada. Had the duty of arousing the French-Canadians to an appreciation of their place in this war been entrusted to him; had the raising of battalions from Quebec been at the beginning placed in his charge, I believe he would have swept through that province like a flame, and that the present racial and religious cleavage would never have occurred. But there existed a personal quarrel of long standing between him and Sir Sam, and the Minister of Militia kicked him upstairs into an innocuous inspector-generalship and effectually shelved him — a pettiness for which Sir Sam will never be forgiven. This spring, when Hughes was no longer minister, Lessard attempted to redeem his native Province of Quebec, but it was too late by two and a half years. Opinion, which in 1914 was plastic and ready to be moulded, had set firm and become hard to break; the demagogues and the self-seekers, the Bourassas, the Marcils, and the Laverignes, had got in their work. The task which diplomacy and wisdom could have accomplished easily three years ago must to-day be done either by a long and difficult process of education, or by a hand of iron and a rod of steel.

III

I said in opening that, if this war had not been drawn out to its seemingly interminable length, the place of Canada in the history of the struggle would have been assured. The conduct and bravery of the men at the front have been unsurpassed. They have shown, not only courage, but sagacity and inventiveness, that most useful quality of 'gumption' which flourishes on the American continent. They have been tried and have been found not wanting. They have written their names in letters which shall not be obliterated; they have helped to make history at the Second Ypres, at Festubert, at Givenchy, at Courcellette, at Vimy Ridge, at Lens, and on a dozen other lesser occasions. No, if Canada weakens at the end, it will not be due to the men at the front, but to the men behind in Canada. On them now rests the responsibility as to whether we shall run the full race, or break down in the last lap.

We have been at war for over three years and we are weary. The strain has been great; the sacrifices have been terrible. We have given in blood and human suffering and the anguish of bereavement; we have given in gold and toil and effort. We need rest, and we want rest, but, if I know the spirit of Canada, we will not take rest until the war is ended and victory is achieved.

Up to now we have done well. We have enlisted about 400,000 men, equal in proportion to 5,000,000 from the United States. If in striking the proportion we should omit both the French-Canadian population and the French-Canadian enlistments, it would be equal to 7,000,000 men from the United States. We have raised about a billion of dollars, which, on the basis of the wealth of the two nations, would be equivalent to some forty billions from the United States. We have pro-

duced huge quantities of munitions. We have kept up the production of our farms and our factories. But if we are to continue the full performance of our duty, it must from now on be under government direction and government compulsion.

We have said again and again that we were in this war to the last man and the last dollar. We have said this clearly and flatly; we have not qualified it by saying to the last voluntary man, to the last willing dollar. There are timid men and timid dollars; if we are to use them we must take them; it is not enough to invite them and say that they will be welcome.

The voluntary system has broken down and to all practical effect is dead. The wonder is, not that it has died, but that it lived so long and accomplished so much. The trickle of recruits which is still coming in is made up principally of those who are enlisting in non-combatant units, such as the forestry battalions, railroad battalions, army service corps, and the like, and of those of British birth who are coming here from the United States to enlist. Our soldiers at the front are crying out for reinforcements; our infantry needs men, men, men, — and we have not men to send them.

We recognize now that the voluntary system was wrong from the beginning, that it is undemocratic and unjust. Thousands of men have gone who ought never to have been permitted to leave Canada because their services would have been of greater value at home. Thousands of others are still here who ought to have gone at the first call. We have killed off our bravest, our best, our most intelligent, our most patriotic first; we are keeping the weak and the unfit and the slackers. And not only are few left of those who could be induced under the voluntary system to enlist, but even these few must

give up more than those who enlisted three years ago. The pay of the soldier has not changed, but the cost of living has almost doubled; and while this may not make much difference to the soldier himself, who has small need of money or opportunity to use it, it matters much to the dependents whom he leaves behind. The soldier's pay has not changed, but the wages he is giving up to enlist have increased enormously. The need for workers is such that the workingmen, from whom the bulk of every army must be recruited, are able to live on a better scale than ever before, and enlisting now means greater sacrifice than in the past.

There are four Canadian divisions at the front. A fifth division was formed, but was not put into the battle-line because there were not enough men to reinforce it. There are not enough men to reinforce these four divisions for more than a few months. They cannot get the rest that is due them because there are not men to relieve them, and each man has to do two men's work.

There are only two alternatives for Canada, and no amount of oratory or political manoeuvring will alter their finality: either Canada must get more men by conscription, or Canada must quit the war — gradually, perhaps, as one by one her divisions fade away, but none the less certainly. Quit or conscript — there is no other choice.

Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, returned this spring from Europe with a full knowledge of the need there, and at once declared for conscription. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of himself or his government in the past, — and there are few in either party who will deny that these shortcomings have been many, — to-day he sees clearly and says firmly that Canada must not quit, and that therefore Canada must have conscription. He is so right that every liberty-

loving Canadian must back him up in his stand.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the opposition, looking perhaps more to his native Province of Quebec than to the place of Canada in history, declares that Canada must stay in the war to the end, but on the voluntary system. This has now been proved to be an impossibility. It is a contradiction in terms. I do not believe that the voluntary system can anywhere in Canada be revived to furnish the necessary men; but even if it could be revived elsewhere it would certainly fail again in Quebec. An attempt to employ it would therefore be an attempt to get the balance of the men required from Canada from that three quarters of the population which has already supplied all the Canadian effectives with the exception of some seven thousand French-Canadians. It would leave French-speaking Canada untouched to the end. Sir Wilfrid's declaration means that, if he is returned to power, conscription will not be enforced, and that Canada will have to quit the war for lack of men. Some of Sir Wilfrid's followers in Quebec are shouting, 'No more men, no more money,' and Sir Wilfrid lets them shout and does not repudiate them. However great a Canadian he has been in the past; however remarkable is the personal attachment which so many Canadians feel for him; however much his work in the past has made for the national unity we so sorely need, the stand which he is now taking in his old age is so wrong that every liberty-loving Canadian must oppose him and all who acknowledge allegiance to him.

Meanwhile the yelping brood who call themselves Nationalists, but are really Provincialists or Parochialists, incited by their demagogues, are howling that Canada ought never to have gone into the war, that we are being

enslaved by England, that this is England's war, not Canada's, that Sir Robert is a traitor to the people, and that they, who have not dared to fight for civilization, will fight to save themselves from conscription.

As I write, Sir Robert Borden's conscription act, to provide by selective draft one hundred thousand men, has just been passed by both Houses of Parliament. It had the support of all the Conservatives except a scattered few from Quebec, and of a considerable number of Liberals, who refused to follow their leader on this issue. It is very doubtful whether more than the establishment of the machinery to operate the draft can be effected before a general election.

The term of the present Parliament expired by limitation on October 7, 1916, but was extended for one year by an amendment to the British North America Act, which is in effect the Constitution of Canada, passed by the British Parliament upon a unanimous petition of the Canadian Parliament. Many persons have regarded with horror the prospect of an election during the war, and have earnestly sought to have the term of Parliament again extended. A resolution for such extension was introduced into the Canadian House of Commons and passed, but was opposed by a large number of the followers of Sir Wilfrid. This made an election inevitable, for no government can ask a constitutional amendment extending its own tenure of office unless all parties are practically unanimous in supporting it. Personally, although broadly I am in hearty accord with those who wish to avoid the pettiness of partisan strife during the war, I am inclined to think that an election is not only unavoidable but, under existing circumstances, advisable. Should conscription be enforced by a government holding office by virtue of an extension

granted at Westminster, the people of Quebec Province would stand upon the bedrock of the Constitution and claim that they were justified in resisting compulsion because it was imposed by a Parliament without mandate from the people. Furthermore, an election, if conducted along the lines for which I hope, may be made of important educational value, and may even serve to dedicate the people anew to the war.

Should the election be on the old party lines, it is clear that there would be three groups in Parliament—the Conscription Conservatives, the Conscription Liberals, and the Anti-Conscription or Laurier Liberals, with whom must be counted the Nationalists. Sir Wilfrid may regard these last with horror and aversion and deny any sympathy or affiliation with them, but the cruel logic of facts shows that he has in effect struck his flag to them, and that they must be reckoned in his group or he in theirs. It is highly improbable that any one of these groups would have a sufficient majority to conduct a government, and a union of two of them would be necessary. The great danger is that after the bitterness of party strife it would be impossible for the two conscription groups of opposite party complexion to act together. In such case the two Liberal groups would have to unite, with the result that Quebec would rule Canada, and that Canada would be out of the war.

To avoid this I consider it of vital importance that a Union non-partisan government should be formed before election, and should seek the support of all the conscription elements, irrespective of whether they be Conservative or Liberal. Only in this way can the poison of party selfishness, prejudice, and hate be eliminated. Only in this way can we expect with reasonable probability to have a government

returned which will keep Canada in the war until the end.

In order to promote such a Union government and to assure the enforcement of conscription, what is known as the 'Win-the-War' movement has been instituted and may have a decisive influence on the outcome. It is an endeavor to unite all Win-the-War elements in support of a single Win-the-War candidate in each constituency, to prevent any conscription candidate from running under the name of either of the old parties with the consequent party jealousies and distrust, and to effect the active coöperation of every patriotic association or organization in support of such candidate. Its platform urges that all contentious questions not pertaining to the war be postponed until after the war, and that the full strength of the country in men, money, and resources of every kind be devoted solely to winning the war. This movement started in Ontario and has great weight there; it seems now probable that it may also be an important factor in the Maritime Provinces and in British Columbia, and possibly in the Middle West as well.

The situation in the Middle West, in the three prairie provinces, is further complicated by a large population of foreign origin, many of them of Teutonic stock, as well as Slavs and Magyars from Eastern Europe. These elements are opposed to conscription, and have been further alarmed by what seem to me most unwise suggestions that citizens of enemy origin should be disenfranchised for the period of the war. Naturalized citizens are afraid, not only that their votes may be refused, but even that the titles to their lands may be forfeited, and the anti-conscriptionists are not slow to play upon these fears. Nevertheless, I am not without hope that a majority of those elected from these provinces will

support conscription, and that the attempts of the politicians to play party politics with the destinies of Canada may be frustrated.

Moreover, there is a full determination that every soldier, whether overseas or in training-camp in Canada, shall have his vote counted. This vote will of course be practically unanimous in support of conscription, as will be the vote of the returned soldiers, of those who have sons or near relatives in the army, of the various patriotic associations, and of those who have been bereaved by the war. On the whole I am fairly confident of victory, if only the earnest elements in the country do not dissipate their forces by supporting various candidates, but unite on one conscriptionist in each constituency.

IV

What will be the result of enforcing conscription? I pass over the question what would happen if an attempt were made to enforce it before an election, as this question now appears merely academic. Unless a conscription Parliament be returned, conscription will not be enforced. Therefore the only live question is what will result if conscription is put into operation by a government backed up by a conscription Parliament elected by the people with a full knowledge of the issue. As to this, I am decidedly optimistic — much more optimistic than many who do not, I believe, understand the Quebec situation as well as I do.

Many are predicting that the enforcement of conscription will mean riot and bloodshed in Quebec. Riot and bloodshed there may perhaps be, but I am convinced that they will be sporadic, entirely unorganized, and of no grave import. The tales which have been passed from mouth to mouth of an armed and drilled Quebec, supplied

with machine-guns and prepared and able to make strenuous and effective resistance, are the veriest moonshine. Nothing of the kind exists in Quebec; nothing of the kind will be allowed by Quebec itself to exist in Quebec.

The cool and influential men in Quebec understand the situation fully. They realize, not only that the other provinces must live with Quebec after the war, but that Quebec must live with the other provinces. Any talk of secession is nonsense, the vaporings of the utterly irresponsible. The mass of the people in Quebec are essentially law-abiding; indeed they have less initiative and are more accustomed to accept constituted authority, civil or religious, than are the people of the other provinces. One of the strongest tenets of their Church is that the law of the land must be obeyed, and there is no possibility of any direct conflict between the law of the land and the law of the Church. The priests may object to the law, may use all their influence to prevent its adoption, or urge its repeal, but they will neither wish nor dare to counsel open disobedience to it. Quebec may make a very wry face in accepting the law, but accept it Quebec must and will.

Most important of all, the real leaders in Quebec see as clearly as we, so that for her own sake Quebec cannot afford to stand out isolated and alone, accused of cowardice and tainted with disloyalty. Politics has been as the breath of life to Quebec, and there have been long periods of years when by the shrewd playing of politics the Quebec minority has in effect ruled Canada. Quebec will strive to accomplish this again, and will pull every string and work every artifice to bring it about. But if Quebec fails, there may be sulking, there may be dissatisfaction and grumbling, there may be scattered acts of violence and passive opposition, but

there will not be revolution, there will not be organized armed resistance.

The cynic says that the priests and farmers will be exempted, and that if the priests and farmers are taken out, nothing much remains of French-speaking Quebec. There may be a grain of wisdom in what he says. It is also a fact that the conscription act will fall lightly on Quebec because it is there common for the young men to marry before they reach the draft age, and they will thus be outside of the class of unmarried men from which the bulk of the conscript army must be drawn.

To sum up, should the other provinces return a Parliament strongly committed to conscription, Quebec will accept the inevitable and there will be no grave trouble. Should the other provinces be seriously divided on the issue, there may be very dark days in store for Canada. The earnestness of those determined at any cost to support their fellows in the trenches is intense, and to my mind the danger of lawless violence by them if conscription fails is as great as the danger from Quebec if conscription is carried. Thousands of men, largely returned soldiers, will not tolerate that Canada shall not stay in the war to the end, and are almost fanatical in their support of conscription. The character of those who insist upon action by Canada is such that they will dare themselves to act; those who oppose action by Canada will hesitate to resort to action on their own account, and are likely to confine themselves to strenuous words and to avoid deeds of strenuousness.

Conditions may change greatly before the election, and before these words are in print, but I pin my chief hope to the conviction that English-speaking Canada will not allow itself to be dic-

tated to by French-speaking Canada on an issue involving national honor, and that British blood will stand fast to the end and be in at the finish. Also, if Protestant Canada becomes convinced that a vote against conscription means a vote for the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant majority will declare for conscription. The politicians may put winning the election ahead of winning the war; the people will put winning the war ahead of winning a thousand elections. It is impossible to believe that Canada will fail to complete the structure of glorious achievement for which she has built such a noble foundation; but this structure cannot be completed except by conscription.

Above all, if Canada's part in the war be allowed to end now, Canada will be seriously disunited because one quarter of the people has not in effect taken any part in it. If all of Canada share in the war from now on, even if under compulsion, the prospect of real unitedness in the future will be vastly improved. Could she but realize it, Quebec for her own sake needs conscription far more than do the other provinces. Paradoxical as it may seem, the enforcement of conscription in Quebec in the same measure as in the other provinces may, through a common participation in a common burden, destroy forever whatever sense of being a conquered people may have existed in certain quarters and have been one of the causes of the tendency of the French-Canadians to hold themselves aloof from the rest of Canada, and to nurse their fancied wrongs. Standing side by side with his fellow Canadians under the shadow of death in battle, the French-Canadian will learn that in peace also he must stand firm side by side with his brothers of the other provinces.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE. I

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

January 22, 1917.

WE were put on active duty at the front about the first of the year; in fact, I spent New Year's night in a dugout within pistol-shot of the Germans. It was quite a celebration, as the French government had provided champagne, cakes, and oranges for all, and every one was feeling in a cheery mood. When dinner was over, each of us chipped in his day's ration of army wine (about a pint), and with a little brandy, some oranges, sugar, and a packet of spices I had been commissioned to get, we brewed a magnificent bowl of hot punch, or mulled wine. First 'The day of victory' was toasted, then, 'France'; then, with typical French consideration, 'The United States.' After that, each man's family at home received a health; so you may be interested to know that your health and happiness for 1917 were drunk in a first-class *abri* by a crowd of first-class fellows, as all French soldiers are.

The next day was a typical one, so I will sketch it for you, to give an idea of how we live and what we do. When the party broke up it was late, so we turned in at once, in a deep strong dugout, which is safe against anything short of a direct hit by a very heavy shell. Once or twice, as I dropped off to sleep, I thought I heard furtive scamperings and gnawings, but all was quiet until just before daybreak, when we were awakened by a terrifying scream from a small and inoffensive soldier who does clerical work in the office of the *médecin chef*. The poor fellow has a horror of

rats, and usually sleeps with head and toes tightly bundled up. I flashed on my electric torch at the first scream and caught a glimpse of an enormous rat — fully the size of a small fox terrier, I assure you! — streaking it for his hole. The next minute I made out the unfortunate little soldier holding with both hands one ear, from which the nocturnal visitor had bitten a large mouthful, while he did a frantic dance around the floor. First came a titter, then a choked laugh, and finally the whole dugout howled with uncontrollable mirth, until the victim wound on his puttees and stalked out, much offended, to get some iodine for his ear.

As we had laughed ourselves wide awake, I passed around some cigarettes, while another fellow went down for a pot of coffee. Dressing consists of putting on one's shoes, puttees and tunic — when I feel particularly sybaritic I take off my necktie at night.

For once the sun came up in a clear blue sky and shone down frostily on a clear white world — a metre of snow on the ground, and pines like Christmas trees. It was wonderfully still: far away on a hillside some one was chopping wood, and beyond the German lines I could hear a cock crow. After stopping to ask the telephonist if there were any calls, I took towel and soap and tooth-brush and walked to the watering trough, where a stream of icy water runs constantly. As I strolled back, a thumping explosion came from the trenches — some enthusiast had tossed a grenade across as a New Year's

greeting to the Boche. Retaliatory thumps followed, and suddenly a machine-gun burst out with its abrupt stutter. Louder and louder grew the racket as gusts of firing swept up and down the lines, until a battery of 75's took a hand from the hills half a mile behind us. *Crack-whang-crack*, they went, like the snapping of some enormous whip, and I could hear their shells whine viciously overhead.

An orderly appeared shortly, to inform me that I must make ready to take out a few wounded. My load consisted of one poor fellow on a stretcher, still and invisible under his swathing of blankets, and two very lively chaps, — each with a leg smashed, but able to sit up and talk at a great rate. We offered them stretchers, but they were refused with gay contempt. They hopped forward to their seats, smiling and nodding good-bye to the stretcher-bearers. Despite my efforts one of them bumped his wounded leg and a little involuntary gasp escaped him. 'Ça pique, mon vieux,' he explained apologetically; 'mais ça ne fait rien — allez!'

At the hospital, several miles back, there was the usual wait for papers, and as I handed cigarettes to my two plucky passengers, I explained that hospital book-keeping was tiresome but necessary. Suddenly the blood-stained blankets on the stretcher moved and a pale, but calm and quizzical face, looked up into mine: 'Oh, là là! C'est une guerre de papier; donnez-moi une cigarette!' You can't down men of this calibre.

Just before bedtime another call came from a dressing-station at the extreme front. It was a thick night, snowing heavily, and black as ink, and I had to drive three kilometres, without light of any kind, over a narrow winding road crowded with traffic of every description. How one does it I can scarcely say. War seems to consist in doing the impossible by a series of apparent

miracles. Ears and eyes must be connected in some way. Driving in pitchy blackness, straining every sense and calling every nerve to aid one's eyes, it seems that vision is impaired if ears are covered.

At the posts, just behind the lines, where one waits for wounded to come in from the trenches, I spend idle hours, chatting or playing dominoes. Our little circle comprises a remarkable variety of types: one hears French of every *patois*, from the half-Spanish drawl of the Mediterranean, to the clipped negatives and throaty *r* of Paris.

As inventors of racy slang we Americans are miles behind the French. Your pipe is 'Mélanie' (also your sweetheart, for some unknown reason). One's mess is 'la popote,' a shrapnel helmet is a 'casserole,' a machine-gun is a 'moulin à café.' Bed is ironically called 'plumard'; and when a bursting shell sends out its spray of buzzing steel, the cry is 'Attention aux mouches!' [Look out for the flies!] Government tobacco is known, aptly, as 'foin' [hay]. If one wants a cigarette, and has a paper but no tobacco, one extends the paper toward a better-provided friend saying, 'Kindly sign this.' And so on.

February 18.

I had an interesting day yesterday. The commandant asked for a car — he is the head medical officer — to visit some posts, and I was lucky enough to land the job. He is a charming, cultivated man, and made it very pleasant for his chauffeur. We visited a number of posts, inspecting new dugout emergency hospitals, and vaccinating the stretcher-bearers against typhoid — a most amusing process, as these middle-aged fellows have the same horror of a doctor that a child has of a dentist. Reluctant was scarcely the word.

Finally we left the car (at the invitation of the artillery officer) and walked

a couple of miles through the woods to see a new observation post. The last few hundred yards we made at a sneaking walk, talking only in whispers, till we came to a ladder that led up into the thick green of a pine tree. One after another the officers went up, and at length the gunner beckoned me to climb. Hidden away like a bird's nest among the fragrant pine-needles, I found a tiny platform, where the officer handed me his binoculars and pointed to a four-inch hole in the leafy screen. There right below us were two inconspicuous lines of trenches, zigzagging across a quiet field, bounded by leafless pollard willows. It was incredible to think that hundreds of men stood in those ditches, ever on the alert. At a first glance the countryside looked strangely peaceful and unhampered — farm-houses here and there, neatly hedged fields, and, farther back, a village with a white church. Look closer, though, and you see that the houses are mere shells, with crumbling walls and shattered windows; the fields are scarred and pitted with shell-holes, the village is ruined and lifeless, and the bell-fry of the church has collapsed. Above all, there is not an animal, not a sign of life in the fields or on the roads. Not a sound, except the distant hornet buzzing of an aeroplane.

On clear days there is a good deal of aeroplane activity in our section, and one never tires of watching them. The German machines do not bomb us in this district, for some reason unknown to me, but they try to reconnoitre and observe for artillery fire. It is perfectly obvious, however, that the French have the mastery of the air, by virtue of their skillful and courageous pilots and superb fighting machines, and their superior skill in anti-aircraft fire. To watch a plane at an altitude of, say, nine thousand feet under shrapnel fire, one would think the pilot was playing

with death; but in reality his occupation is not so tremendously risky.

Consider these factors: he is a mile and a half to two miles from the battery shooting at him, he presents a tiny mark, and his speed is from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour. Above all, he can twist and turn or change his altitude at will. The gunner must calculate his altitude and rate of speed, and after the lanyard is pulled, considerable time elapses before the shell reaches its mark. Meanwhile, the aviator has probably come down or risen or changed his course. It is like trying to shoot a twisting snipe with very slow-burning powder — the odds are all in favor of the snipe.

All the same, the spectacle never quite loses its thrill. High and remote against the sky you see the big reconnaissance machine going steadily on its way, its motor sending a faint drone to your ears. Keeping it company, darting around it like a pilot-fish around a shark, is the tiny, formidable *appareil de chasse*, a mere dot against the blue.

Crack! Whang! Boom! goes a battery near by, and three white puffs spring out suddenly around the distant machines, above, behind, below. Another battery speaks out, another and another, till the sky is filled with downy balls of smoke. Suddenly the firing ceases, and the big German aero slants down swiftly toward its base. A sharper droning hits your ears. There, directly above us, a French fighting machine is rushing at two hundred kilometres an hour to give battle to the little Fokker. Close together, wheeling and looping the loop to the rattle of their mitrailleuses, they disappear into a cloud, and we can only guess the result.

(*One day later.*) I finished the paragraph above just as a wave of rifle and machine-gun fire rolled along the lines. Running out of the *abri* to see what the excitement was about, I saw two

French aeros skimming low over the German trenches — where every one with any kind of a fire-arm was blazing away at them. Fortunately, neither one was hit, and after a couple of retaliatory belts, they rose and flew off to the south. The Germans began to waste shrapnel on the air, and indiscreetly revealed the location of a battery, which the French promptly bombarded with heavy guns. Pretty soon all hands were at it — a two-hour Fourth of July.

I was on the road all day yesterday, afternoon and evening, getting back to the post at 10 P.M. One of the darkest nights I remember — absolutely impossible to move without an occasional clandestine flash of my torch. Far off to the right (twenty or thirty miles) a heavy bombardment was in progress, the guns making a steady rumble and mutter. I could see a continuous flicker on the horizon. The French batteries are so craftily hidden that I pass within a few yards of them without a suspicion. The other day I was rounding a familiar turn when suddenly, with a tremendous roar and concussion, a '381' went off close by. The little ambulance shied across the road and I nearly fell off the seat. Talk about 'death pops' — these big guns give forth a sound that must be heard to be appreciated.

Another break here, as since writing the above we have had a bit of excitement, in the shape of a raid, or *coup de main*. In sectors like ours, during the periods of tranquillity between more important attacks, an occasional *coup de main* is necessary in order to get a few prisoners for information about the enemy. We are warned beforehand to be ready for it, but do not know exactly when or where. I will tell you the story of the last one, as related by a slightly wounded but very happy *poilu* I brought in beside me.

'After coffee in the morning,' he said,

'our battalion commander called for one platoon of volunteers to make the attack — each volunteer to have eight days' special leave afterwards. It was hard to choose, as every one wanted to go — for the *permission*, and to have a little fun with the Boches. At noon we were ordered to the first line. Our rifles and equipment were left behind, each man carrying only a little food, a canteen of wine, a long knife, and a sack of grenades. Our orders were to advance the moment the bombardment ceased, take as many prisoners as possible, and return before the enemy had recovered from his surprise. At the point of attack the German trench is only twenty yards from ours — several nights before, they had rolled out a line of portable wire-entanglements. At 4.30 in the afternoon our 75's began to plow up the Boche trench and rip their wire to shreds. It was wonderful — along the line in front of us hundreds of our shells, bursting only twenty metres off, sent earth and wire and timbers high into the air — while not one of us, watching so close by, was hurt.

'At 5.15 the guns ceased firing and the next instant we were over the parapet, armed with knives, grenades, and a few automatic pistols. After the racking noise of the bombardment, a strange quiet, a breathless tranquillity, seemed to oppress us as we ran through the torn wire and jumped into the smoking ruins of the enemy trench. In front of me there was no one, — only a couple of bodies, — but to the right and left I could hear grenades going, so it was evident that a few Germans had not retreated to the dugouts. Straight ahead I saw a *boyau* leading to their second lines, and as I ran into this with my squad, we came on a German at the turn. His hands were up and he was yelling, "Kamerad, Kamerad!" as fast as he knew how. Next minute, down went his hand and he tossed a grenade

into our midst. By luck it struck mud, and the time-fuse gave us a moment's start. The corporal was killed and my pal, Frétard, who lies on the stretcher behind, got an *éclat* through the leg. We did not make a prisoner of the Boche.

'The *abris* of the second line were full of Germans, but all but one were barricaded. A few grenades persuaded the survivors to come out of this, with no fight left in them; but how to get into the others? In vain we invited them to come out for a little visit — till some one shouted, "The stove-pipes!" Our barrage fire was now making such a fuss that the Boches farther back could not use their machine-guns, so we jumped on top of the dugouts and popped a half-dozen citrons into each chimney. That made them squeal, *mon vieux* — oh, là là! But it was time to go back — our sergeant was shouting to us; so, herding our prisoners ahead, we made a sprint back to our friends.'

One of the prisoners was wounded, and he was hauled to the hospital by the chap with whom I share my quarters. I went to have a look at the German — always an object of curiosity out here. Had to shoulder my way through a crowd to get there. He lay on a stretcher, poor devil, hollow-eyed, thin, with a ragged beard — an object of pity, suffering and afraid for his life. His gray overcoat lay beside him and near it stood his clumsy hobnailed boots. German or no German, he was a human being in a bad situation — a peasant obviously, and deadily afraid.

Suddenly, a half-baked civilian — always the most belligerent class — reached up and plucked contemptuously at his leg, with an unpleasant epithet. Then a fine thing happened. A French soldier, lying near-by on a stretcher, severely wounded, raised up his head and looked sternly at the crowd. 'Enough,' he said, 'he is a Boche, I grant you; but first of all remember

that he is a soldier, wounded and in your power!'

We were at lunch yesterday when a friend rushed in to say that an aeroplane fight was starting, almost directly overhead. A big French reconnaissance 'plane was diving for safety, with a Fokker close behind and German shrapnel bursting all around, when a tiny French fighting machine appeared far above, plunging down like a falcon on its quarry. The Fokker turned too late: the Nieuport, rushing downward at one hundred and fifty miles an hour, looped the loop around the German. Two bursts of machine-gun fire came down faintly to our ears, and the next moment it was evident that the German was hit. Slowly at first, the Fokker began to fall — this way and that, like a leaf falling in a still air, growing larger each moment before our eyes, until it disappeared behind a hill. High over the lines, scorning burst after burst of German shrapnel, the tiny Nieuport sailed proudly back and forth, as if daring any Boche pilot to rise and try his luck. In the thrill of the superb spectacle, one forgot that the poor chap (a good sportsman, if he was a German!) had lost his life.

April 23, 1917.

I am sitting again in the little post I told you about in my last letter. The old lady is tidying up the café, the early morning sun is shining in'gayly through the many-paned windows, and outside, along the picket-line, the mules are squealing and kicking while they have their morning bath. Pretty soon I shall go out foraging for a brace of eggs, and with these, a piece of cheese, and some coffee shall make my *déjeuner*.

The local barrack is the only one I have found where one simply cannot eat, as the cook and his kitchen are unspeakable. Unless he has been caught out in a shower, he has certainly gone

without a bath since the war started. After a glance at him and at his kitchen even the most callous *poilu* rebels.

We have now, attached to our section as mechanic, a French private who is rather an unusual type — a rich manufacturer in civil life, who, through some kink of character, has not risen in the army. He put in a year in the trenches and then, being middle-aged, was put behind the lines. He speaks English, is splendidly educated, and has traveled everywhere, but is too indifferent to public opinion ever to make an officer, or even a non-com. In his factory he had a packer, earning seven francs a day, who was also mobilized, and who has now risen to the rank of lieutenant. Think of the gulf between a *poilu* and a French officer, with his authority, his *galons*, and superb red-and-gold hat, and then consider that this lieutenant's idea of a *permission* is to go home, put on his oldest clothes, and spend the seven days working at his old job of packing and heading barrels. It takes France to produce this sort of thing.

The siege warfare to which, owing to strategic reasons, we are reduced in our part of the lines, with both sides playing the part of besieged and besiegers, gives rise to a curious unwritten understanding between ourselves and the enemy. Take the hospital corps, their first-aid posts and ambulances. The Germans must know perfectly well where the posts are, but they scarcely ever shell them — not from any humanitarian reason, but because if they did, the French would promptly blow theirs to pieces. It is a curious sensation to live in such a place, with the knowledge that this is the only reason you enjoy your comparative safety. Likewise our ambulances. I often go over a road in perfectly plain view of the Boche, only a few hundred yards distant, and though shells and shrapnel often come my way, I am confident

none of them are aimed at me. The proof of it is that no one has ever taken a pot-shot at me with rifle or machine-gun, either one of which would be a sure thing at the range. The other day an officer invited me down to see his newly completed observatory — a cunningly built, almost invisible stronghold on the crest of a hill, which commanded a superb view of the trenches and German territory behind them. It chanced to be an afternoon of unusual interest. The trenches, about eight hundred yards distant, were spread like a map beneath us, — a labyrinth of zigzag ditches and *boyaux*, — all cunningly laid out on principles which I have been studying. With the powerful glasses lent me, I could make out the thickets of wire before the first lines. A heavy bombardment was in progress, and all along the lines, as far as the eye could see, clouds of smoke and earth were springing up and settling slowly down. Not a living being was in sight. Far off to the south, a flock of observation balloons floated motionless, high in air, like fat, hovering birds. Suddenly the man beside me, who had been staring through his glasses at a twenty-acre patch of woods a couple of miles away, gave an excited exclamation. 'I have spotted it — the new battery of heavy guns that has been annoying us; they were too bold, for once.'

Sure enough, I thought I made out a thin wisp of smoke trailing among the tree-tops at the south end of the wood.

The officer muttered a string of cabalistic instructions into his telephone receiver and motioned me to watch. A minute later, a battery of French heavy guns behind us began their deep, coughing thumps, sending enormous shells hurtling overhead with the pulsing rush of an express train, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. The first shell fell short, showering the trees with earth and *débris* — the salvos that followed obscured the

whole wood in clouds of smoke, broken branches, and dust. Twenty minutes of this before the battery went silent again. A final tremendous explosion, eclipsing all that had gone before, seemed to shake the trees to their roots.

'That will hold them for a while,' said my friend exultantly, as he telephoned the news back to his battery; 'we must have hit their magazine of propelling charges.'

Next day I was sitting at lunch in our mess, distant about three hundred yards from the observatory, when a series of heavy, racking explosions made the windows rattle. There is a distinct difference between the sound of a gun and that of a bursting shell. The first is a cracking *bang*, or *boum*, as the French say. The latter is a racking, dwelling roar — drawn out, if such a thing can be said of an explosion. Shells were bursting somewhere close to us — many of them. When I went outside I could hear, clear and waspish above the din, the *pinging* of splinters whizzing overhead, and the occasional crackle of a lopped-off branch. After half an hour of this, a man came panting up with the bad news that the new observatory was completely demolished. There you have the inner workings of siege-war; the Boches, with uncanny craft, knew of the observatory, let the French complete it, and might have let it alone, had it not been instrumental in destroying their battery. That led them into their indiscreet action, for the French, in retaliation, promptly wiped off the map the most important German observatory — an elaborate affair whose exact location they had long known. This time the Boche did not dare retaliate. And so it goes.

There is a crack French gun-pointer near here who has brought down seven enemy planes in the past two months — a remarkable record in this quiet

district. The last one fell close to one of our posts — its two passengers, German lieutenants, were dead, but scarcely marked by their drop into a snow-drift. One of them, a handsome young chap, with a little blond moustache, wore a gold bracelet, and in his pocket was a letter from his mother, accusing him of being an ungrateful son, who had only written twice in six months. Rather pathetic. There is a sort of chivalry in the air service which is a relief in the sordid monotony of this war. A German plane was crippled a while ago, and had to volplane down smack into a parade-ground where a French regiment was at drill. The soldiers rushed out to make prisoners of the two German officers, who were not a hundred yards up; but the latter, with indomitable courage, loosed their machine on the crowd, and were promptly riddled with bullets by the reluctant French. They received a funeral in accordance with their splendid death.

The code of the Prussian officer is, never to surrender; but of course all cannot live up to this. In a recent raid, a sergeant I know made a prisoner of a German captain, who, as they walked to the rear, cursed his luck in fluent French, saying that he was caught unaware — that an officer never surrendered, but fought to the end.

'Stop here, my captain, and let us consider this,' said the sergeant seriously; 'there are several articles of your equipment to which my fancy runs — that watch, for example, those leather puttees, and that fat purse I saw you change to your hip-pocket. Perhaps I can at once oblige you and gratify my whim. Suppose you were suddenly to run — a quick shot would save your honor, and me the trouble of escorting you back to the rear. And I am an excellent shot, *je vous assure*.' But the German was not interested.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AFTERNOON TEA EXAMINED

ANY man who knows that, sooner or later, he must go to another afternoon tea cannot but rejoice at the recent invention of an oval, platter-like saucer, large enough to hold with ease a cup, a lettuce or other sandwich, and a dainty trifle of pastry. The thing was needed: the modesty of the anonymous inventor—evidently *not* Mr. Edison—reveals him one of the large body of occasional and unwilling tea-goers. We, the reluctant and unwilling, are all strangely alike at these functions; and we have all been embarrassed by the old-fashioned saucer. Circular in shape, and hardly larger than the cup that belies its reputation and dances drunkenly whenever another guest joggles our elbow,—which happens so often that we suspect conspiracy,—the old-fashioned saucer affords no reasonably secure perch for a sandwich; responds with delight to the law of gravitation if left to itself; and sets us wishing, those of us who think scientifically, that evolution had refrained from doing away with an extension by which alone we could now hope to manage it. *We mean a tail!* If afternoon teas had been started in the Oligocene Epoch instead of the seventeenth century, we are convinced that evolution, far from discarding this useful appendage, would have perfected it. A little hand would have evolved at the end of it—such an one as might hold his saucer while a gentleman sips from his tea-cup.

Nay, more. In many ways that will at once occur to the intelligent reader this little hand would be helpful in our complex modern civilization. It would

hold this essay. It would turn the music at the piano. It would enable two well-disposed persons cordially to shake hands when their four other hands were busy with bundles. It would slap the coward mosquito that stabs in the back. It would be absolutely perfect for waving farewell. Nor would there be anything 'funny' about it, or shocking to the most refined sensibilities: the vulgar would laugh and the refined would hide a shudder at the sight of a man with no tail! We would, of course, all look like the Devil, but everybody knows that *his* tail has never yet kept him out of polite society.

This digression, however, leads us away from our subject into alien regrets. We put it behind us.

The truth is, we do not like your afternoon teas—except those little ones, like the nice children of an objectionable mother, that are informal, intimate, and not destructive of our identity. At larger gatherings we have no identity: we are supernumeraries; mere tea-cup bearers; wooden Indians who have been through Hampton; automaton tea-goers. In short, we are so many lay figures, each with a tea-cup in one hand and food in the other; we know that we are smiling because we can feel it; we remain where we are laid until forcibly moved to another spot, and we are capable, under pressure, of emitting a few set phrases that resemble human speech. Yet within this odd simulacrum of a worldly, entertaining, and interested gentleman a living mind surveys the gay scene with a strange, emotionless detachment—just so, perhaps, will it eventually survive the body. We are really alive, conscious

that we dislike change, nervous when moved and stood up in another place, and intellectually certain that no real harm can come to us. One is reminded of Seneca's observation: *Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei*. There is about us something of the frailty of a man, something of the security of a god: the pity of it is that we cannot follow Seneca to his conclusion and comfort ourselves with the thought that we are 'truly great.'

I have often wondered, while 'dolling up,' as the strikingly appropriate modernism puts it, for such a function, whether there is any universal reason why a reluctant man should go to an afternoon tea. There are, of course, many individual reasons, more or less important to the individual tea-goer; but for us the impulsion comes inevitably from without. The verb 'drag,' often applied to the process by which a man is brought to a tea, indicates how valuable would be the discovery of a Universal Reason wherefore any man might hope to derive some personal good from this inescapable experience.

An excellent place for the thinker to examine this problem is in his bath-tub preparatory to dolling up. He is alone and safe from interruption unless he has forgotten to lock the door; his memory and observation of afternoon teas past is stimulated by afternoon tea to come; and he is himself more like the Universal Man than on most other occasions. Featherless biped mammals that we are, what need have we in common that might conceivably provide a good and sufficient reason for the dolling up to which I am about to subject myself? Substantial food, less fleeting, however, than a lettuce or other sandwich and a dainty trifle of pastry; protective clothing; a house, or even a cave, to shelter us in cold or stormy weather — these, evidently, are clearly apprehended necessities, and

we will march on the soles of our feet, like the plantigrade creatures we are, wherever such goods are obtainable.

If all men were hungry, naked, and homeless, and the afternoon tea provided food, clothes, and a home, any man would jump at an invitation. But there are other necessities of living — and here, too, I in my porcelain dish am one with Christopher Columbus, Chang the Chinese Giant, the Editor of the *Atlantic*, and the humblest illiterate who never heard of him — of which we are not so vividly conscious. Yet we seek them instinctively, each in his own manner and degree: amusement, useful experience, friends, and his own soul. So I read and accept Tagore when he says, 'Man's history is the history of man's journey to the unknown in quest of his immortal self — his soul.' Willy-nilly, even higglety-pigglety and helter-skelter, these are what the featherless biped is after.

As for useful experience, this afternoon tea reminds me of those lower social gatherings where liquor is sold only to be drunk on the premises. Granting that I become a finished tea-goer, easy of speech, nodding, laughing, secure in the graceful manipulation of my tea-things, never upsetting my tea, never putting my sandwich in the way of an articulating tongue, yet is all this experience of no use whatever to me except at other afternoon teas. I go to school simply to learn how to go to school. The most finished and complete tea-goer, if he behaves anywhere else as he does at an afternoon tea, creates more widely the same unfavorable impression that he creates, in his own proper sphere, on me. Can I then reasonably regard experience as useful which I observe to be useful only for doing something which I observe to be useless? The soap agrees that I cannot. Yet, says the sponge, if I might hope at some afternoon tea to discover my.

immortal soul, the case would be different; this experience would be valuable. O foolish sponge! I am compelled to tell you that at afternoon teas it is especially difficult for a man to believe that he has any immortal soul to look for. It is a gathering essentially mundane and ephemeral. For it we put on our most worldly garments. For it we practice our most worldly smirks in dumb rehearsal before our mirror and an audience of one silly, attentive image, thinking that this time, this time — But it is always the same: the observant mind in the immovable body. As for the immortal soul, O sponge! It may, and doubtless does, go to strange places — but it *cannot be dragged*.

And so we come to the final question: is the afternoon tea a place where one featherless, plantigrade, biped mammal of the genus *Homo* may meet another whom he might hope some time to call a friend? I do not mean 'my friend What's-his-name?' but rather such another biped as Tennyson had in mind when he wrote, —

Since we deserved the name of friends
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

I grant you, peering out of my tub at the world, that there are many to whom this thought sounds sublimated and extravagant: a poet says this sort of thing because such is his poetic business. We come nearer perhaps to the universal understanding in John Hay's definition that 'Friends are the sunshine of life'; for it is equally true that all men seek sunlight and that every man seeks a friend after his own kind and nature. The best and most intelligent of us admit the rarity and value of friendship; the worst and most ignorant of us is unwittingly the better for knowing some friendly companion. But this afternoon tea is inimical to friendship; and the first duty of a hostess is to separate,

expeditiously and without hope of again coming together, any other two guests who seem to be getting acquainted. On this count, even were we not Automaton Tea-Goers, debarred by inherent stability from any normal human intercourse, the afternoon tea must prove more disheartening than helpful. We might at best glimpse a potential friend as the desert islander sights a passing sail on the far horizon.

There is, alas, no Universal Reason why a man should go to an afternoon tea!

So the matter looks to me in my tub, but perhaps, like Diogenes, I am a cynic philosopher. After all, when a thing cannot be escaped, why seek for reasons not to escape it? Let us, rather, be brave if we cannot be gay; cheerful if we cannot talk; ornamental if we cannot move. As the grave-digger in Elsinore churchyard might say, 'Here lies the afternoon tea; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this afternoon tea and bore himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that? But if the afternoon tea come to him and bore him, he bores not himself; argal, he that goes not willingly to the afternoon tea wearies not his own life.'

So, in effect, he that is *dragged* to an afternoon tea does not go at all; and when he gets there he is really somewhere else. This happy thought is a little difficult to reconcile with circumstances; but when one has become thoroughly soaked in it, it is a great help.

OF NAMES

WHO does not know the man who is in the habit of marring the stillness of 'summer days . . . that scarce dare breath they are so beautiful,' by glibly reciting the name of every bird within reach of his opera-glasses, or his blood brother who makes night hideous by calling the roll of the stars? I have no quarrel with the abstract ability to tell

a yellow warbler from a cedar wax-wing, and Sirius from Orion, if that ability results from a genuine and sympathetic sense of difference. But if it results (as seems to me very often the case) from a mere passion for nomenclature, then it is only a new symptom of an old and groundless superstition.

The essence of the doctrine I take to be this, that a knowledge of the name of anything gives to the possessor of the secret a certain power over the thing itself. Some such belief is to be found, I suppose, in the mythology of every primitive people. The magic lore of the Middle Ages is saturated with it. It speaks in the jargon of cheap Spiritualism and in half the mystic cults of the day. Moses, for instance, was not at all concerned about trivial or irreverent allusions to the Deity. He was zealous only that his *name* should not be taken in vain, because Moses considered it a tribal advantage not lightly to be utilized to know that the name of God was Jehovah.

'Be thou the beginning of my song, O father of the morning,' sings Horace. But he adds cannily, 'Or Janus, if with more pleasure thou hearest thyself called by that name.'

These examples are religious and therefore imaginative, but the typical modern expression of the same feeling is scientific and therefore prosaic. The young Greeks were taught that Apollo drove the sun round the earth. To-day we say that gravity drives the earth round the sun, and in so saying we have added a certain vagueness to the cosmic miracle without in the least explaining it. Pan is indeed dead, but in his place we have installed what Meredith called 'birds and beasts and herbs which ninnies call Nature in books.' The result is that while there are few of us who still seek the favor of Pan by taking thought upon the name by which to address him, there are many who

exhibit a complacent satisfaction in a random knowledge of the names of the creatures who inhabit his domain.

Now the worst feature of this particular superstition is not so much that it is excessively dull, it is not even so much that it is not true, as that it fills its victims with an entirely unwarranted sense of achievement. In point of fact you cannot unlock the magic of the woods by cataloguing the trees, or make a star dance at a word. You can do no more, to quote the happy phrase of Alfred Noyes, than to 'cloak' such things 'with the stupor of a name.' And yet really intelligent men and women persist in saying, 'See that bobolink!' or 'Notice the Pleiades!' with a self-indulgent vanity just short of proprietary. Clearly they feel that they have put salt on the tail of that particular bird or constellation and that henceforth it will be in their power. They transfix a butterfly with a name with much the same pleasure with which a collector transfixes it with a pin, and with much the same result. They are willing to instruct the ignorant and to be admired for doing so, but above everything else rings the note of conquest, of having read a part of the riddle of the universe, and thought some of the thoughts of creation.

Even as I write, the 'timeless' summer day narrows to its appointed close, the inscrutable voices of the night begin to speak from the darkness, and the evening star flickers in the sky. Would it profit anything, I wonder, to know whether it is Jupiter or Venus?

LUNCH TIME AT THE FACTORY

THERE is a something suffocating about a factory. It is not the heat, exactly, or the grind of the machinery, or the lack of air, for yesterday the windows were wide open and at lunch hour the machinery was quiet.

Nevertheless, it was suffocating, — suffocating in a dense, heavy way that seemed to stifle the soul. One felt a crushing sense of weariness, a kind of oppressive inertia. It was as though all the wasting energy in those young bodies, all the longings of those minds, and the tired laughter of those lips about you had been crumbled into fine dust and ground into your heart.

There was Ruth Donovan in the corner, sucking an orange and leaning affectionately against Shorty McMullen. Shorty's arm was about her waist, and his round, white, pimpled face, close to hers. They were talking and giggling loudly. Vera Hendry and Bessie Hoyt were sound asleep, arms flung out over the sorting table, wisps of frizzed hair caught in the scattered piles of dry-bolts and metal claspings.

By the window Sylva Timmons, Alice Pazanov, and three or four others were discussing a particularly interesting 'movie spree' of the night before.

'Say, you'd oughter seen Jimmy Quade!' Sylva was declaiming, 'maybe he ain't loose with coin! "Come on!" says he, "I'll treat the bunch!" he says, an' he does. Lawd! an' ain't he sweet on Bessie! — I seen'em —'

Here Sylva's voice sank to a mysterious whisper, so that the text of her remarks was lost to me. A moment later there was a burst of laughter and Alice Pazanov (whose mouth was full of bread, although she appeared sublimely unconscious of the fact) went on shaking with feeble mirth until the tears ran down her cheeks, and her face became quite pale.

'Ain't it funny?' she gasped between jerks; 'sometimes — when I get laughin' — I don' seem able ever to stop!'

I went over to the group. Emmie Laws, a tall, dark-skinned girl with a weakness for rouge, made place for me on the bench.

'You ain't been here for some time,'

she said; and Sylva Timmons, fastening her sharp eyes on me, inquired, 'You don' have to work — do you?'

It is embarrassing for the conversation to take such a turn; it makes one feel, somehow, foolish and ashamed.

'Not exactly,' I stammered, 'at least — not all the time.'

'Why do you come here anyways, then?'

'Because I like you, and want to know you better.'

'Aw, now —' said Emmie, slipping her hand into mine; and Sylva added shyly, 'We sure miss you when you don' come!'

'I got to have an op'ration nex week,' Miss Pazanov here remarked, calmly.

'Why, Alice! I did n't know you were ill — what's the matter?'

'My stomick,' — cheerfully — 'don' seem able to eat nothin' without it don' stay down.'

The whistle blew loudly. There was a general separating, and hastening to place. The great machinery began to revolve, slowly.

'Good-bye, girls!'

'Good-bye — Bye! — Bye, Miss Thayer! Come again — Bye!'

Ruth Donovan sidled past. 'That was a grand book you left here, the other day,' she said. 'Shorty and me, we read it together.'

'What kind of books do you like best, Ruth?'

'Oh — 'most anythin' s 'long 's it's 'bout love — plenty of lovin', an' rich folks, an' — an' lovin'.'

I went down the four worn flights of stairs into the sunshine.

Never had the air felt more poignant and clean, never had the sky seemed more dazzlingly vast and blue. I took a long breath. How good it was to be outside — at last!

There is something quite suffocating about a factory.